



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

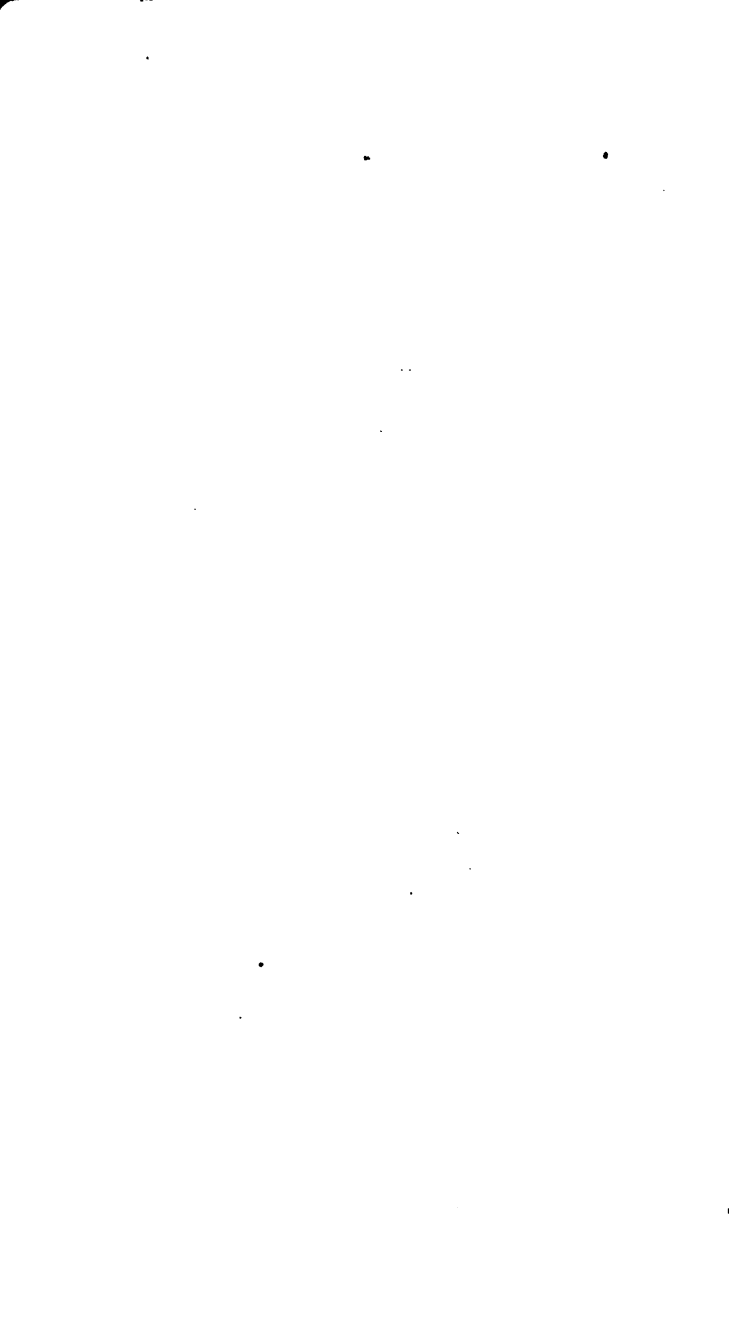
Ex libris

THE LYF SO SHORT
THE CRAFT SO
LONG TO LERNE



A.C. Robinson.

Xm 11:4



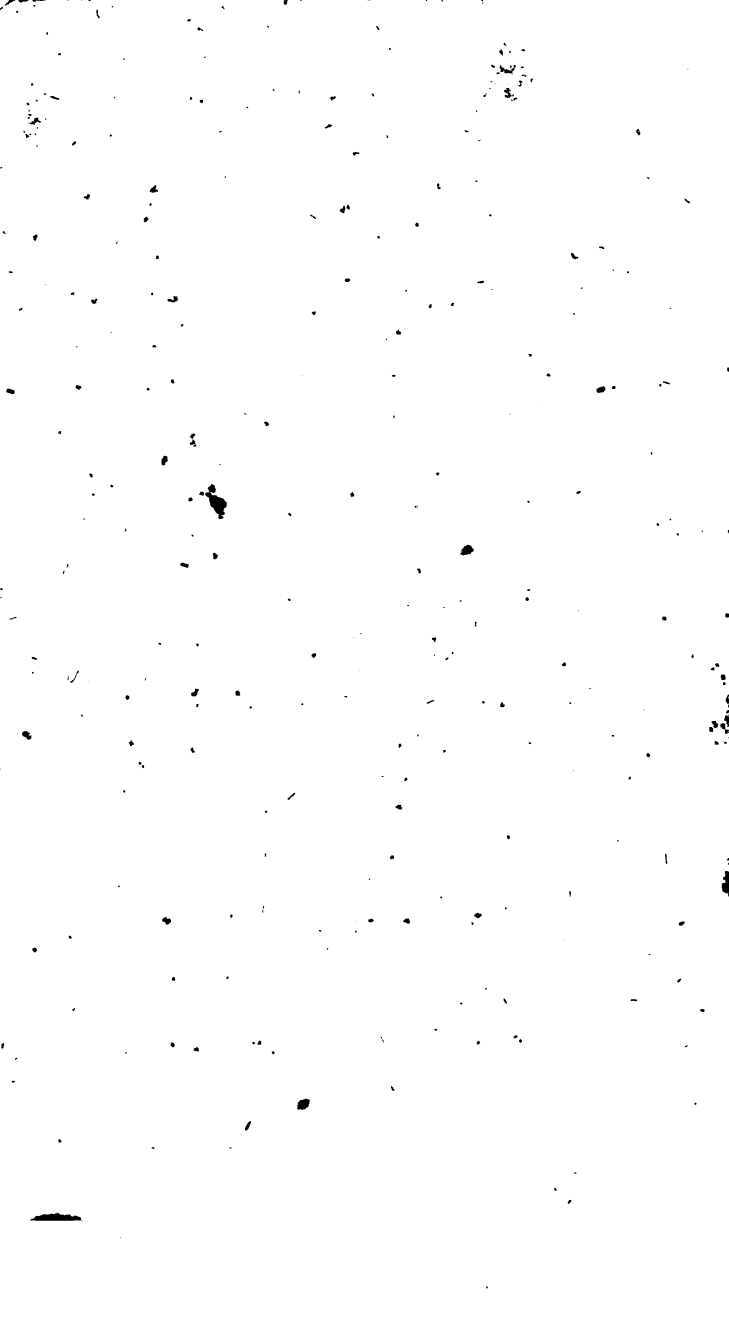
A COLLECTION

OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

F A R C E S.

VOLUME FIFTH.



A COLLECTION
OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
F A R C E S
AND
ENTERTAINMENTS,
PERFORMED ON
THE BRITISH STAGE.



EDINBURGH:

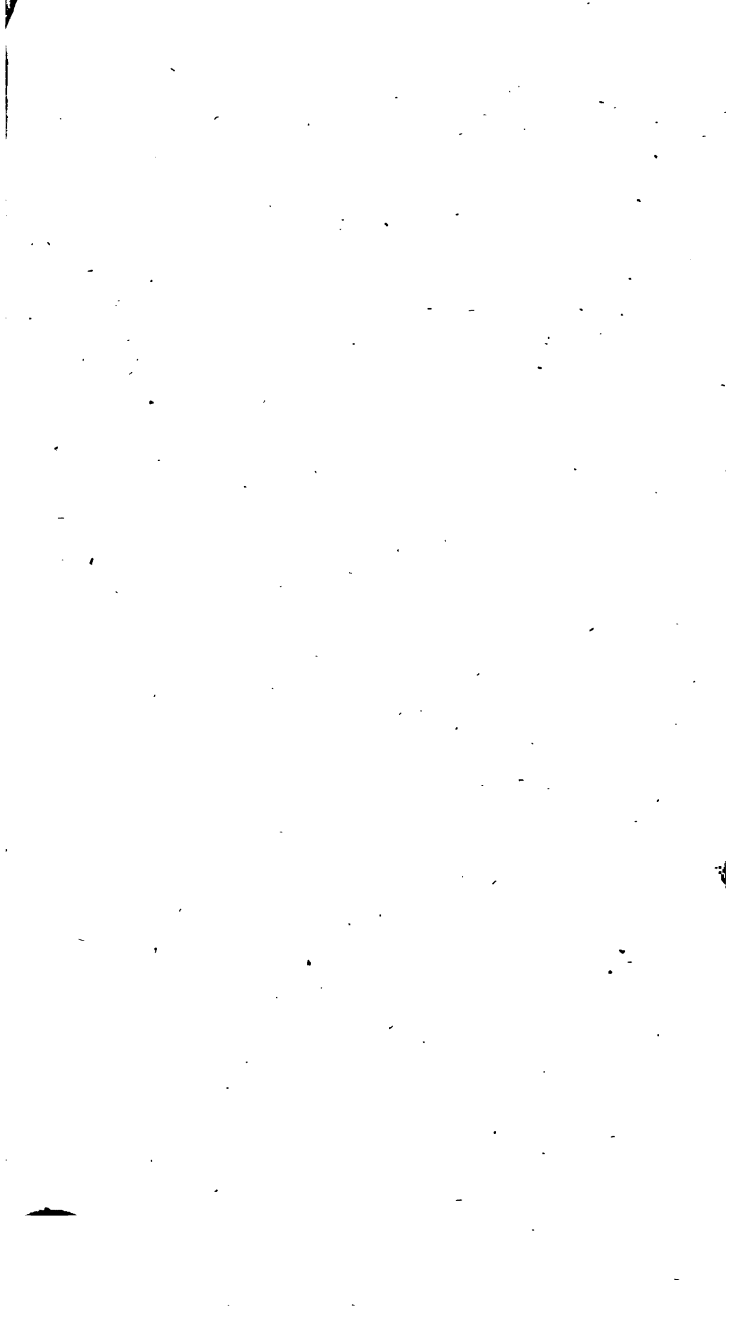
PRINTED FOR SILVESTER DOUGLAS, AND WILLIAM ANDERSON, STIRLING.

1792.

CONTENTS OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

I. The Irish Widow, <i>by David Garrick, Esq.</i>	1
II. The What D'ye Call it, <i>by Mr. Gay.</i>	35
III. Dragon of Wantley, <i>by H. Carey, Esq.</i>	55
IV. The Minor, <i>by Samuel Foote, Esq.</i>	71
V. Trick upon Trick; or, The Vintner in the Suds,	117
VI. Dr. Laft in his Chariot, <i>translated from Molliere's Malade Imaginaire, by Isaac Bickerstaff; and some new scenes by Mr. Samuel Foote,</i>	133
VII. The boarding School, or, The Sham Captain, <i>by C. Coffey, Esq.</i>	185
VIII. Duke and no Duke, or, Trapolin's Vagaries,	217
IX. Damon and Phillida, <i>by Colley Cibber, Esq.</i>	241
X. The Desert Island, <i>by Arthur Murphy, Esq.</i>	257
XI. He Wou'd if he Cou'd, or, an Old Fool worfe than any, <i>by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.</i>	289
XII. The Romance of an hour, <i>by Hugh Kelly, Esq.</i>	307
XIII. Barnaby Brittle; or, A wife at her Wit's End, <i>altered from Molliere and Betterton's Wanton Wife,</i>	339
XIV. Daphne and Amintor, <i>altered from the Oracle of Monsieur St. Foix and Mrs Cibber; by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.</i>	367

THE



THE
IRISH WIDOW

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Drury-Lane.

Mr. Moody.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Cautherley.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Dodd.
Mr. Weston.
Mr. Griffiths.

Edinburgh 1787.

Mr. Hallion.
Mr. Charteris.
Mr. J. Bland.
Mr. Wilmot-Wells.
Mr. Moss.
Mr. Bland jun.
Master Charteris.

WOMEN.

Sir Patrick O'Neale,
Whittle,
Nephew,
Bates,
Ketchy,
Thomas,
Footman,

Widow Brady,

| Mrs. Barry. | Mrs. Robinson.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Whittle's house.*

Enter Bates and Servant.

BATES.

Is he gone out? his card tells me to come directly—
I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane,
and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down; he will
return immediately—he had some business with his
lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the mes-
sage I have deliver'd. Here is my young master.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter

Enter Nephew.

Bates. What lively Billy!—hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think—Here's a fine revolution—I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Nephew. And for the same reason—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes—explain the matter!

Neph. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with——

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Neph. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr. Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent, to give me the independence he so often has promis'd me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wish'd me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her: he now hates the sight of me, and is resolv'd, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be—this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Neph. I am distracted; the widow is distress'd; and we both shall run mad.

Bates. A widow too! 'gad a mercy, threescore and five!

Neph.

Neph. But such a widow ! She is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands ; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming—I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy ?

Neph. Brady.

Bates. Brady ! is not she daughter to Sir Patrick O'Neale ?

Neph. The same. Shew as sacrific'd to [the most senseless drunken profligate in the whole country : He lived to run out his fortune ; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing ; there is neither love or hate in the matter : necessity brings them together ; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures—O rare matrimony !—Where does she lodge ?

Neph. In Pall Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation ; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone with your love and reason ; they seldom pull together now-a-days—I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's—What says your uncle's privy counsellor, Mr. Thomas, to this ?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant, and particular ; a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me.

[Exit Nephew.

Enter Thomas.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you ; upon my word you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself—my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why, surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love?

Tho. Ten times worse than that!

Bates. The devil!

Tho. And his horns—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an alter'd man in your born days!—he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet furtout, which he wore all summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open breasted; and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—Would you think it?—he wants me to wear a pig tail!

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail!—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love Thomas!

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and so I told him——

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I, and my father, and his father before me, had wore their own hair as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig tail—he, he, he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face; for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old block-head, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I

was

was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a strait head of hair!

Bates. Well said Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down from us to our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head; and put her into your young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates!—Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five—and per contra creditor a buxom widow of twenty-three—He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight—he, he, he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do; and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels. Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes, with all his follies about him.

Tho. Yes, and the first fool from vanity-fair—Heav'n help us—love turns man and woman topsy turvy!

[Exit Thomas.]

Whittle. (without.) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter Whittle.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and——

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in

twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know when I studied at Lincoln's-Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. [*Touches his sword:*

Bates. A hero too! what in the name of common sense is come to you, my friend?—high spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha, ha, ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates, the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous young dog you—I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank; did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Taylor's School?

Bates. At Lincoln's Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why, I am sixty, and you always lick'd me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation you went to school before you was born—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so, Mr. Bates, when you are in temper to shew less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses ; when you have half kill'd yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and gallochies, I am at your service again. So bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four, ha, ha !

[*Exit.*]

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her : Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends stare ; let 'em call me imprudent, and mad, if they please—I live in good times, and among people of fashion ; so none of my neighbours, thank Heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter Old Kecksey.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle ! joy, joy ! to you, old boy—you are going, a-going, a-going ! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend ! all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh ! hugh ! hugh !—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid ? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend !—I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pond again—in love up to the ears—A fine woman, faith ; and there's no love lost between us—Am I right, friend ?

Keck. Right ! ay, right as my leg, Tom ! Life's nothing without love—hugh ! hugh !—I am happy as the day's long ! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home ; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the garden places ; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp ; hugh ! hugh ! hugh ! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of hers, to take care of her ; a fine fellow, and so good natur'd—It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family ! Hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold ! ay to be sure ; none but the brave deserve the fair—Hugh ! hugh ! who's afraid ?

Whit. Why, your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps ; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me ; I was always fond of the majestic : give me a slice of a good English furloin ; cut and come again ; hugh ! hugh ! hugh ! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach—And so you would advise me to marry the widow directly ?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose ; I always mind what the poet says,

*'Tis folly to lose time,
When man is in his prime.*

Hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the Park ; and I will carry you to the Widow in Pall-Mall.

Keck. With all my heart—I'll raise her spirits, and yours too—Courage, Tom—come along—who's afraid ?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Widow's Lodgings.*

Enter Widow, Nephew, and Bates.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character, and assume a feign'd one ; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures ; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Neph. Only consider, my sweet widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake ?

Neph. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Don't make fine speeches ; you men are strange creatures ; you turn our heads to your purposes, and then

then despise us for the folly you teach us ; 'tis hard to assume a character contrary to my disposition : I cannot get rid of my unfashionable prejudices 'till I have been married in England some time, and lived among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming adorable woman ! what shall we do then ? I never wish'd for a fortune till this moment..

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it ; and then——

Neph. What then, my sweet Widow ?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can—What a pity it is, that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Neph. Heaven forbid ! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks, let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder—You have no time to lose ; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave ; he is obstinate, and has promis'd you to the old man. Now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her..

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it ; my uncle ador'd and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him, a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow

sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Neph. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial—(*mimicking a strong brogue.*)—Fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old Jontleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering—O bless me! my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it.

(*Nephew and Bates both laugh.*)

Nephew kneeling, and kissing her hand.

O 'tis admirable! love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer. What say you, Mr. Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five and twenty: but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey.

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing. Is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready; 'tis an act of despair to punish folly and reward merit; 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors Commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare. [*Exit with spirit.*]

Neph. Brava! Bravissima! sweet widow!

[*Exit after her.*]

Bates. Huzza! huzza!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Whittle and Kecksey.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a pecu-

peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry: I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still-life for me; I love the prittle prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the Widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now, for my part, I am with the old saying,

Wife a mouse;

Quiet house;

Wife a cat,

Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates; let us avoid him; he will only be joking with us: when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend Kecksey—What have we got here?

Keck. (*looking out*) Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one, by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbade him speaking to her; it can't be the Widow; I hope it is not.

Enter Widow, followed by Nephew, three Footmen, and a black Boy.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your Cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you, that you swear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you long ago. Would you have

me faithful to your uncle, hah ! young man ? Was not I faithful to you, till I was order'd to be faithful to him ? but I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time—and so there's my answer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [Exit.]

Wid. Take what relief, you please, young gentleman, what have I to do with dat ? He is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't *live* without me, and yet he talks of *killing* himself ? how does he make out dat ? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside ; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stare a horse.

Keck. Is this the Widow, friend Whittle ?

Whit. I don't know, (*sighing.*) it is, and it is not.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Whittol ; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat, like a parrot : It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him : I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a great dale of good.

Keck. (*to Whittle.*) She is tender indeed ! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh ! hugh !

Whit. It is stronger to-day than ever I heard it.

(*Staring.*)

Wid. And are you now talking of my brogue ? It is always the most fullest when the wind is austerly ; it has the same effect upon me as upon stammering people—they can't speak for their impediment ; and my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey !

Keck. Not at all ; the more tongue the better, say I.

Wid. When the wind changes, I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations : It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and pantanoes, to keep up one's spirits in the winter ; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks, to cool and refresh one in the summer.—La ! la ! la ! *(sings.)*

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat ; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid ?

Wid. How the people stare ! as if they never saw a woman's voice before ; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentleman, is a near friend and relation ; and as such, notwithstanding his apparence, I shall always trate him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour ; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle ; and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would—hugh ! hugh !

Wid. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agreaable* to me ; for I should hate you as much as I did my first dare husband ; I should always have the comfort, that in all human probability my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend ; this is better than bargain : She has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome ! I am struck all of a heap !

Wid. What, are you low-spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol ? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety ; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful—we take it by turns ; you were very *for-*
rowful

rowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands when I was sure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Whittol; that's very natural sure, both in England and Dublin too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom—Hugh! hugh!

Whit. O yes, very happy.

Wid. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time: I am sure I have been mop'd up for a year and a half—I was oblig'd to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best receipt (he said) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing: now I am out of my cage, I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any singing bird; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there Miss Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough—I have a very great regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness.

(*curtseys.*)

Come along Skips (*to the servants*); don't you be gostring there; shew your livelies, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, Jontlemen, in the crack of a fan—O, I'll have a husband, ay, marry—

[*Exit singing.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forc'd into the air—inclin'd to a consumption—What a description you gave of your wife! Why, she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat *me* if I don't take care! What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head? Dance for two nights together, and leap—

leap over the moon ! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolv'd.

Keck. Here she comes again ; it does my heart good to see her—You are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Enter Widow, &c.

Wid. Ha ! ha ! ha ! the poor captain is marched off in a fury : He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you. He will make one of my dangles to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made ! I am in a sweat with the thought of my danger ! *[Aside.]*

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr. MacBrawn. What a fine stately couple they are ! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom : Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh ! hugh !—who's afraid ! *[Exit.]*

Wid. I know Mr. MacBrawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our house in my first husband's time ; a great comfort he was to me to be sure ! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me : He was bred at the Dublin university ; and, being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tete a tete.

Whit. She knows him too ! I shall have my house overrun with the *Mac Brawns*, *O'Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Backwells* : Lord have mercy upon me !

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle legg'd crater of a cousin of yours lately married ? ha ! ha ! ha ! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agreeable enough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery ! a reprieve before the knot was tied. *[Aside.]*

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol ? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to

to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger, the more honour: I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, Madam. [*Sighs.*]

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Though I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol; and which I will pay you tifold in tinderiness: Your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen *Maccaroonies*, and two *Savoury Vivers*, are to take me there; and we propose a grate dale of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crator, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together: I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours. Are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little now and then, Madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come. I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and you megirms; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketing, than let any thing get into your head that should not be there, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance!

[*Aside.*
Wid.

Wid. (*looking at her watch.*) Bless me ! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company : But I must leave you, for there are half hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol. And there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning ; and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder, when we are together ; you will be very fond of him, poor lad ! He lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obedient, 'till we meet at the pantaon. Follow me, Pompey ; and Skips, do you follow him.

Pom. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go first after you, missis ; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your Ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians—We can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my service ; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me : Can't I make him your superior, as the laws of the land have made him your equal ? therefore resign as fast as you please ; you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either ; so come along Pompey, he after going before me—Mr. Whittol, most tenderly yours. [*Exit.*]

Whit. *Most tenderly your's !* (*mimicks her.*) 'Ecod, I believe you are, and any body's else. O what an escape have I had ! But how shall I clear myself of this business ? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands : My nephew is fool enough to be in love with her ; and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together—He shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my nephew, write and declare off with the Widow, and so get rid of her *tindernefs* as fast as I can. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Room in Whittle's House.**Enter Bates and Nephew.**Nephew. (taking him by the hand.)*

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr. Bates: I can say no more; words but ill express the real feelings of the heart.

Bates. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter; but the business is not yet completed till *Signatum & Sigillatum*.

Neph. Let me fly to the Widow, and tell her how prosperously we go on.

Bates. Don't be in a hurry, young man; she is not in the dark I assure you, nor has she yet finish'd her part: so capital an actress should not be idle in the last act.

Neph. I could wish that you would let me come into my uncle's proposal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bates. Then I declare off. Thou silly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft? This does not arise from his love and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortur'd into justice: He shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness. What, shall your Widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go through her task cheerfully; and shall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's?—fie for shame! •

Neph. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bates; I will follow your directions: be as hard-hearted as my uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bates. That's a good child; and remember that your own and the Widow's future happiness depends upon your both going through this business with spirit; make your uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other people. Is the Widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph.

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel while she is in danger.

Bates. Ha, ha, ha! she'll be in no danger; besides, shan't we be at hand to assist her. Hark! I hear him coming; I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and, if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician. Fly; now we shall do! [*Exit Nephew.*]

Enter Whittle.

Whit. Well, Mr. Bates, have you talk'd with my Nephew? is he not overjoyed at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have screw'd him too high: The young man is out of his senses, I think; he stares and mopes about, and sighs—looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers. I don't like him.

Whit. What's the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected. There is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns! you have had it, and now transfer it to your nephew; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But am not I going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself?

Bates. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his: What a tender uncle you are!

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago: You must do more, or Old Nick will have you. Your nephew won't take the Widow off your hands without a fortune—throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed, but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr. Bates, be a true friend, and soothe my nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates.

Bates. You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him ; however, I'll do my best for you : When the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds. Shall I promise for you ?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit Bates.*]

Why, I'm in a worse condition than I was before ! If this Widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it. My Nephew half mad ; myself half married ; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you ; would you please to see him ?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted ; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*]

I wonder if he has seen my letter to the Widow ; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark before I strike the blow.

Enter Sir Patrick.

Sir Pat. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant. It gives me great pleasure, that an old Jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Nales : We have been too much jontlemen not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of jontleman by getting one. One runs out one way, and t'other runs in another ; which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir Patrick ; I am an old gentleman ; you say true ; and I was thinking—

Sir Pat. And I was thinking, if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again : She has as fine rich tick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed ! (*Aside.*)

Sir Pat. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick ; and I begin to shrink already.

Sir

Sir Pat. I have bred her up in great subjection ; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tender as a sucking chicken. You will find her a true Jontlewoman ; and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing : She brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else ; and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age——

Sir Pat. She is a charming crater ; I would venture to say, that if I was not her father——

Whit. I say, Sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits——

Sir Pat. To be sure you have ; but you can't help that : And if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face to make her asham'd of it. But mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon : I have brought her up to softness, and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk ; she will spake nothing but *no*, and *yes*, as if she were dumb ; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more ingenious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses ; and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together.

Sir Pat. 'Till you are married, you mean—With all my heart ; it is the more gentale for that, and like our family : I never saw Lady O'Neale your mother-in-law, who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, 'till the week before I married her ; and I did not care if I had never seen her then ; which is a comfort too, in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick. I say——

Sir Pat. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English ?

Whit. But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir

Sir Pat. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoke, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir Pat. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—
out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir Pat. Your wife, that is to be. Go on—

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir Pat. To be, or *not* to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honour'd by being in your family; but there are many reasons—

Sir Pat. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir Pat. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle! do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir Pat. What, is it nothing to make a penny post man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family, and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nales, or I will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. (*Going and returns.*) Harkee, you Mr. Whizzle, Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfy'd, 'twill be the worst male you ever

took in your life ; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to leave your house. So now, Mr. Weezle, you are to do as you please. [*Exit.*]

Whit. Now the devil is at work, indeed ! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword run through me into the bargain. While I am in my senses, I won't have the woman ; and therefore he that is out of them shall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas !

Enter Thomas.

Whit. Sad work, Thomas !

Tho. Sad work, indeed ! why would you think of marrying ? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to ?

Tho. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better ; then nobody will believe it.

Tho. But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Tho. What signifies that ? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just now, that it was all a lie ; and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story : Upon that there gather'd such a mob !——

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pull'd down into the bargain !

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town ; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do ?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You were out of your depth to fall in love ; swim away as fast as you can ; you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit. I am frighten'd out of my wits. Yes, yes, 'tis all over with me ; I must not stir out of my house ; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it, for aught I know.

know. What are you muttering, Thomas? prithee speak out and comfort me.

Tho. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will says, the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! You shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy; and I won't live long I promise you.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [*Exit.*

Whit. What shall I do? My head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run through the body.

Tho. (*returns with bills.*) Half-a score people I never saw before with these bills and draughts upon you for payment, signed Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing!

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door. (*Going.*

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to morrow morning. Stay, stay, that is promising payment. No, no, no—tell 'em they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

Tho. When you are trick'd, we shall all be satisfied.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Thomas.*

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one; *quem Deus vult perdere*—Who have we here? another of the family, I suppose.

[*Whittle retires.*

Enter

Enter Widow as Lieutenant O'Neale, seemingly flatter'd and putting up his sword, Thomas following.

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster: I shall teach them how to snigger, and look through glasses at their betters. These are your *Maccaroons*, as they call themselves: By my soul but I would have stood still till I had overtaken them. These whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches than those I see in petticoats, that fait and trot it is a pity to hurt 'em: The fair sex in London here seem the most masculine of the two. But to business; friend, where is your master?

Tho. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, Sir, you will offend me. Leave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that—What a raw-bon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here. *[Aside to his master, and Exit.]*

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I sweat at the sight of him. I'm sorry Thomas is gone—He has been quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol:

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—And you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, Sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; so far, so good.

[Takes out a letter.]

Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions.

[Shewing his right-hand, and smiling.]

Wid. You had better not shew your teeth, Sir, 'till we come to the jokes—the hand-writing is yours?

Whit. Yes, Sir, it is mine.

[Sighs.]

Wid. Death and powder! What do you sigh for? are you ashamed or sorry for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

VOL. V.

B

Wid.

Wid. Will you be plas'd, Sir, to read it aloud, that you may know it again when you hare it.

Whit. (*takes his letter, and reads.*) *Madam—(reads.)*

Wid. Would you be plas'd to let us know what *Madam* you mean? for woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called *Madams*. You should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, Sir. I don't like this ceremony. (*aside.*) To Mrs. Brady in Pall-Mall.

Wid. Now profade—Fire and powder, but I would—

Whit. Sir! what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, Sir; pray go on.

Whit. (*reads.*) *Madam—as I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions—*

Wid. I will not prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my passions—Mr. Whittol, rade on.

Whit. *I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues—*

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed. Rade on, Sir.

Whit. *I have for some days had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion—*

Wid. I have had no struggle at all: My justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. *The former has prevail'd; and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplishments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your most miserable and devoted,*

Thomas Whittle.

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be—To the postscript; rade on.

Whit. *Postscript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger.*

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tindest wishes; and assures you, that you have, as you desire, her pity. and she generously throws her contempt, too, into the bargain.

Whit. I'm infinitely oblig'd to her.

Wid. I must beg lave, in the name of all our family, to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffer'd without a brache into somebody's body, I have fix'd upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[Sits down and loosens her knee-bands.]

Whit. For Heaven's sake, captain, what are you about?

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging: it is for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in.

Wid. Come, Sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first by half a score that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, captain, suppose I will marry your sister.

Wid. I have not the least objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callagon O'Conner lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galloway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs at the Currough: He would have forsaken her, if I had not stopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family stiptic I have here. O ho! my little old boy, but you shall get it. *[Draws.]*

Whit. What shall I do?—Well, Sir, if I must, I must: I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now. I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol—Come, Sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.

[Puts herself in a position.]

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you. There, Sir, take your choice; I will please you if I can.

[Offers pistols.]

Whit.

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire ! there's no putting him off : If I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. Look'ee, young gentleman, I am old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me ; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business. Prepare, Sir.

Whit. What the devil ! won't one serve your turn ? I can't fight ; and I won't fight : I'll do any thing rather than fight. I'll marry your sister. My Nephew shall marry her : I'll give him all my fortune. What would the fellow have ? Here Nephew ! Thomas ! murder ! murder !

[He flies, and she pursues.]

Enter Bates and Nephew.

Neph. What's the matter, Uncle ?

Whit. Murder, that's all : That ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him ! Come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself. I'll match you, I warrant you.

[Going out with him.]

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over.

[Going after him.]

Whit. Stay, stay, Nephew ; you shan't fight : We shall be expos'd all over the town ; and you may lose your life, and I shall be curs'd from morning to night. Do, Nephew, make yourself and me happy ; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family : Return to the Widow. I will give you my consent and your fortune, and a fortune for the Widow ; five thousand pounds ! Do persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bates. Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life. I know you love her ; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Neph. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates ; and do you follow me to my study to witness my proposal : It is all ready, and only wants signing. Come along, come along.

[Exit.]

Bates.

Bates. Victoria! victoria! give me your swords and pistols: And now do your worst, you spirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin! [*Exit.*]

Tho. (*peeping in.*) Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may skip and play. I leave you to your transports! [*Exit.*]

Neph. O my charming Widow! what a day have we gone through?

Wid. I would go through ten times as much, to deceive an old amorous spark like your Uncle, to purchase a young one like his Nephew.

Neph. I listen'd at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my Uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did. When two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Neph. Permit me thus to seal my happiness; (*kisses her hand.*) and be assur'd that I am as sensible as I think myself undeserving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Sir; were I not sure you deserv'd some pains, I would not have taken any pains for you: And don't imagine now, because I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I shall go a little too far when I'm your wife. Indeed I shan't: I have done more than I should before I am your wife, because I was in despair; but I won't do as much as I may when I am your wife, though every Irish woman is fond of imitating English fashions.

Neph. Thou divine adorable woman!

[*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*]

Enter Whittle and Bates. [*Whittle stares.*]

Bates. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Whit. (*turning to Bates.*) Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [*Aside to Bates.*]

Bates. Take no notice; all will come about.

[*Aside to Whittle.*]

Wid. I find, Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting: He swears I am as like my sister as two pigeons. I could excuse his raptures, for I had

rather fight the best friend I have than slobber and salute him a la Françoise.

Enter Sir Patrick O'Neale.

Sir Pat. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer without having any to give. I hear a great deal of news about myself, and came to know if it be true. They say my son is in London, when he tells me himself by letter here that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—*O gra ma chree, my little dinouss! crow*, what have we got here? a piece of mummery! Here is my son and daughter too, fait: What, are you waring the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel.

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? [*Astonished.*]

Sir Pat. No, but it is my daughter, and that's the same thing.

Wid. And your Niece, Sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I suppose you have not lost your wits, young man!

Neph. I sympathize with you, Sir; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villainy! Mr. Bates, give me the paper. Not a farthing shall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

Bates. We'll cheat the law, and give it them now.

[*Gives Nephew the paper.*]

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a fixpence of the five thousand pounds I promis'd him.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir Pat. Fait I'll witness dat, or any thing else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I chous'd again!

Bates. Why should not my friend be chous'd out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpen'd your Nephew's wits; therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir Pat. And your trote too, which is all one: There-

Therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter Thomas.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceiv'd, trick'd, and cheated!

Tho. I wish you joy, Sir; the best thing could have happen'd to you; and, as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill too; and, if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have you help'd to trick me?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate: Give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can: But I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face. Look ye, I am distress'd and distracted! and can't come too yet: I will be reconcil'd, if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the Nephew to the Uncle will meet with your approbation: Though we have not so much money, we shall have more love; one mind and half a purse in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purses. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir Pat. You are out of my hands, Pat; so, if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

● *Sir Pat.* Fine notions are fine things, but a fine estate gives

gives every ting but ideas ; and them too, if you'll ap-
 pale to those who help you to spend it—What say you,
 Widow ?

Wid. By your and their permission, I will tell my
 mind to this good company ; and for fear my words
 should want ideas too, I will add an Irish tune, that may
 carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

S O N G.

A Widow bewitch'd with her passion,
 Though Irish, is now quite asham'd,
 To think that she's so out of fashion,
 To marry, and then to be tam'd :
 'Tis Love the dear joy,
 That old-fashion'd boy,
 Has got in my breast with his quiver ;
 The blind urchin he,
 Struck the *Cusb la ma oree*,
 And a husband secures me for ever !
 Ye *fair ones* I hope will excuse me,
 Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me :
 I cannot become a fine lady,
 O Love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.

II.

Ye *Critics*, to murder so willing,
 Pray see all our errors with blindness ;
 For once change your method of killing,
 And kill a fond Widow with kindness.
 If you look so severe,
 In a fit of despair,
 Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs :
 You know I've the art,
 To be twice through your heart,
 Before I can make you to feel, Sirs.
 Brother *Soldiers* I hope you'll protect me,
 Nor let cruel critics dissect me ;
 To favour my cause, be but ready,
 And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

III.

Ye *Leaders* of dress and the fashions,
 Who gallop post-haste to your ruin,

Who

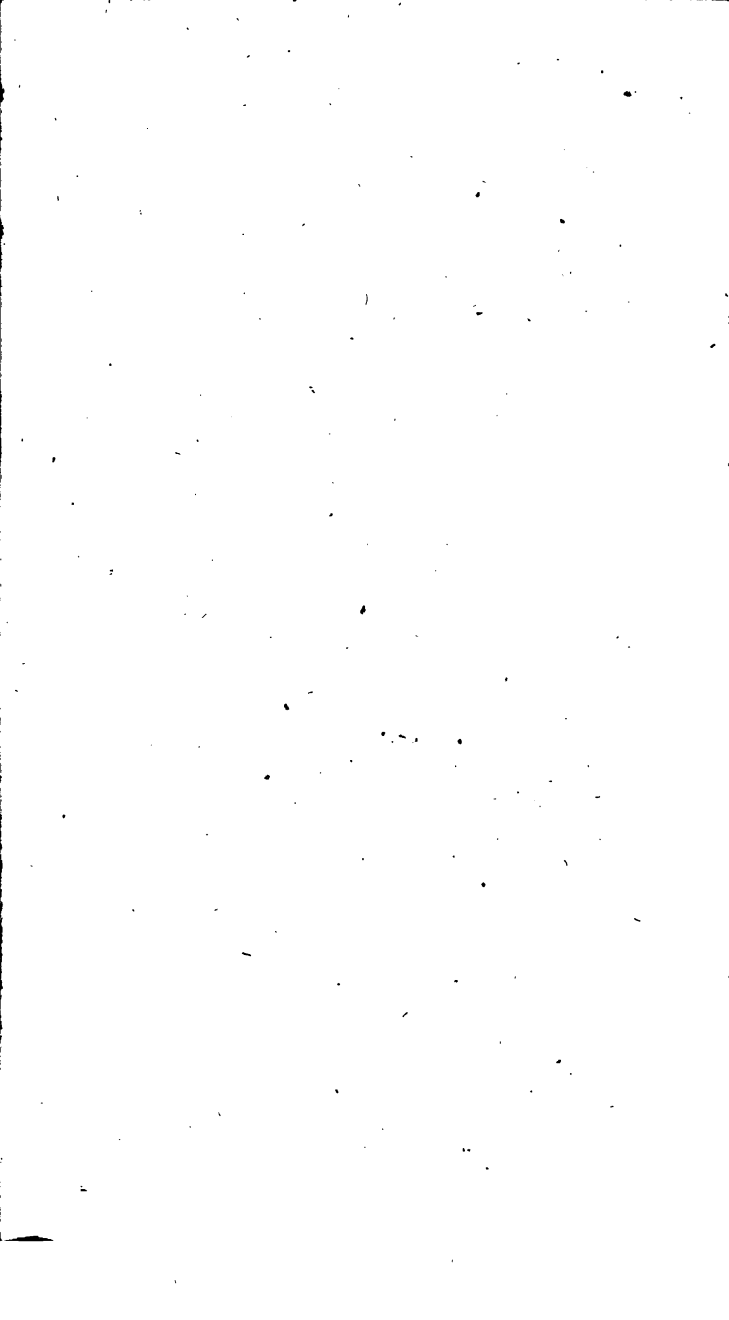
Whose taste has destroyed all your passions,
 Pray what do you think of my wooing?
 You call it damn'd low,
 Your heads and arms so, (*mimicks them.*)
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy;
 But pray what can you
 'That I cannot do?

© *hie, my dear craters be azy.*

Ye *Patriots* and *Courtiers* so hearty,
 To speech it and vote for your-party;
 For once be both constant and steady,
 And vote to support Widow Brady.

IV.

To all that I see here before me,
 The bottom, the top, and the middle;
 For music we now must implore you,
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle:
 If all are in tune,
 Pray let it be soon;
 My heart in my bosom is prancing!
 If your hands should unite,
 To give us delight,
 © that's the best piping and dancing!
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
 Your smiles are a dower for a lady;
 © joy to you all in full measure,
 So wishes and prays Widow Brady.



THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT,

A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL.

BY MR. GAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Roger,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh 1786.</i>
<i>Sir Humphry,</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Le Brun.
<i>Justice Statute,</i>	Mr. Crofs.	
<i>Squire Thomas, Sir Roger's</i>	Mr. Shepherd.	Mr. Mayson.
<i>Son, alias Thomas Filbert,</i>	Mr. Johnson.	Mr. Kippling.
<i>Jonas Dock, alias Timothy</i>		
<i>Peascod,</i>	Mr. Penkethman.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Peter Nettle, the Serjeant,</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Hallion.
<i>Steward to Sir Roger,</i>	Mr. Quin.	Mr. W.-Wells.
<i>Constable,</i>	Mr. Penroy.	Mr. J. Bland.
<i>Corporal,</i>	Mr. Weller.	Mr. Bland. jun.
<i>Slave, a parish-clerk.</i>		Mr. Charteris.
<i>The Ghost of a child unborn,</i>	Mr. Norris, jun.	
<i>Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Kitty, the Steward's daughter, alias Kitty Carrot,</i>	Mrs. Bicknell.	Mrs. W.-Wells.
<i>Dorcas, Peascod's sister,</i>	Mrs. Willis, sen.	Mrs. J. Bland.
<i>Joyce, Peascod's Daughter, left upon the parish,</i>	Miss Younger.	
<i>Aunt,</i>	Mrs. Baker.	Mrs. Charteris.
<i>Grandmother,</i>		

SCENE, *A country Justice's Hall, adorn'd with Scutheons and Stags Horns.*

Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and others, in country habits.

STEWARD.

So you are ready in your parts, and in your dress too, I see; your own best clothes do the business. Sure never was play and actors so suited. Come, range yourselves.

yourselves before me ; women on the right, and men on the left. Squire Thomas, you make a good figure.

[The actors range themselves.]

Sq. Tho. Ay, thanks to Barnaby's Sunday's clothes ; but call me Thomas Filbert, as I am in the play.

Stew. Cheer up, daughter; and make Kitty Carrot the shining part: Squire Thomas is to be in love with you to-night, girl.

Kit. Ay, I have felt Squire Thomas's love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into.

(Aside.)

Stew. Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name ?

Dock. My name ? Jo—Jo—Jonas. No—that was the name my godfathers gave me. My play name is Timothy Pea—Pea—Peascod : ay, Peascod—and am to be shot for a deserter.—

Stew. And you, Dolly ?

Dol. An't please ye, I am Doreas, Peascod's sister—and am to be with child, as it were.

1st Country-m. And I am to take her up, as it were—I am the constable.

2d Country-m. And I am to see Tim shot, as it were—I am the corporal.

Stew. But what is become of our sergeant ?

Dor. Why Peter Nettle, Peter, Peter !

Enter Nettle.

Net. These stockings of Susan's cost a woundy deal of pains the pulling on : But what's a serjeant without red stockings ?

Dock. I'll dress thee, Peter, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth ; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion : But prithee don't look black in the face, man, *(twisting his neckcloth.)* thou must look fierce and dreadful, *(making whiskers with a burnt cork.)* But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap ?

Stew. Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry ; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

Net. No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't ; the Pope's mitre, that my master Sir Roger seiz'd, when they would have burn't him at our market-town.

Stew.

Stew. So, now let every body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play.

(Exeunt Actors.)

My daughter debauched ! and by that booby Squire ! Well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl ! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Lookye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost ; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost ? A play without a ghost is like, is like—i'gad it is like nothing.

Stew. Sir, be satisfied ; you shall have ghosts.

Sir Rog. And is the play as I ordered it, both a tragedy and a comedy ? I would have it a pastoral too : and if you could make it a farce, so much the better—And what if you crown'd all with a spice of your opera ? You know my neighbours never saw a play before ; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of plays under one.

Stew. Sir Roger, it is contriv'd for that very purpose.

Enter two Justices.

Sir Rog. Neighbours, you are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a play for us these Christmas holidays ?

[Exit Steward bowing.]

—A rare headpiece ! He has it here i'faith. *(pointing to his own head.)* But indeed I gave him the hint—To see now what contrivance some folks have ! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that ev'ry man talks in his own way !—And then we have made just three Justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the quorum.

1st Just. Looks !—so it is ;—main ingenious—And can we sit and smoke at the same time we act ?

Sir Rog. Ay, ay—we have but three or four words to say,—and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2d Just. But how shall we know when we are to say these same words ?

Sir Rog. This shall be the signal—When I set down the tankard, then speak you Sir Humphry,—and

and, when Sir Humphry sets down the tankard, speak you 'Squire Statute.

1st Just. Ah, Sir Roger, you are an old dog at these things.

2d Just. To be sure.

Sir Rog. Why, neighbours, you know, experience, experience——I remember your Harts and your Bettertons——But to see your Othello, neighbours,—how he would rave and roar about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!—and then he would growl so manfully,—and he would put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! But hush—the prologue, the prologue.

[They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table, on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.]

THE PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. PINKETHAM.

THE entertainment of this night — or day,
This something, or this nothing, of a play;
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme.
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;
May exercise your good or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satire.
All must be pleas'd, too, with their parts we think;
Our maids have sweethearts, and their worships drink.
Critics, we know, by ancient rules may maul it;
But, sure, gallants must like—— *The What d'ye Call it.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute, Constable, Filbert, Serjeant, Kitty, Dorcas, Grandmother, Aunt.

Sir Rog. HERE, Thomas Filbert, answer to your name, Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious majesty in war.

Exit.

Filb. 'Tis false, 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.

(*Pushing Dorcas from him.*)

Dor. When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

Kit. Oh, good your worships, ease a wretched maid;
To the right father let the child be laid.

Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look:

How canst thou, Dorcas, kiss the bible book?

Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear Old Nick?

Sure, sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

Ser. Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
For what is war abroad to war at home?

Who would not sooner bravely risk his life;

For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

Filb. Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench;
I'll bear a musket then against the French.

From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,

Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,

Than marry such a trapes—no, no, I'll not:

—Thou wilt too late repent when I am shot.

But Kitty, why dost cry?

Grandm. Stay, Justice, stay:

Ah, little did I think to see this day!

Must grandson Filbert to the wars be prest?

Alack! I knew him when he suck'd the breast;

Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,

And join'd his letters when the bantling spell'd.

His loving mother left him to my care;

Fine child, as like his dad as he could stare!

Come Candlemas, nine years ago she dy'd;

And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

Aunt. O tyrant Justices! have you forgot

How my poor brother was in Flanders shot?

You prest'd my brother—he shall walk in white,

He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.

What though the paltry hare he rashly kill'd,

That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the field?

You sent him o'er the hills and far away;

Left his old mother to the parish pay,

With whom he shar'd his tenpence ev'ry day.

Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out,

You took the law of Thomas for a trout.

You

You ruin'd my poor uncle at the fizes,
 And made hem pay nine pounds for nifprizes.
 Now, will you press my harmlefs nephew too?
 Ah! what has confcience with the rich to do!

(Sir Roger takes up the tankard.)

—Though in my hand no filver tankard shine,
 Nor my dry lips is dy'd with claret wine,
 Yet I can sleep in peace.——

Sir Rog. (After having drank.)

——Woman, forbear.

Sir Hum. (Drinking.)

The man's within the act——

Just. Stat. (Drinking also.)

——The law is clear.

Ser. Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd!

Kit. (Kneeling.)

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid;
 Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue;
 (A posture never-known but in the pew)
 If we can money for our taxes find,
 Take that—But ah! our sweethearts leave behind?
 To trade so barbarous he was never bred;
 The blood of vermine all the blood he shed.
 How should he, harmlefs youth; how should he them
 Who kill'd but polecats, learn to murder men?

Dor, O Thomas, Thomas! hazard not thy life;

By all that's good I'll make a loving wife:
 I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,
 I'll spin and card; and keep our children tight.
 I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;
 If you earn tenpence I my groat can earn.
 How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

(Her hand on her belly.)

He'll have no father——and no husband I.

*Kit. Hold Thomas, hold, nor hear that shamelefs
 witch;*

I can sew plain-work, I can darn and stitch;
 I can bear sultry days and frosty weather;
 Yes, yes, my Thomas, we will go together..
 Beyond the seas together will we go;
 In camps together, as at harvest, glow.

This

This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,
I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed :
There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,
Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.
Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do
That for the pigs I would not bear for you ?

Filb. O Kitty, Kitty, can'st thou quit the rake,
And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake ?
Can'st thou so many gallant soldiers see,
And captains and lieutenants slight for me ?
Say, can'st thou hear the guns, and never shake,
Nor start at oaths that make a Christian quake ?
Can'st thou bear hunger, can'st thou march and toil
A long long way, a thousand thousand mile ?
And when thy Tom's blown up, or shot away,
Then can'st thou starve ? they'll cheat me of my pay.

Sir Rog. (Drinking.)
Take out that wench———

Sir Hum. (Drinking.)
——But give her penance meet.

Justice Stat. (Drinking also.)
I'll see her stand—next Sunday——in a sheet.

Dor. Ah ! why does nature give us so much cause,
To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws ?
Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
When too soft nature draws us after kind ?

SCENE II.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphry, Justice Statute, Filbert, Serjeant, Kitty, Grandmother, Aunt, Soldier.

Sol. Serjeant, the captain to your quarters sent,
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went ;
Our corp'ral now has the deserter found,
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

Ser. (To Filbert.)
Come, soldier, come———

Kit. Ah ! take me, take me too.

Grandm. Stay, forward wench.———

Aunt. What would the creature do ?
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

Kit. Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake ;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust !

Fil. O tyranny !

Kit. How can I part ?——

Fil. Alas ! and how can I ?

Kit. O rueful day !

Fil. Rueful indeed ! I trow.

Kit. O woeful day !

Fil. A day, indeed, of wo.

Kit. When gentle folks their sweethearts leave behind,
They can write letters, and say something kind ;
But how shall Filbert unto me indite,
When neither I can read nor he can write;
Yet justices permit us, e'er we part,
To break this ninepence, as you've broke our heart.

Fil. (*Breaking the ninepence.*)

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

Kit. (*Joining the pieces*)

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[*She is drawn away on one side of the stage by Aunt and Grandmother.*]

Yet one look more.

Fil. (*Haul'd off on the other side by the Serjeant.*)

One more e'er yet we go.

Kit. To part is death——

Fil.——'Tis death to part.

Kit.——Ah !

Fil.——Oh !

SCENE III.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphrey, Justice Statute, and Constable

Sir Rog. (*Drinking.*)

See, Constable, that every one withdraw.

Sir Hum. (*Drinking.*)

We've bufinels——

Justice Stat. (*Drinking also.*)

——To discuss a point of law.

SCENE IV.

Sir Roger, Sir Humphrey, Justice Statute.

[*They seem in earnest discourse.*]

Sir Rog. I say the press act plainly makes it out.

Sir Hum. Doubtless, Sir Roger——

Justice Stat.——Brother, without doubt,

A Ghost rises.

1 *Ghost*. I'm Jeffry Cackle—you my death shall rue;
For I was prefs'd by you, by you, by you.

[*Pointing to the Justices.*

Another Ghost rises.

2 *Ghost*. I'm Smut the farrier—You my death shall
rue ;

For I was prefs'd by you, by you, by you.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3 *Ghost*. I'm Bess that hang'd myself for Smut so
true ;

So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4 *Ghost*. I was begot before my mother married ;
Who, whipt by you, of me, poor child, miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5 *Ghost*. Its mother I, whom you whipt black and
blue ;

Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[*All Ghosts shake their heads.*

Sir Rog. Why do you shake your mealy heads at me ?
You cannot say I did it.-----

Both Justices.-----No-----nor we.

1 *Ghost*. All three.-----

2 *Ghost*.-----All three.-----

3 *Ghost*.-----All three.-----

4 *Ghost*.-----All three.-----

5 *Ghost*.-----All three.-----

A SONG sung dismally by a GHOST.

Ye goblins and faries,
With frisks and vagaries,
Ye fairies and goblins,
With hoppings and hobblings,
Come all, come all,
To Sir Roger's great hall.

All fairies and goblins,
All goblins and fairies,
With hoppings and hobblings,
With frisks and vagaries.

C H O.

CHORUS.

Sing, goblins and fairies,
Sing, fairies and goblins;
With frisks and vagaries,
And hoppings and hobblings.

(The Ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a fright, and the Ghosts vanish.)

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Field.*

Timothy Peascod *bound*; Corporal, Soldiers, and Countrymen.

Cor. STAND off there, countrymen; and you the guard, Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd. Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

Pea. 'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake. O fellow-soldiers, countrymen, and friends, Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends: For evil courses am I brought to shame, And from my soul I do repent the same. Oft my kind grannam told me—Tim take warning, Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning. But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime; I play'd at nine pins first in sermon-time: I robb'd the parson's orchard next; and then (For which I pray forgiveness) stole—a hen. When I was press'd, I told them the first day, I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]

For which, behold, I die. 'Tis a plain case, 'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

(The Soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.) Hold, hold, my friends; nay, hold, hold, hold, I pray; They may go off—and I have more to say.

1 *Countrym.* Come, 'tis no time to talk —

2 *Countrym.* ———— Repent thine ill, And read in this good book. — *(Gives him a book.)*

Pea. ———— I will, I will.

Lend me the handkercher. — *The Pilgrim's Pro—*

(Reads and weeps,

(I cannot see for tears) Pro—Progress—oh!

—*The*

—*The Pilgrim's Progress—eighth e-di-ti-on,
Lon-don—Prin-ted—for—Ni-cbo-las—Bod-ding-ton;
Wub new ad-di-tions ne-ver made be-fore.*

—Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

(Drops the book.

SCENE II.

Peasod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert.

Ser. What whining's this?—Boys, see your guns
well ramm'd;

You dog, die like a soldier—and be damn'd.

Fil. My friend in ropes!—

Pea. I should not thus be bound,

If I had means, and could but raise five pound.

The cruel corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,

Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

Fil. Here—Peasod, take my pouch—'tis all I own.

For what is means and life when Kitty's gone!

'Tis my press money—can this silver fail?

'Tis all, except one sixpence, spent in ale.

This had a ring for Kitty's finger bought,

Kitty on me had by that token thought.

But for thy life, poor 'Tim, if this can do't;

Take it, with all my soul—thou'rt welcome to't.

(Offers him his purse.

1 Countrym. And take my fourteen-pence.—

2 Countrym.—And my cramp ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 Countrym. And, Master Serjeant, take my box of
copper.

4 Countrym. And my wife's thimble.—

5 Countrym.—And this 'bacco-stopper.

Ser. No bribes; take back your things—I'll have them
not.

Pea. Oh! must I die?

Chorus of Countrymen.

Oh! must poor Tim be shot?

But let me kiss thee first.—

SCENE III.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert, Dorcas.

Dor. Ah, brother Tim,
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him,
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;
In a white sheet, poor I, must stand at church.
O marry me—(to Filbert) thy sister is with child.

(To Tim.

And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

Pea. Couldst thou do this? couldst thou?—

(In anger to Filbert.

Ser. Draw out the men :

Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

Dor. Be dead! 'must Tim be dead?—

Pea. He must—he must.

Dor. Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
—Hold, serjeant, hold—yet e'er you sing the psalms,
Ah! let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
O brother, brother! Filbert still is true,
I foully wrong'd him—do forgive me, do. (To Fil.
The Squire betray'd me; nay, and what is worse,
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
To swear this child to Filbert.—

Pea. What a Jew

My sister is!—Do, Tom, forgive her, do.

(To Fil.

Fil. (Kisses Dorcas.

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame;
Who, left by thee, upon our parish came,
Comes for thy blessing.—

SCENE IV.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert, Dorcas, Joyce.

Pea. Oh! my sins of youth!

Why, on the haycock dost thou tempt me, Ruth?
O save me, serjeant;—how shall I comply?
I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

Joyce. Must father die, and I be left forlorn!
Alack-a-day! that ever Joyce was born!
No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.

They said, if ever father got his pay,
I should have two-pence every market-day.

Pea. Poor child ; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,

The parish, by this badge, is bound to find thee.

(Pointing to the badge on her arm.)

Joyce. The parish finds indeed—but our church-wardens,

Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.

Then my school-mistress, like a vixen Turk,

Maintains her lazy husband by our work ;

Many long tedious days I've worsted spun !

She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.

Heav'n send me a good service ! for I now

Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

Pea. O that I had by charity been bred !

I then had been much better taught—than fed.

Instead of keeping nets against the law,

I might have learnt accounts, and sung sol-fa.

Farewell, my child ; spin on, and mind thy book,

And send thee store of grace therein to look.

Take warning by thy shameless aunt, lest thou

Should'st o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.

Mark my last words—an honest living get ;

Beware of papishes, and learn to knit.

(Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.)

SCENE V.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert.

Fil. Let's drink before we part—for sorrow's dry.

To Tim's safe passage.—

(Takes out a brandy bottle and drinks.)

1 Countrym. I'll drink too.

2 Countrym. And I.

Pea. Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.

(Drinks.)

When I am dead, you'll bind my grave with wicker.

(They lead him to the stake.)

1 Countrym. He was a special ploughman—*(Sighing.)*

2 Countrym. Harrow'd well !

3 Countrym. And at our maypole ever bore the bell.

Pea.

Pea. Say, is it fitting in this very field,
Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd ;
This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,
I, in this field, should die for a deserter ?

Fil. 'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard !

Ser. Zooks, here's a pother :

Strip him ; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

Pea. (*Distributing his things among his friends.*

Take you my 'bacco-box, my neckcloth you :

To our kind vicar send this bottle screw :

But wear these breeches, Tom ; they're quite bran-new.

Fil. Farewell——

1 *Countrym.* B'ye, Tim.——

2 *Countrym.* B'ye, Tim.

3 *Countrym.* Adieu.

4 *Countrym.* Adieu.

(*They all take leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.*

SCENE VI.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert ; *to them a Soldier in great haste.*

Sol. Hold—why so furious, serjeant ? by your leave,
Untie the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

(*Shews a paper*

Chorus of Countrymen.

(*Huzzaing*

A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve !

(*Peascod is untied, and embraces his friends.*

SCENE VII.

Peascod, Corporal, Soldiers, Countrymen, Serjeant,
Filbert, Constable.

Con. Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

Ser. For what ?——

Con. For stealing Gaffar Gap's grey mare.

(*They seize the Serjeant.*

Pea. Why, hark ye, hark ye, friend ; you'll go to
pot :

Would you be rather hang'd—hah !—hang'd or shot ?

Ser. Nay, hold, hold, hold——

Pea. Not if you were my brother ;

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another ?

Con.

Con. Thus said Sir John—the law must take its course:
 'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.
 But (said Sir John) the statutes all declare,
 The man shall sure be hang'd—that steals a mare.

Pea. [*To the Serjeant.*]

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd—that steals a mare.
 He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause:
 A rare good sentence this—how is't—the laws,
 No—not the laws—the statutes all declare,
 The man that steals a mare shall sure be—hang'd.
 No, no—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[*Exit Serjeant guarded, Countrymen, &c. buzzing
 after him.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Kitty with her hair loose, Grandmother, Aunt, Hay-
 makers, Chorus of Sighs and Groans.*

Kit. Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks and you
 Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:
 And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
 Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:
 With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,
 'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;
 On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
 While Tom gaz'd on me, prop'd upon his fork.
 Farewell, farewell! for all thy task is o'er;
 Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[*Flings away the rake.*]

Chorus of Sighs and Groans.

Ah—O! sure never was the like before!

Kit. Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
 The soldier's drum, nor writ of justice fears,
 Our banns thrice bid! and for my wedding-day
 My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

Chorus of Sighs and Groans.

Ah! O, poor soul! alack! and well-a-day!

Kit. You, Bess, still reap with Harry by your side;
 You, Jenny, shall next Sunday be a bride:
 But, I forlorn, — This ballad shews my care;

[*Gives Susan a ballad.*]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:
 Susan can sing—do you the burden bear.

A BALLAD.

I.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind ;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

III.

The merchant robb'd of pleasure
 Sees tempest in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure -
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;

Repay'd

Repay'd each blast with fighting,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Kit. Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay?
What if these hands should make myself away?

I could not, sure, do otherwise than well;

A maid so true's too innocent for hell.

But harkye, Cis—*[Whispers, and gives her a pen-knife.]*

Aunt. I'll do't—'tis but to try

If the poor soul can have the heart to die.

[Aside to the Haymakers.]

Thus then I strike—but turn thy head aside.

Kit. 'Tis shameful, sure, to fall as pigs have dy'd.

No—take this cord—*[Gives her a cord.]*

Aunt.—With this thou shalt be sped.

[Putting the noose round her neck.]

Kit. But curs are hang'd—

Aunt.—Christians should die in bed.

Kit. Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep,
And close these weary eyes in death—

Aunt.—Or sleep. *[Aside.]*

Kit. When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here:

Here shall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree

Filbert first said he lov'd—lov'd only me.

[Kitty faints.]

Grandm. She swoons. poor soul—Help, Dolly.

Aunt.—She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water—*[Screaming.]*

Grandm. Fetch her wits. *[They throw water upon her.]*

Kit. Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below—
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.

The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim;

Hah! who comes here?—my Filbert! drown not him.

Bagpipes in butter; flocks in fleecy fountains,

Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey mountains.

SCENE IX.

Kitty, Grandmother, Aunt, Haymakers, Filbert.

Kit. It is his ghost, or is it he indeed?

Wert thou not sent to war?—hah! dost thou bleed?

No——'tis my Filbert.

Filb. [*Embracing her.*]—Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he.

Dorcas confes'd; the justice set me free.

I'm thine again.

Kit.—I thine.

Filb.—Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to church, to church,—

Kit.—To wed.

Filb.—To bed.

Chor. of Haymakers. A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding. [*Exeunt all the Actors.*]

Sir Rog. Ay, now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the parson? Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the London stage—Why, hey day! what's our play at a stand?

Enter a Countryman.

Coun. So, please your worship, I should have play'd the parson, but our curate would not lend his gown; for he says it is a profanation.

Sir Rog. What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing!

[*The Justices assent by nods and signs.*]

Enter Stave the parish clerk.

Stave. Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the fathers; and he is come himself to utter them to your worship.

Sir Rog. What, shall our play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr. Inference.

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

Stave. Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage-plays. (*Within.*) Stave, Stave, Stave!

Sir Rog. Tell him that I say——

(*Within.*) Stave, Stave!

Sir Rog. What, shall the curate controul me? Have not I the presentation? Tell him that I will not have my play spoil'd: nay, that he shall marry the couple himself—I say he shall.

Stave

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

Stave. The steward hath persuaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir Humph. Very likely; the good man may have reasons.

Justice Stat. In truth we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender-conscienc'd Doctor.

Sir Rog. Why, what's a play without a marriage? and what's a marriage, if one sees nothing of it? Let him have his humour—but let the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. [Exit Stave.]

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.]

So natural! D'ye see now, neighbours? the ring, i'faith—To have and to hold! right again—Well play'd, doctor; well play'd, son Thomas; Come, come, I'm satisfy'd—now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

Stew. Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,

The dreadful reck'ning; and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child—She shall study to deserve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.]

Sir Rog. Married! how married! Can the marriage of Filbert and Carrot have any thing to do with my son?

Stew. But the marriage of Thomas and Catharine may, Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. What a plague! am I trick'd then? I must have a stage-play, with a pox!

Sir Humph. If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, Sir Roger.

Squire Tho. Zooks! these stage-plays are plaguy dangerous things—but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

Justice Stat. Ay, Sir Roger, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir Rog. Why, blockhead, puppy! had you no more

wit than to say the ceremony ? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire Tho. Why, what did I know, ha ? but so it is—and since murder will out, as the saying is, look ye, father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see—so much for that.—If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't.—Sure I must have been married some time or other.

(Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.)

Sir Humpb. In troth it was in some sort my opinion before ; it is good in law.

Justice Stat. Good in law, good in law—But hold, we must not lose the dance.

A DANCE.

EPILOGUE.

Stage. Our stage-play has a moral—and, no doubt,
You all have sense enough to find it out.

THE
DRAGON OF WANTLEY,
A BURLESQUE OPERA.

By H. CAREY, Esq.

Set to Music by
Mr. JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edinburgh, 1776.

MEN.

<i>The Dragon,</i>	Mr. Hallion.
<i>Moore of Moorball,</i> a valiant knight, in love } with Margery,	Mr. Brown.
<i>Gaffer Gubbins,</i> father to Margery,	Mr. Inchbald.

WOMEN.

<i>Margery,</i> in love with Moore,	Mrs. Webb.
<i>Maunallade,</i> his cast-off mistress,	Mrs. Barre.

Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Scene, That part of Yorkshire near Rotherham.

DEDICATION.

TO

Mr. JOHN-FREDERICK LAMPE.

Dear JACK,

To whom should I dedicate this opera but to you ; for whose interest it was calculated, and at whose request it was completed: Many joyous hours have we shared during its composition, chopping and changing, looping, eking out, and coining of words, syllables, and jingle, to display in English the beauty of nonsense, so prevailing in the Italian operas.

C 4

This

This pleasure has been since transmitted to the gay, the good-natured, and jocular part of mankind, who have tasted the joke, and enjoyed the laugh ; while the morose, the supercilious, and asinine, have been fairly taken in, so far as to be downright angry ; they say 'tis low, very low ; now (begging their worships pardon) I affirm it to be sublime, very sublime.—

It is a burlesque opera :

And burlesque cannot be too low.

Lowness (figuratively speaking) is the sublimity of burlesque ; If so, this opera is consequently the tip-top sublime of its kind.

Your music, on the other hand, is as grand and pompous as possible ; by which means the contrast is the stronger, and has succeeded accordingly.

The following prediction made by my cousin Harry in the year 1726, is now, I think, amply verified in your favour.

Call not my Lamp obscure, because unknown ;

He shines in secret now, to friends alone ;

Light him but up, let him in public blaze,

He will delight not only, but amaze.

Careys Poems in 4to. p. 215.

We must both confess ourselves obliged to the performers, particularly to Mr. Salway and the two Miss Youngs, not forgetting Signor Laguerrini and Mynheer Reinhold, who have given life and spirit to our compositions, and pleasure to the public ; but, in a more singular sense, we stand indebted to Mr. Rich, who received our poor disconsolate Dragon with pleasure, after it had lain several years dormant in the repository, and under the inspection of the most wise, most learned, and judicious, Squire What d'ye call him, master of Drury-Lane Playhouse. I am, your affectionate friend and fellow student,

Ball Mall, Jan. 3. }

1738.

CAROL.

THE ARGUMENT.

WANTLEY in Yorkshire, and the adjacent places, being infested by a huge and monstrous dragon, the inhabitants

bitants, with Margery Gubbins at their head, apply to Moore of Moorehall a valiant knight, for relief; he falls violently in love with Margery, and for her sake undertakes the task; at which Maxalinda, a cast-off mistress of his, is so enraged, that she attempts to kill Margery, but is prevented by Moore, who reconciles the contending rivals, kills the dragon, and has Margery for his reward.

N. B. For farther particulars the reader is referred to the following old ballad from whence this opera was taken.

An excellent Ballad of a most dreadful combat fought between Moore of Moorehall and the Dragon of Wantley. To a pleasant tune much in request.

Old stories tell how Hercules

A dragon slew at Lerna;

With seven heads and fourteen eyes;

To see and well discern-a :

But he had a club this dragon to drub,

Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye !

But Moore of Moorehall, with nothing at all

He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,

Each one upon each shoulder;

With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,

Which made him bolder and bolder :

He had long claws, and in his jaws

Four and forty teeth of iron ;

With a hide as tough as any buff,

Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,

With seventy men in his belly ?

This dragon was not quite so big,

But very near, I'll tell you :

Devoured he poor children three,

That could not with him grapple ;

And at one sup he eat them up,

As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,

Some says he eat up trees,

And that the forest sure he would

Devour by degrees :

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies,

He eat all, and left none behind,

But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,

Which on the hills you'll find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,

The place I know it well,

Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,

I vow I cannot tell :

But there is a hedge just on the hill edge,

And Matthew's house hard by't ;

O there and then was this Dragon's den,

You could not choose but spy it.

Some say this dragon was a witch,

Some say he was a devil ;

For from his nose a smoke arose,

And with it burning snivel :

Which he cast off, when he did cough,

Into a well that stands by ;

Which made it look just like a brook,

Running with burning brandy,

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,

Of whom all towns did ring ;

For he could wrestle, play at quarter staff, kick, cuff, [and buff,

Call son-of-a-where, do any kind of thing ;

By the tail and the main with his hands twain,

He swung a horse 'till he was dead ;

And what is stranger, he for very anger

Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat ;

Men, women, girls, and boys,

Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,

And made a hideous noise ;

O save us all ! Moore of Moore-hall !

Thou peerless knight of these woods ;

Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,

We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want,

But I want, I want in sooth,

A fair maid of sixteen that's brisk,

And smiles about the mouth ;

Hair black as a sloe, and skin white as snow,
 With blushes her cheeks adorning ;
 To 'noint me o'er night, e'er I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the morning.
 This being done, he did engage
 To hew this dragon down ;
 But first he went new armour to
 Bespeak at Sheffield town :
 With spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of steel so sharp and strong ;
 Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
 Some five or six inches long.
 Had you seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he look'd, and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some Egyptian Porcupig.
 He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog ;
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.
 To see the fight, all people then,
 Got upon trees and houses ;
 On churches some, and chimnies too ;
 But they put on their trowles,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose ;
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
 And a quart of aqua vitæ.
 It is not strength that always wins ;
 For wit does strength excel ;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well ;
 Where he did think this Dragon would drink ;
 And so he did in truth :
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh !
 And hit him on the mouth.
 Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you, come out ;
 Thou that disturb'st me in my drink :
 With that he turn'd and sh—t at him ;
 • Good lack, how he did stink !
 Behrew thy foul, thy body is foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam ;

Thou son-of-a-whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome.
 Our politic knight on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse,
 He knew not what to think.
 By cock, quoth he, say you so ; do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly ;
 With hand, with foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word it was, hey boys, hey
 Your words, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand :
 Then to it they fell at all,
 Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small.
 Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight
 Our champion on the ground :
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
 They never had one wound.
 At length the hard earth began to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a knock ;
 Which made him to reel, and straight he thought
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And then let him fall : But Moore of Moorehall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the a—se
 Oh ! quoth the Dragon with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,
 Out of his throat of leather ;
 Moore of Moorehall, O thou rascal !
 Would I had seen thee never !
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a—se-guts,
 And I am quite undone for ever.
 Murder, murder, the Dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for grief ;
 Had you but miss'd that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shak'd, trembl'd and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cry'd ;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbld he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh—t and died.

A Critical REMARK on the Old Ballad, called *The Dragon of Wantley*, by the late Mr. Rouffillon.

THIS ballad does not properly fall under the denomination of Historical, it having been ever looked upon as a criticism or ridicule upon St George, the Seven Champions, Guy of Warwick, and several other songs of the like nature ; and is the same to ballads of chivalry as Don Quixotte is to books of that kind : However, there are some people who will by no means allow this to be the design of the poet, nor the song to be a piece of criticism, but a satyr. And to prove this, they tell you, that in days of old, a certain gentleman, a member of the law, and here represented by the Dragon, being left guardian to three orphans, and finding some little flaw in their titles, put in his claim ; deprived them of their estate ; took possession of it himself ; and turned them over to the parish. Upon which another (here called *Moore of Mooreball*) took up their cause, sued the unjust guardian, cast him, and recovered the estate for the children. I shall not pretend to decide any thing in a dispute of this importance ; the hypotheses are both probable : but which way is the justest, I shall leave the learned to determine.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Rural prospect.*

Chorus.

Fly, neighbours fly !

The Dragon's nigh ;

Save, save your lives, and fly !

• Away, away ;

• For if you stay,

• Sure as a gun you die.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The Dragon crosses the stage.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Hall.*

Gubbins, Mauxalinda, and Chorus.

Gub. What wretched havoc does this Dragon make !
 He sticks at nothing for his belly's sake :
 Feeding but makes his appetite the stronger ;
 He'll eat us all if he bides here much longer !

A I R.

Poor children three

Devoured he,

That could not with him grapple ;

And at one sup

He eat them up,

As one would eat an apple.

Chorus. Houses and churches,

To him are geese and turkies,

To them Margery.

Mar. O father ! father ! as our noble 'Squire:
 'Was late at breakfast by his parlour fire,
 With wife and children, all in pleasant tattle ;
 The table shook, the cups began to rattle :
 A dismal noise was heard within the hall,
 Away they flew, the Dragon scar'd them all.
 He drank up all their coffee at a sup,
 And next devour'd their toast and butter up.

A I R.

But to hear the children mutter,

When they'd lost their toast and butter,

And to see my lady moan !

Oh ! 'twould melt a heart of stone !

" Here the 'squire with servants wrangling ;

" There the maids and mistress jangling,

" And the pretty hungry dears,

" All together by the ears,

" Scrambling for a barley-cake : :

" Oh ! 'twould make one's heart to ake ! "

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is ;
 What shall we do in this disastrous crisis ?

Mar. A thought, to quell him, comes into my head ;
 No way more proper than to kill him dead.

Gub. Oh ! miracle of wisdom ; rare suggestion !
 But how, or who to do it ? that's the question.

Marc.

Mar. Not far from hence there lives a valiant knight,
A man of prowess great, and mickle might :
He has done deeds St. George himself might brag on.

Maux. This very man is he shall kill the Dragon.

A I R.

He's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,
Stout, vigorous, active, and tall ;
There's none ean from danger secure you
Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-hall.
No giant or knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their hearts with alarms ;
No virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his arms.

Chorus. Let's go to his dwelling,
With yelping and yelling ;
And tell him a sorrowful ditty.
' Who knows but the knight
' With this Dragon may fight,
' If he has but a morsel of pity.'

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Moore-hall.*

Moore and his Companions.

Moore. Come, friends, let's circulate the cheerful glass !
Let each true toper toast his favourite lass.
Sound all your instruments of joy, and play ;
Let's drink and sing, and pass the time away.

A I R.

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle ;
Poets, painters, and musicians,
Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians ;
All admire a pretty lass,
All require a cheerful glass :
Every pleasure has its season,
Love and drinking are no treason.

Zeno, &c.

Enter Gubbins, Margery, Mauxalinda, and others.

Chorus. O save us all !

[*Kneeling,*

Moore of Moore-hall !

Or else this cursed Dragon

Will plunder our houses,

Our daughters and spouses,

And leave us the devil a rag on.

A I R.

A I R.

Mar. (rising.) Gentle knight! all knights exceeding,
 Pink of prowess and good breeding;
 Let a virgin's tears inspire thee,
 Let a maiden's blushes fire thee.
 ' For my father and my mother,
 ' For my sister and my brother;
 ' For my friends that stand before thee,
 ' Thus I sue thee, thus implore thee:
 ' Thus I kiss thy valiant garment,
 ' Humbly hoping there's no harm in't.

Moore. (Aside.) Her looks shoot through my soul;
 her eyes strike fire;

I'm all a conflagration of desire! —

(To her.) Fair maid; I grant whatever you can ask,
 The deed is done, when once you name the task.

Mar. The Dragon, Sir! the Dragon!

Moore. ————— Say no more,
 You soon shall see him welt'ring in his gore.

Mar. Most mighty Moore! do but this dragon kill;
 All that we have is wholly at your will.

Moore. The only bounty I require, is this,
 That thou may'st fire me with an ardent kiss;
 That thy soft hands may 'point me over night;
 And dress me in the morning e'er I fight.

A I R.

Mar. If that's all you ask,

My sweetest,

My featest,

Completest,

And neatest;

I'm proud of the task.

' Of love take your fill,

' Past measure,

' My treasure,

' Sole spring of my pleasure;

' As long as you will.'

Maux. (overbearing.) A forward lady! she grows
 fond apace;
 But I shall catch her in a proper place.

Moore.

Moore. Leave her with me; conclude the Dragon dead:

If I don't maul the dog, I'll lose my head.

[*All go off but Moore and Margery.*]

D U E T T O.

Moore. Let my dearest be near me.

Mar. I'll ever be near thee.

Moore. To warm me, to cheer me.

Mar. To warm thee, to cheer thee.

Moore. To fire me, inspire me.

Mar. To fire thee, inspire thee.

Both. ————— With kisses and ale.

Moore. ' Your fears I'll abolish.

Mar. ' This Dragon demolish.

Moore. ' I'll work him.

Mar. ' Ay, work him.

Moore. ' I'll jerk him.

Mar. ' Ay, jerk him.

Both. ' ————— From nostril to tail.

Moore leads off Margery; Maurelinda enters, and pulls him back by the sleeve.

Maux. O villain! monster! devil! basely base!

How can you dare to look me in the face?

Did not you swear last Christmas we should marry?

Oh! 'tis enough to make a maid miscarry!

Witness this piece of sixpence, certain token

Of my true heart, and your false promise broken.

Moore. The devil's in the woman! what's the matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; time was you cou'd flatter.

Moore. Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean.

Maux. Don't you know Margery of Roth'ram green?

Moore. Not I, upon my honour.

Maux. — That's a lie.

What, do you think I've neither ear, nor eye?

Villain, I will believe my eyes and ears;

She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand dears.

(Sings mocking.) Let my dearest be near me, &c.

A I R.

No place shall conceal them, no mercy I'll shew;
I'll follow them down to the regions below.

Moore.

Moore. (aside.) By Jove I'm blown. Z—nds ! How came this about ?

However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.

(To Maux.) I only out of policy was civil ;

But, 'faith, I hate her as I hate the devil.

You're all I value ; witness this close hug,

I'm yours, and only yours——

*Maux. —*Ah, coaxing Pug !

Moore. My pretty Mauxy, prithee don't be jealous :

Maux. Dear me ! you men are such bewitching fellows :

You steal into our hearts by fly degrees,

Then make poor girls believe just what you please.

A I R.

Moore. By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a hy-down, ho-down derry,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True blue will never stain.

Maux. But do you really love me ?

*Moore. —*By this kiss,
By raptures past, and hopes of future bliss.

D U E T T O.

Pigs shall not be
So fond as we ;
We will out-coo the turtle dove.
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting sparrows we'll out-love.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Margery, Solo.

A I R.

• SURE my stays will burst with sobbing,
• And my heart quite crack with throbbing.
• My poor eyes are red as ferrets,
• And I ha'n't a grain of spirits.

' O I wou'dn't for any money
' This vile beast should kill my honey !
' Better kifs me, gentle knight,
' Than with Dragons fierce to fight.'

To her Moore.

Moore. My Madge ! my honey-suckle in the dumps !

Mar. Put your hand here, and feel my heart how't thumps.

Moore. Good lack-a-day ! how great a palpitation !
Tell me, my dear, the cause of this vexation.

Mar. An ugly dream has put me in a fright :
I dream't the Dragon slew my gentle Knight.
If such a thing should happen unto thee,
O miserable, miserable, Margery !

Moore. Don't fright thyself with dreams, my girl,
ne'er fear him ;

I'll work his buff, if ever I come near him.

I've such a suit of spiked armour bought,

Bears, lions, dragons, it sets all at nought :

In which, when I'm equipp'd, my Madge shall see

I'll scare the Dragon, not the Dragon me ;

But time grows short, I must a while away.

Mar. Make haste, my dear !

Moore. — My duck ! I will not stay. [Exit.

Enter Mauxalinda to Margery.

Maux. So, Madam ! have I found you at last !

You now shall pay full dear for all that's past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore filk or fatten,

I'd beat your harlot's brains out with my patten,

Before you shall delude a man of mine.

Mar. Who, in the name of wonder, made him thine ?

Maux. D'ye laugh, you minx ! I'll make you change
your note,

Or drive your grining grinders down your throat.

D U E T T O.

Insulting gipsy,

You're surely tipsy,

Or *non se ipse*,

To chatter so.

Your too much feeding,

All rules exceeding,

Has spoil'd your breeding ;

Go, trollop, go.

Mrs.



Mar. Lauk ! what a monstrous tail our cat has got !

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go to pot.
Come, bodkin, come ! take Mauxalinda's part,
And stab her hated rival to the heart.

[Goes to kill Margery, she swoons.

Enter Moore, and takes away the bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the devil is the woman doing !

Maux. To put an end to all your worship's wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came before the whim went further ;

Had I staid longer, here had fure been murder.
This cursed jade has thrown the girl in fits.

How do'st, my dear ? *[Margery recovers.*

Mar. — Frighted out of my wits.

Moore. But fear her not ; for by her own confession,
I'll bind her over to the quarter-session.

A I R.

Maux. O give me not up to the law,
I'd much rather beg upon crutches ;
' Once in a solicitor's paw,
' You never get out of his clutches.'

Mar. Come, come, forgive her !

Moore. Here my anger ends.

Maux. And so does mine.

Moore. Why, then, let's buss and friends.

[Kiss round.]

T R I O.

Maux. Oh ! how easy is a woman,
How deluding are you men !
Oh ! how rare to find a true man,
Not so oft as one in ten !

Moore. Oh ! how charming is a woman,
Form'd to captivate us men !
Yet so eager to subdue man,
For each one she covets ten !

Mar. Let's reward them as they treat us,
Women prove sincere as men ;
But if they deceive and cheat us,
Let us e'en cheat them again.

Omnes. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter

Enter Gubbins.

Gub. Now, now, or never, save us valiant Moore?
The Dragon's coming, don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why let him roar his heart out, 'tis no matter:
Stand clear, my friends, this is no time to chatter.

Gub. Here, take your spear.

Moore. — I scorn sword, spear, or dart;
I'm arm'd completely in a valiant heart.

But first I'll drink, to make me strong and mighty,
Six quarts of ale, and one of aqua vitæ.

Fill, fill, fill a mighty flagon,

Then I'll kill this monstrous Dragon. [*Drinks.*]

Chorus. Fill, fill, fill the mighty flagon,

Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Scene I. *A Rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.*

Enter Moore in Armour, and Margery.

Moore. ONE bus, dear Margery, and then away.

Mar. I cannot go, my love!

Moore. — You must not stay.

Get up, sweet wench, get up in yonder tree,
And there securely you may hear and see.

[*Margery gets up into the tree.*]

Come, Mr. Dragon, or by Jove, I'll fetch you;

I'll trim your rascal's jacket, if I catch you.

A I R.

Moore. Dragon, Dragon, thus I dare thee:

Soon to atoms thus I'll tear thee;

Thus thy insolence subdue.

'But regarding where my dear is,

'Then, alas! I feel what fear is,

'Sweetest Margery, for you.' [*Dragon roars.*]

Moore. It is not strength that always wins:

Good wit does strength excel. —

Confound the rascal how he grins, —

I'll creep into this well.

[*Gets into the well.*]

Enter Dragon, and goes to the Well.

Drag. What nasty dog has got into the well,

Disturbs my drink, and makes the water smell.

[*Moore pops up his head, and cries Boh!*]

A I R.

A I R.

Drag. ' Oh, ho! Mr. Moore,

' You son-of-a-whore,

' I wish I'd known your tricks before.

[*Moore gets out of the Well, encounters the Dragon and kills him by a Kick on the Backside.*]*Drag.* Oh! oh! oh!

The Devil take your toe.

[*Dies.*]*To him Margery in a rapture.**Mar.* Oh, my champion! How d'ye do?*Moore.* Oh, my charmer! How are you?*Mar.* Very well, thank you.*Moore.* ——— I'm so too.

Your eyes were livid, and your cheeks were pale;

But now you look as brisk as bottled ale.

Give me a burs.

Mar. — Ah, twenty if you please.*Moore.* With all my heart, and twenty after these.

D U E T T O.

' My sweet honey-suckle, my joy and delight;

' I'll kiss thee all day, and I'll hug thee all night.

' My dearest is made of such excellent stuff,

' I think I shall never have kissing enough.'

Gub. Most mighty Moore, what wonders hast thou done
Destroy'd the Dragon, and my Margery won,
The loves of this brave knight and my fair daughter,
In roratorios shall be sung hereafter.

Begin your songs of joy: begin, begin,

And rend the welkin with harmonious din.

Chorus. Sing, sing, and rorio,

An oratorio,

To gallant Morio,

Of Moore-hall,

' To Margereenia

' Of Roth'ram greenia,

' Beauty's bright queenia,

Bellow and bawl.'

H U Z Z A!

IN THREE ACTS.

PERSONS in the INTRODUCTION.

In the Comedy

M E N.

Drury-Land.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. Aicken.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Bransby.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Parsons.
Mrs. Bannister.
Mr. Baddeley.

W O M E N.

Wm. Gale,
Mary,

Mr. Bannister.
Miss Hopkins,

'Enter Canker and Smart!'

Smart. But are you sure he has leave?

'Cank. Certain.

'Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh, either with him or at him; it does not signify which.

'Cant, Not a farthing.

Smart

' *Smart.* D'you know his scheme?

' *Cank.* Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

' *Smart.* Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand sentry there?

' *Cank.* By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

' *Smart.* I'll call him. Halloo, Mr——

' *Enter Pearse.*

' What, is there any thing going on over the way?

' *Pear.* A rehearsal.

' *Smart.* Of what?

' *Pear.* A new piece.

' *Smart.* Foote's?

' *Pear.* Yes.

' *Cank.* Is he there?

' *Pear.* He is.

' *Smart.* Zounds, let's go and see what he is about.

' *Cank.* With all my heart.

' *Smart.* Come along then.

[*Exeunt.*]

' *Enter Foote and an Actor.*

' *Foote.* This will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling——

' *Enter Smart and Canker.*

' *Smart.* Ha! ha! ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—

' Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep.

' Well, and hey, what is your plan?

' *Foote.* Plah!

' *Smart.* Ay, what are your characters? Give us your group; how is your cloth fill'd?

' *Foote.* Characters!

' *Smart.* Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat; and a nose and a chin—I am afraid she is not well enough known: But I have a remedy for that: I'll bring her the first night of your piece; place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

' *Foote.*

Foots. Oh, delicious !

Smart. But don't name me : for if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foots. Oh, never fear me. But I should think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician ?

Foots. Aye ; that every day after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt Port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foots. Or what say you to your father-in-law. Sir Timothy ? who, though as broken winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable ! by heavens !—Have you got 'em ?

Foots. No.

Smart. Then in with them, my boy.

Foots. Not one.

Smart. Prithee why not ?

Foots. Why, look'ye, Smart, though you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing, you, I'm sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that ?

Foots. Mischief.

Smart. No, prithee—

Foots. How, now, am I sure that you who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me ?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foots. Why as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute by the clamour of your relations,—Oh, damme 'tis a shame,—it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage.—And so, out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart. How can you think I wou'd be such a dog ?

Vol. V.

D

'What

‘ What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal ? Give us the actors, however.

‘ *Foote.* Oh, that’s stale. Besides, I think they have of all men, the best right to complain.

‘ *Smart.* How so ?

‘ *Foote.* Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you at the same time injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on ; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before was only the amusement of private parties,

‘ *Cank.* Give us then a national portrait : a Scotchman or an Irishman.

‘ *Foote.* If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can’t think it either a subject of satire or humour ; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable than the colour of his hair. Now, affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronounciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter : nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty Boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

‘ *Smart.* Are there such ?

‘ *Foote.* If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristical marks of a whole country ; your pride may produce a laugh ; but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

‘ *Cank.* Heyday, what a system is here ! Laws for laughing ! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety ?

‘ *Foote.* At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a fluttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet’s pen and your mirth.

‘ *Smart*

'*Smart.* Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots and cannots—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker!

'*Cank.* Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a——

'*Foot.* And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

'*Cank.* And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?

'*Smart.* No, no, it won't do. I tell thee, the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high-season'd ragouts and rich sauces.

'*Foot.* Why, perhaps, by way of desert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

'*Smart.* Your bill of fare?

'*Foot.* What think you of one of those itinerant field orators, who, though at declared enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?

'*Cank.* Have a care. Dangerous ground. *Ludere cum sacris*, you know.

'*Foot.* Now, I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

'*Cank.* Why, indeed, if it be considered—

'*Foot.* Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument cannot cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry? where then can we have recourse but to the Comic Muse? Perhaps the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

'*Cank.* Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

'*Smart.* But how is your scheme conducted?

'*Foot.* Of that you may judge. We are just going upon

‘ upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.

‘ *Smart.* We will give it you.

‘ *Foot.* One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think I need not beg, that as, from necessity, most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

‘ *Smart.* But reasonable.

‘ *Foot.* Come then, Prompter, begin.

‘ *Pear.* Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

‘ *Foot.* What’s the matter?

‘ *Pear.* Mrs. O-Schöhnefy has returned the part of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing.

‘ *Foot.* Indeed!

‘ *Pear.* If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

‘ *Foot.* Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I’ll do the character myself. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T I.

Sir William Wealthy and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

Sir Wil. COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can’t help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable; that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir Wil. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony: France has furnished him with fawning and flattery.

flattery; Italy equipped him with capriols and cantatas; and, thus accomplished, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Wil. You dislike, then, my system of education?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Wil. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Wil. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet through a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improv'd you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Wil. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir Wil. Why, truly brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek crop-eared prentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington or Mile-end.

R. Weal. Wonderfully-facetious!

Sir Wil. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the gardens, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords and

occasional bag-wigs ; their horses for the turf ; aye, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous asperſion !

Sir Weal. But the laſt meeting at Newmarket, Lord Lotty receiv'd, at the hazard table, the identical note from the individual tailor to whom he had paid it but the day before for a new ſet of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention !

Sir Wil. Theſe are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-ſtreet to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Weal. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal ſpendthrift proceeds, will ſoon be the only ſeat of the family.

Sir Wil. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce.

R. Weal. I do. None at all.

Sir Wil. Why ſo ?

R. Weal. Becauſe your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my ſon, I would ſerve him——

Sir Wil. As you have done your daughter. Diſcard him. But conſider, I have but one.

R. Weal. That would weigh nothing with me : for, was Charlotte to ſet up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, ſhe muſt expect to ſhare the fate of her ſiſter. I conſider families as a ſmaller kind of kingdoms, and would have diſobedience in the one as ſeverely puniſhed as rebellion in the other—both cut off from their reſpective ſocieties.

Sir Wil. Poor Lucy ! But ſurely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede ?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be abſolute. If I meddle with the management of your ſon, it is at your own requeſt ; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my baniſhment of that wilful, headſtrong, diſobedient huſſy, all ties between us are broke ; and I ſhall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir Wil. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan ?

R. Weal. I ſhall attend the iſſue.

Sir Wil. You will lend your aid, however ?

R. Weal. We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Ser. A letter, Sir.

Sir Wil. Oh, from Capias my attorney. Who brought it ?

Ser. The person is without, Sir.

Sir Wil. Bid him wait. (*Reads.*)

[*Exit Ser.*

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him viva voce. So, if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,
Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. The party's name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpie and Horse-shoe Fetter-lane.

Very methodically indeed, Mr. Capias ! John.

Enter Servant.

*Bid the person who brought this letter walk in. [*Exit. Serv.*]* Have you any curiosity, brother ?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I must to the 'Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's.

[*Exit R. Wealthy.*

Sir Wil. You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home.

[*Exit Serv.*]; You came from Mr. Capias ?

Shift. I did, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your name, I think, is Shift ?

Shift. It is, Sir.

Sir Wil. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my business with you ?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client ; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and

give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, Sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, Sir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now, Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Wil. O, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question'd your generosity, but forms, you know——

Sir Wil. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, Sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Wil. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Wil. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sçai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir Wil. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know, then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of——Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir Wil. A pleasant fellow.——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage,
in

in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat and dog's meat. I dare say, you have heard my mother, Sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Wil. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school which has produced many a great man,—the avenues of the play-house. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise from their masters. Here, firrah, light me across the kennel.—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.—You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Wil. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre. I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Wil. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance around me.—A detachment from the head-quarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. There my skill and address were so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity, the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Wil. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, Sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery, in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Wil. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab apple, apply'd to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Wil. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglia and Contades have done the same. But, as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Wil. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, Sir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man; he took me into his service. To him I owe, what, I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Wil. Explain.

Shift. Why, Sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; mimickry.

Sir Wil. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, Sir, nothing came amiss to my master: Bipeds or quadrupeds; rationals or animals; from the clamour of the bar to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-court to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren in Bunhill fields; all were objects of his imitation and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till, thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Wil. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, Sir, is a *passé-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. (*Pulls out a pocket-book.*) Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's, near Hannover-square. There, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustituto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre, in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarfop's, near the Monument. So, Sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but

but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Wil. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements ; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Wil. You can be secret as well as serviceable!

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Wil. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son—

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Wil. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Wil. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years; and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I'm afraid he wish'd,—my death—

Shift. Yes ; that's natural enough.

Sir Wil. Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed. But families, like beloms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Wil. Prithee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Wil. Now, I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity:

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Wil. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Wil. George; as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risk.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre*.

Sir Wil. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen—

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Wil. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Wil. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death ; upon which

he is return'd, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Wil. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Wil. Now, Sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall on his return, I have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread ev'ry bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity, lost even to the most distant hope—

Shift. What then?

Sir Wil. Then will I step in, like his guardian angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortify'd by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have sav'd my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Wil. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Wil. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science; can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Wil. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the Baron. But of that by and bye. He has recourse, after his ill-success, to the ten per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Wil. Pray do you know,—I forget his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner
of

of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple Exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker?

Sir Wil. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Knew him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday he had me turn'd out at a feast in Leather-sellers hall, foor singing *Room for Cuckolds*, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Wil. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. 'Yes, yes, I recommended a Minor to him myself for the loan only of fifty pounds; and, would you believe it, as I hope to be sav'd, we din'd, supp'd, and wetted five and thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross Keys, in order to settle the terms; and, after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Wil. Could you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute, and with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well.' Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Wil. I have. Could not you, Master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a Nautilus; from the Apello Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Wil. One of these insinuating oily orators I will get you to personate; for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Wil. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Wil. (*going, returns,*) You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnished with in five minutes. (*Exit Sir Wil.*) A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift--never had a greater--Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!--What have I to do with

with fathers and guardians ! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about; open my budget to the box, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that ; ay, marry is there. 'Egad, before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast ; and then, if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes; you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted—You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the Baron ; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub nos'd son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amonit his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Huffarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I ? Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick by the Baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quatre man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning ?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage afresh till our old scores are discharg'd.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, Sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They would as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a siver stirring. They could as soon raise the dead as two pounds two. Nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Transfer been here this morning ?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick ?

Dick.

Dick. Nobody, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs Gole from the Piazza was here between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatism.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the Tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make proselytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offer'd me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, soldier, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud, Sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, Dick; never fear.

Enter Sir William as a German Baron.

My dear Baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Wil. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir Wil. Why dere was Monsieur le Chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by Gad, I guess your business. Dere was one
fat

fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchant; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, flick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by Gar dat is meet for your master.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic!—But she despis'd him?

Sir Wil. Ah, ma foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the Signora, Madam, der is one certain Chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by Gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, Baron.

Sir Wil. She aska your name: as soon as I tell her, aha, by Gar, dans an instant she melt like de lomp of fugar: she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

(*Reads.*)

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le Chevalier Wealthy and la Signora Diamanti.

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, Knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! the eloquence of angels, my dear Baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't understand their gibberish.—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty between Sir G. Wealthy and Signora Florenza; that the said Signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred, by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why, did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load.

Load. Heyday ! Why, what the devil.——

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare ; I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity : for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil !

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess : the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt ; cooks, and dine at taverns ; houses, you never inhabit ; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it ; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mrs. Cole to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear Baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Wil. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady ? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll ? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I would not give sixpence for your Signoras. One armful of good wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship load of their trapping, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, Baron, how much for the table ? Why, she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Wil. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play ; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, Knight, if I would not——

[*Exit Bar.*

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. (*Ex. Load.*) A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance : But, however, I have the

the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning; I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fie, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What's the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la!—What, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by, and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no—There's your old friend Kitty Carrot at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the Green Room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's? Hey, Bedlam, have you a good batch of Burgundy a-broach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the Colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a-day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsyturvy.

Load.

Load. Poor old girl.

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl from Rosemary-Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me!—I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [Exit Dick.]

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a-going; a-wasting and a-wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows!—No—When people are mis'd, then they are mourn'd. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Pauls; and, during the whole time, nobody have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has pass'd through the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick with a dram.

Load. Come haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper. *Mrs.*

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sign to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Prither Moll, did not I see a tight young wench, in a linc gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tell him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tell him an old trader!—Mercy on us! where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd his brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I had been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night, I believe, I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning in the register-office for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But, pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout—Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts and my waverings ; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to shew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us : but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not ?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent ; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pated beggars would not give me absolution without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things :—Oh, fix of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country !

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous ?

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum ; who steep in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate. and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, Sir, has sent to know you if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But business, you know—

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm—Gently, oh, oh !

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening ?.

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you—We are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register-office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tid-bit at home will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard.

beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently——so, so!

[*Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.*]

Sir Geo. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in——Ha, ha, what a hodge-podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual! with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

[*Enter Loader.*]

Load. Well, knight, I have hous'd her; but they want you within, Sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Dick, introducing Transfer.

Dick. My master will come to you presently. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Transf. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer——but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'ness.

Transf. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly, a note, with a tolerable indorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this security——

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Transf. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be consider'd in the premium——

Transf. True, true——I see you understand bus'ness——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!—How much have you brought!

Trans. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds! none.

Trans. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow-chandler in Thames-street, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why, what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so press'd.

Sir Geo. My honour press'd! Yes, my honour is not only press'd, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Trans. Well, well, now I declare I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Dama your sorrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why, I have at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowls, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay; then, again at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damag'd a little last winter for want of thatching; with forty load of flint-stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who, I? O la! marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you fluttering scoundrel.

Trans. If your honour would but hear me——

Sir Geo. Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. (Ex Tr.) And yet there

there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that, were my mind more at ease—[*Enter Load.*] So, Sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlafs.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here!—Thrown up the cards with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, prithee, of what use wou'd his——

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that, in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Hollo, Transfer.—A pretty, little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow-boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Transf. What I said was to serve Sir George; as he seem'd——

Load. I told him so. Well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, prithee, if thou could'st not procure us some of the ready for present spending.

Transf. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do: come, shuffle thy brains; never fear the Baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Transf. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Transf. Statute the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Transf.

Transf. A hard man, master Loader.

Sir Geo. No matter.

Transf. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Transf. But, to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Transf. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Transf. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Transf. Then, as you are not of age, five more for insuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Transf. As for what he will demand for the risk—

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfy'd.

Transf. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply. Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now, every thing is settled. All terms shall be comply'd with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Ex. Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Transf. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Transf. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hatts and Whitney wares.

Transf. They shall be forthcoming.—You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex. Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load.

Load. I'll do it, boy ; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack.

[*Exit.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, Sir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in.
[*Ex. Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, Sir ; what, I suppose this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence-chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamblers.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such company ?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate. Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this ? Here I have received by the last mail a quire of your drafts from abroad. I see you are determined our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid ?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me !—not a fouse to keep you from the counter

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction ! Here's a prostitution of words !—Honour ! 'Sdeath, that a rascal who has pick'd your pocket shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid ; whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh ! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly ; but make yourself easy ; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I

OWN

own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you ; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy ! Such was our intention. Now, his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear nuncle.

K. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean ? For me to marry Margery ?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi—me ?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no ?

Sir Geo. Why then, concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter ? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity, What objections ?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, inquir'd after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps I am the stumbling-block ?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why, it is not so much a dislike to your person, though that is exceptionable enough ; but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack ! And what harm has that done, pray ?

Sir Geo. Done ! so stain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole

whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The deuce !

Sir Geo. And cou'd you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader ?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon ; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme !

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself might prove, in some measure, a kind of fuller's-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible !

R. Weal. Besides, here, it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse ! Thank Heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology could I make to my children for giving them such a mother ?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Though, upon recollection——Is the grisette pretty ?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. Ah, *la jolie petite Bourgeoise* ! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour one wou'd strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany ; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffer'd to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed !

Sir Geo. And, upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St. Mary-ax for Grosvenor-square——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension.

Sir Geo. Good nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I would not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spend-thrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?—

Sir Geo. Heyday! what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great-uncle, a soap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perish'd! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the sordid condition from whence we drew you, and, like your predecessors the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.]

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have soil'd my sword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Wil. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Wil. Vat, you from the boiler of soap?

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Wil. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you. Mifter Monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How?

Sir Wil. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Wil. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a Baron of twenty descents.

Load. But, Baron—

Sir Wil. Bygar, I am almost asham'd to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

Load. Why, but Baron, you mistake this thing; I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Wil. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the Grand Signior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintances for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Wil. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Wil. Oh dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader. [*Exit.*

Load. I come—A pretty son-of-a-bitch this Baron! Pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oil-man. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. I beg pardon, Chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means. [*Exit Loader.*

Sir Wil. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes. [*Exit Sir William.*

Enter Loader with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, Knight, did I not tell you old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him; mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delf dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties, otherwise it might be knock'd down to the husband himself.—Ha, ha—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. Nobody's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man.

in the world in his way, aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man: he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He would force you to bid whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me to vie with that great man. But, as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale, as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday, at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent colic. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeeze'd me by the hand; dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the Duchess of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do? It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness! But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me was a wig, but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment; I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, gentleman, what has happened; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the colic; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, Duchess of Dupe, and all mankind: it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They star'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your
opinions

opinions as to a wig. They were divided : some recommended a tye, others a bag ; one mentioned a bob, but was soon overrul'd. Now, for my part, I own I rather inclin'd to the bag ; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision ?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the colic—the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world ; all the world will be there : now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig ; I have ask'd my friends, some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion ? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face, would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion ; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd if you don't mean a major. I jump't at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utensil, in Chelsea-china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh ; but I got through it. Her Grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her Grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr. Trifle call'd it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that ?

Smirk. Why, Sir, the lot was a Guido, a single figure, a marvellous fine performance ; well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and-forty ; I, charm'd

with the picture; and piqu'd at the people, A-going for five-and-forty, no body more than five-and forty?—Pray Ladies and Gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass, and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd; I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimitably fine: I remember, they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters should not be sported with—They are sacred—But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpris'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho!

[*Exeunt*]

A C T III.

Enter Sir George and Loader.

Sir Geo. A most infernal run. Let's see, (*Pulls out a card.*) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plunged me! And no resource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in.

Sir Geo. Pray do.

[*Exit Loader.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your Honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good; but your Honour will soon teach her. I wou'd willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. *[Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward—Can't produce her publicly as mine; but she will do for private amusement—Will you be seated, Miss?—Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame, and take a chair?—Come, prithee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, Miss.

Lucy. O, Sir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'ye, my dear, you may save this piece for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, Sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all; and yet, believe me, Sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious passion is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, Sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May Heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Prithee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Cole?

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, Sir, is a tedious melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, Sir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, Sir, I was considered as the joint heiress of a respectable wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name?

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel though he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter; suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, though mildly given, inflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distressed and destitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, Sir, such a step would be consider'd by my father as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only

only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and, in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately, indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon; but an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to seduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, Sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For though I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose; and so, with an inkhorn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging

gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him dup'd by this old Don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad, I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot;

And now, Sir Knight, I'll watch you with a plot:

[Exit.]

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Wil. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Wil. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Wil. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, Sir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Wil. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid, complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and——O Sir, are you here? I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir

Sir Wil. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these (*picks out dice.*) pretty implements? The fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door..

Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am at last. Well, and how is your Honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age, and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance; which, I promise you, shall be most publicly and plentifully bestow'd. [Exit Cole.]

Enter Dick.

Dick. The constables, Sir. [Enter Constables.]

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these Gentlemen to their care. [To Sir Wil.] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Wil. Why, don't you know me?

Sir

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd. An impostor. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Wil. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity ! away with him.

Sir Wil. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, fet this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him ?

Sir Geo. Know him ! the very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father ! Impossible !

Sir Wil. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive ! thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir Wil. Alive ! And I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear Sir the report of your death——and this disguise——to what——

Sir Wil. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir Wil. You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, Sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [Pulls him by the sleeve.

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd ; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.——Do you know them, Sir ?

Sir Wil. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentleman to refund too——But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, Sir, but I think I could produce you a proof that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir Wil. Ay ! why then prithee do.

Sir Geo. I have, Sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to.

to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection..

Sir Wil. To what ?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with an explanation in an instant [Exit.

Sir Wil. Prithce, Shift, what does he mean ?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Wil. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now ; a prodigious fine, elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw ; who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Wil. Lookee there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom ?

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the—But they are here.

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, Madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father !

R. Weal. Lucy !

Lucy. O, Sir, can you forgive your poor distressed, unhappy girl ? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish, and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Wil. Brother !

Sir Geo. Sir !

Lucy. Father !

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer ? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument—Yet, might I urge a wish ——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Wil. Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There; children, now you are join'd; and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Wil. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, Sir.

Sir Wil. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, sons.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, Sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, Sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,

Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

Shift, addressing himself to Sir George.

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?

Your father talks of lending me a lift—

A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!

Capons on promises wou'd soon be starv'd:

No, on myself alone I'll now rely:

'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye—

Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;

Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,

Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.

With labour, toil, all second means dispense,

And live a rent-charge upon Providence.

Prick up your ears ; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel ;
I knew the mother and her daughter well.

Poor, it is true, they were ; but never wanted,
For whatsoe'er they ask'd was always granted :
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.

[*Child.*] Mother, you cry ! [*Moth.*] Oh, child, I've got
no bread.

[*Child.*] What matters that ? Why Providence an't
dead !

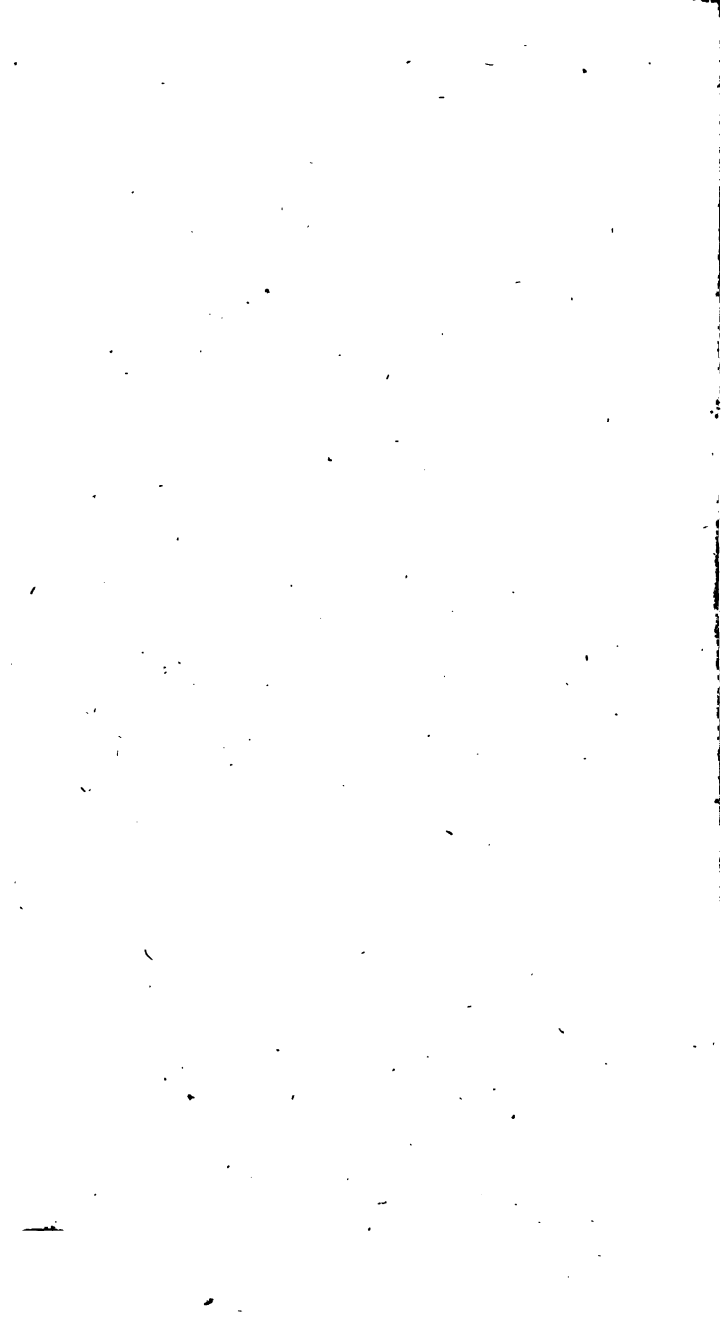
With reason good, this truth the child might say,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better, sure, a table ne'er was put on :
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls ;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.

And d'ye deserve it ? How d'ye spend your days ?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays !

Let's go see Foote ! ah, Foote's a precious limb !
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him !

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above ?
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the house for Satan's benefit.

Oh ! what you snivel ? well, do so no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.



TRICK UPON TRICK:

OR, THE

VINTNER IN THE SUDS.

IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Mixum, a vintner,	-	-	Edinburgh, 1787.
Vizard, a notorious cheat,	-	-	Mr. Wilmot-Wells
Solomon, a barber's boy,	-	-	Mr. Bell.
Gentleman, friend to Mixum,	-	-	Mr. Yates.
<i>Fidler, Keeper, Constable, &c.</i>			

W O M E N.

Mrs. Mixum,	-	-	Mrs. Charteris.
-------------	---	---	-----------------

A C T I.

SCENE, a Tavern.

Several Gentlemen sitting at table, Mixum attending.

Gent. How now, Robin Mixum! What makes thee in this confusion? What's the matter?

Mix. O, Sir! the most villainous piece of roguery—not of my own, Sir,—but that rogue of all rogues Vizard's committing. I'll tell you, Sir, how it was; the villain Vizard, who has more tricks than a Jesuit, and would make an ass of the devil, came to my house one night, and with him a woman, whom he told me he had married, and that she was a great fortune; upon which I grew extremely civil: he order'd the cloth to be laid, which was done while you could whistle; and bespoke a supper, which was upon the table in a trice: he gave
me

me a bill of twenty pounds, and desired the money of me. The goldsmith living too far to send to at that time, I willingly gave him the money, took his bill, and withdrew : Then enters a blind harper, and cries, Do you lack any music ? He cries, play ; the harper uncases ; the drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he would be private with the gentlewoman ; and 'tis Sam's part, you know, Sir, to wink at such things.

Gent. Right, and civil.

Mix. Well, Sir, having eat the supper, and perceiving none in the room but the blind harper, whose eyes heaven had shut from beholding wickedness, opens the casement to the street, very patiently packs up my plate, naturally thrusts the woman out of the window, and himself, with the most acute dexterity, leaps after her. The blind harper plays on, bids the empty dishes much good may do them, and plays on still ; the drawer returns, D'ye call, Sir ? But out, alas ! the birds were flown, Sir, flown ; laments were raised—

Gent. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Mix. Sam cries out ; my wife, in the bar, hears the noise ; she bawls out ; I heard her, and thundered ; the boys flew like lightning ; and all was in confusion. My plate being gone, and the thief after it, I bethought me of my bill, ran with all speed to the goldsmith's to receive my money ; but out, alas ! the bill was forg'd. I was seized ; Vizard run away ; my word would not be taken ; I was found guilty of forgery ; lost my reputation ; and stood in the pillory for being cheated.

Gent. Was it impossible to find him !

Mix. Sir, he walks invisible. You might as soon find truth with a gamester, sincerity in a lawyer, or wealth in a poet. He changes his dress and his lodgings as often as a whore does her name and her lover. I'll e'en go home, and comfort myself and my wife ; and for that rogue Vizard, I hope I shall live to see him hang'd in hemp of his own beating,

[*Exit.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. A pox of all dice ! I wish I could forswear touching a box again while I live : for what I get by other men's folly, I lose by my own. Let me see, the silver tankard which I stole from Mixum the vintner (as

great a rogue as myself), I sold for five and twenty pounds, which I lost at hazard in two hours ; and now I don't know where to eat. Necessity is the mother of invention. I have cheated all my acquaintance over and over again ; and am as poor now as when I was honest. I have but one poor solitary shilling left——Oh, here comes a barber's boy ; his bason and razors will purchase a dinner.

Enter Solomon.

How now, my lad ! Where art thou going ?

Sol. To shave Mr. Mixum, Sir.

Viz. Oh, that's well ; I was just going to your master's.

Sol. To my father's you mean, I believe, Sir.

Viz. Ay, right, thy father's ; you are a pretty boy ; I have heard Mr. Mixum, my friend, commend thee much——

Sol. He is my godfather, Sir.

Viz. Is he, is he ? Well, and what is thy name ?

Sol. My name is Solomon Smack.

Viz. A wise boy, I assure you. Well, Solomon, I was just going to thy father's to borrow an apron, a bason, and razors, to shave Mr. Mixum-out of a frolic : So, now I have met thee, I'll take thine. [*Offers to take 'em.*]

Sol. O dear, Sir, what do you mean ?

Viz. No harm, my lad, only a frolic.—I'll get thee, in the mean time, to step to the sign of the Crown, at the end of the street, and tell the gentleman who waits there for me, I desire him to come to me at Mr. Mixum's house. My name is Truman ; and here is sixpence for thy pains : I'll leave thy bason and things for thee at thy godfather's.

Sol. Thank you kindly, Sir ; I'll make haste.

[*Exit Sol.*]

Viz. So, this happens luckily. By this I get admittance to Mixum's chamber ; and if I can fix my bird-lime fingers upon any thing that is moveable, I'm sure my conscience won't fly in my face. I take more pleasure in cheating that rogue than any body I know ; and if I don't shave him now, I shall say my wit and my razors are both very blunt.

[*Exit.*
Scene]

Scene changes. Enter Mixum and his wife.

Wife. It is right, I assure you ; just two and forty pounds. [*Lays the money on the table.*]

Mix. Well, I'll send home the punch-bowl. I must go taste some wines that are just landed ; but I shall be home at supper.

Wife. Truly, husband, I do begin to dislike this vocation of ours. We do cheat most abominably ; and, truly, I speak it with grief, and to the pricking of my conscience.

Mix. Prithee peace, woman ; what have we to do with conscience ? Don't we keep a tavern ? It is time enough to talk of that when we have got an estate : Go, go, mind your business ; mind the matter, and score false with a vengeance. How now ? Who are you ?

Enter Vizard like a barber.

Viz. I am a journeyman to Mr. Smack your barber, and am come to shave you.

Mix. Pray what's your name ?

Viz. Timothy Truth.

Mix. A very good name ; but where is my godson ? He us'd to shave me.

Viz. He's gone to shave Mr. Grub the lecturer ; but my master fear'd you might be in haste, and therefore sent me to shave you. Will you be pleas'd to sit down ?

[*He sits, Vizard puts the shaving-cloth round his neck.*]

Mix. And how long have you been a barber ?

Viz. About a year, Sir.

Mix. Then you did not serve your time to it ?

Viz. No, Sir ; but I am willing to do any thing for an honest livelihood : A wagging hand, you know, Sir, gets a penny.

[*Making a lather.*]

Mix. A good ingenious fellow.

Viz. Yes, Sir, I have nothing else to trust to.

Mix. What were you bred to ?

Viz. The sea, Sir : I was an apprentice to a captain of a merchant-man.

Mix. How came you to leave the sea ?

Viz. Ill-luck, Sir.

Mix. What was it ?

Viz. What the devil must I say now ? — [*aside.*] — Why, Sir, in my first voyage, we met with three Algerine

fine pirates, which we made all the sail from we could; but, being deep laden, found it impossible: and I having heard the miseries those men go through that are made their slaves, chose rather to run the hazard of being drowned than made their prisoner: and so prevailed upon the cooper of our ship to barrel me up in an oatmeal cask, with six biscuits, clap a strong cork into the bung-hole, and fling me over-board; which he immediately did. There was I tost upon the seas for eight days together, till I was almost starv'd; for I had nothing but these biscuits to live on. At last, as fortune wou'd have it, a Dutch man of war sailing along, and spying a barrel floating on the sea, they mann'd out their long boat, and brought me aboard. I was so faint for want of air and victuals that I was not able to speak; but I heard 'em disputing what it was that should be in the barrel: One said it was beef; another said it was butter; and a third said it was oatmeal; at last the cooper was call'd to beat out the bung, which he did, and let out such a fume that they all concluded it stunk like the devil: at last, one of the sailors putting in his hand to feel what it was, I whipt his fore-finger and thumb into my mouth, and bit 'em clever off (for you must know I was curfed hungry); with that the fellow roar'd out it was the devil; the cooper clapp'd the bung into the barrel, and toss'd me over-board again——

Mix. Ods bub! that was ill luck indeed.—How didst thou 'scape at last?

Viz. By mere Providence. I sail'd about in the sea in this barrel for twelve days more, and had nothing to live on but the man's fore-finger and thumb.—Hold up your head, Sir.

Mix. Twelve days! O pox, that cou'd not be, Tim.

Viz. 'Tis true, as I'm an honest man. At last I found I was flung ashore by the tide; and thinking to myself I might as well be drown'd as starv'd (by this time, you must know, I had not so much as a nail of the man's finger and thumb left), I struck out the bung, and, putting my head out for a little fresh air, found I was cast ashore in Greenland. Immediately, Sir, I spy'd a white fox come galloping down to the sea-side; with that I

whip'd my head into the barrel again, knowing it to be a beast of prey.

Mix. A white fox ! How big was this white fox ?

Viz. Somewhat bigger than a large Flanders mare, Sir. And now he came to the barrel : So, smelling whereabout I was, he roar'd like a lion ; but, as Providence wou'd have it, that very moment a fly stung him by the buttocks, and he turn'd round to rub himself against the barrel ; his tail lying over the bung-hole, I clapp'd fast hold on't with both my hands ; the fox, frighten'd at that, fell a-galloping as if the devil was at his tail, and drew the barrel, with me in it, over hedge and ditch, for three and twenty miles together ; but at last, jumping into a wood, and running full speed between two trees that stood very close together, stav'd the barrel all to pieces : away run the fox, and out came I.

Mix. O Tim, this must be a gun, Tim.

Viz. Every word true, or I wish I may never shave again ! So, Sir, I travell'd to the port, where I met with an English vessel, and shipp'd myself a passenger, and came home in her——Shut your eyes, or my ball will make 'em smart.

Mix. Ay, ay,——I find you have been a great traveller : was you ever in the Popish countries ?

Viz. In the most part of Italy, Sir ; and I am acquainted with all the monasteries.—I was once treated very handsomely by an old monk, with a delicate hasty-pudding, made of the milk of St. Luke's cow, and thicken'd with a pound of chaos..

Mix. O pox, Tim, you talk like a traveller now, indeed.

Viz. Why, I hope you don't think I lie, Sir.—Pray shut your eyes, Sir :—Oh, Sir, there are abundance of venerable antiquities in all their churches : Why, Sir, I myself saw the very shoes in which St. Ignatius walk'd barefoot to Jerusalem : Nay, Sir, I saw the horse-shoe of the horse, that begot the mare, that foal'd the foal, that was the horse, that brought the man, that knew the man that saw our lady of Loretto's chapel fly from Judea into Italy.

Mix. Truly, Tim, this is a horse shoe of quality—A pleasant fellow, faith.

Viz.

Viz. O, Sir, it is ever renown'd for doing miracles : 'tis the very first horse-shoe that ever kept witches out of a house.—Take time by the fore-lock, says the wise man—I must leave the vintner in the suds [*Aside.*

[*Takes the bag off the table, and runs off.*

Mix. O, pox ! this must be a damn'd lie, Tim.—Come, make haste though. Ha, ha, ha ! I can't help laughing, to think what a bead-roll of lies thou hast told off hand, with thy white fox, thy hasty-pudding made of the chaos, and wonderful horse-shoe ; thou dost not take me to be such an ass to believe all this. sure ? —Why, Timothy, I shall be blind with winking. Tim —why, Tim.—O Lord ! my heart misgives me.—Why, wife—wife—O, the devil, my money's gone ! —Why, wife—wife—

Enter his Wife.

Wife. What's the matter with you, husband, you make such a noise ?

Mix. Where's the barber ?

Wife. Why, he is gone—Are you not trimm'd, then ?

Mix. Trimm'd ! Yes. I am trimm'd with a vengeance : —Did you take the money off the table ?

Wife. Not I, as I'm an honest woman.

Mix. O Lord ! I have wink'd to purpose now.

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Pray, godfather, give me your blessing.

Mix. My blessing ! the devil choke you ! where's your father's man ?

Sol. My father has no man, Sir.

Mix. My money, my two-and-forty pounds are gone ! Who was it that trimm'd me, you dog ?

Sol. I don't know, indeed, Sir : a gentleman met me as I was coming to you, and borrow'd my bason and razors, as he said, for a frolic.

Mix. A pox on his frolic ; that must be that rogue Vizard. Who the devil cou'd have suspected him in a barber's skin ? 'Sbud ! if I catch him, I'll strangle him with my own hand.

Wife. Nay, good honest-hearted Robin, have patience.

Mix. Patience, with a pox to you ! Yes, that was the doctrine you preach'd when I caught Alderman Sand-

fast and your ladyship upon the red squab-couch in the Maidenhead. Patience, with a devil!

Wife. Good husband, take comfort; I'll play the devil but I'll recover it: then, have a good conscience, Robin; 'tis but scoring double for a week, and that will fetch it up again.

Mix. O wife, wife, I thought I should have such luck to-day, because I got out of bed backwards this morning. Well, I'll laugh, make merry, cast up my accounts, and then go hang myself. I have been shav'd, finely trimm'd, indeed! The devil run away with the white fox and the barber together. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Mixum and a goldsmith's apprentice, with a silver punch-bowl.

Mix. Be sure you take a particular care of it. Deliver it into my wife's own hands; for I am terribly afraid of that rogue Vizard; he's a cunning fellow, and able to cheat the devil. Nay, to my own knowledge, he has made an ass of a lawyer, and circumvented a stock-jobber:—But if ever I catch him, 'oons! I'll play the devil with him. *[The apprentice and Mixum go off severally.]*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. The fox grows fat when he's curs'd; I'll shave you smoother yet, friend Mixum; my mouth runs on water for that punch-bowl. If I were to bite a poor poet, or a penurious parson, who, for want of learning had but one good meal in a fortnight, it were a sin; but to wring the withers of this base jumbler of elements, I hold it meritorious, and will draw a lot for the punch-bowl, without the fear of a halter before my eyes. *[Exit.]*

Scene changes. Enter Mrs. Mixum, with a punch-bowl, and the apprentice.

Wife. Well, Jervis, remember me to your master and mistress, and tell 'em I acknowledge the receipt of this—Acknowledge the receipt! this 'tis to have good education, and to be brought up in a tavern. Though my husband be a citizen, all London knows I kept as good company as any she within the walls. Farewel, honest Jervis. *[Exit the apprentice.]*

Enter Vizard, dress'd like a goldsmith's apprentice, with a jole of salmon.

Viz. A fair hour to you, mistress!

Wife.

Wife. A pretty compliment ! I'll write it down. A beautiful thought to you, Sir !

Viz. Your husband and my master, Mr. Glisten, has sent you a fresh salmon ; and they intend to come both to supper presently, to season your new bowl, forsooth ; which your husband intreats you would send back by me, that his arms may be engraven on it, which he forgot before.

Wife. Are you sent by no token ? Nay, I have a wit.

Viz. Yes, forsooth, by the same token, he was left in the suds this morning.

Wife. A sad token, but true. Here, pray commend me to your master and mistress, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently——

[*Exit Vizard with the bowl.*]

Impatient was well again ! Sam, Sam, why, Sam, I say.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Here, here, forsooth.

Wife. Come quickly, spread the table, lay napkins, and, do you hear, perfume the room a little ; it does so smell of this profane tobacco, and I could never endure tobacco since M. Tickletext told me it was an enemy to propagation——So, spread handsomely——Lord, these boys do things so *arsie versie* ! You shew your breeding so methodically——Hum, I wonder where I got that word !——Oh, it was Sir John Empty bid me kiss him methodically——Well, he's a fine gentleman, and every thing he does is so excrementally sweet——There's another fine word——Well, I have a memory——

Enter Mixum.

Mix. Well, Robin Mixum, be not discouraged, be not disheartened ; thou wilt recover all.

Wife. Oh, are you come ! Where are they ?

Mix. How now, how now, how now ? What, a feast going forwards ! and in my private parlour ! Who treats, Peg, who treats ?

Wife. Prithee leave fooling. Are they come ?

Mix. Come ! Who come ?

Wife. Lord, how strange you make it !

Mix. Strange, what strange ? is the woman mad ?

Wife. Ay, strange : You know of none that sent me a jole of fresh salmon, do you !——and said they'd come to supper with me ?

Mix. Ha ! fresh salmon ! Peace ! not I ; the messenger has mistaken the house : let's eat it up quickly before it be inquired for—Come, come, vinegar, quickly, Sam—Some good luck yet. faith.—I never tasted salmon that relished better in my life—Well, 'tis a rare thing to feed at other men's cost.

Wife. Other men's cost ! Prithee don't turn fool ; did not you send this salmon ?

Mix. No ; I say, no.

Wife. By Mr. Glistep's man ?

Mix. I say, no.

Wife. Who sent word that he and his wife would come to supper with me ?

Mix. No, no, no.

[*Eats heartily.*]

Wife. And hanel my new bowl ?

Mix. Hah ! bowl ! [*Lays down his knife, and starts.*]

Wife. And withal commanded me to send the bowl back—

Mix. Ha ! back !

Wife. That your arms might be put on it.

Mix. Oh !

Wife. By the same token that you were left in the luds this morning.

Mix. Oh, oh, oh !

Wife. And thereupon I sent back the bowl,—nay, and I bear not the blame.—

Mix. And is the bowl gone ? Is it delivered ? departed ? defunct ? hah !

Wife. Deliver'd ! yes sure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mix. I will never more say my prayers—And is the bowl gone ?

Wife. Gone ! God's my witness, I deliver'd it, with no more design to be cozen'd on't than the child that's unborn.

Mix. Look to my house ; I am haunted with evil spirits ; hear me thou plague to man, thou wife, thou : if I have not the bowl again, I will go to the devil : I'll to a conjurer ; look to my house ; I'll raise all the wise men in London.

[*Exit.*]

Wife. Bless me, what fearful words are these : I hope he is but drunk.

Enter.

Enter Vizard, as before.

Viz. I must have my salmon ; I cannot afford the old rogue so good a bit ; I must have it to season my punch : Now for a master-peace—Fair mistress—

Wife. Oh, have I caught you ! Sam, shut, shut up the doors, Sam.

Viz. Peace, good mistress, I'll tell you all ; a jest, a mere jest, your husband did it only to fright you : The bowl's at my master's, and thither your husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, lest you should be over-frighted, to invite you to come to supper to him.

Wife. Praise heaven 'tis no worse ; but he did not do well : I never was so scar'd in the whole versal world ; he has put every part about me in a constellation.

Viz. And he desires you will send the salmon before, and yourself to follow. My mistress will be very glad to see you.

Wife. I pray take it. Well, I was never so out of my wits in my life—Pray thank your mistress. (*Exit Viz. with the salmon.*) How my heart beats still !—Sam, send Betty with my hood, my gloves, and scarf, quickly—Well, if I had been cozen'd of my bowl, I should never have been *complus mentus* again.

Enter a maid with a hood, scarf, and gloves, and goes about to put them on.

Enter Mr. Mixum.

Mix. How now, whither are you jaunting, ha ?

Wife. Come, come, pray leave off your fooling ; you might have made me miscarry.

Mix. What unusual devil has possessed the woman ?

Wife. Devil me no devil ! Will you go ?

Mix. Go ! Whither ? In the name of madness, whither ?

Wife. Whither ? Why to Mr. Glisten's to eat the salmon. How strange you make it ?

Mix. Your meaning, jade, your meaning ?

Wife. Lord bless me ! Did not you send for me and for the salmon, by the self-same fellow that came for the bowl ?

Mix. 'Tis Well ! 'tis wond'rous well ! And are you in your right wits, jade, are you ?

Wife. Nay, if you make an ass of me, I'll make an ox of you, I tell you that [Exit.

Mix. Certainly I must be distracted, or my wife—or both of us—Well, I'll never pray again, that's certain: If Heaven forget to prosper knaves, the city's like to thrive—I'll go hang myself out of the way. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to the street.* Enter *Vizard.*

Viz. No prey stirring? Sure the devil is about extraordinary business; for I never yet had an inclination to be wicked, that he was backward in sending an opportunity—

Enter a Fidler with a cloak on.

Ha, here comes a fellow, he looks by his cloak to have money in his breeches; I must have a knock at his pate to get into his pocket. [Knocks him down.

Fid. Oh, oh, oh!

Viz. What the devil have we here! A poor fidler! A pox on him, I took him for a gentleman: I guess by his profession, he has as little money as understanding—I thought so—a crooked sixpence, (*Feels his pocket.*) a piece of rosin, and two yards of catgut;—But let me see, here's a cloak for my knavery.

[Takes the cloak, and Exit.

Fid. O dear heart, the rogue has kill'd me; he has made a soft place in my head.—Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief! [Exit.

Enter Mixum, meeting Vizard in a cloak.

Mix. Oh, that should be my arch-rogue Vizard.—Have I caught you at last? I'll make you an example.—(*Takes hold of his cloak—he slips away, and leaves the cloak with Mixum.*) Odso, the dog has slipped out of his case; but I have a good cloak, by the bargain, that's somewhat towards my losses— [He puts on the cloak.

Enter Fidler, Constable, and Watchmen.

Fid. Stop thief, stop thief! Oh, Mr. Constable, there's the rogue, he has got my cloak upon his back.

Con. Seize him.

Mix. How now, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Con. Why, you have robb'd a man upon the king's high way.

Mix. Why, sure the fellow's a fool.

id. No, he is not; but he's a constable, and that's all one:

one : that's my cloak, and I will rake my oath that you came behind me and knock'd me down, and run away with it upon your back ; and so, Mr. Constable, I charge you to carry him before a justice.

Con. Come, bring him along.

Mix. This damn'd fellow, Vizard, is certainly my evil geuins—I shall be hang'd for his roguery now.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Mixum and Mrs. Mixum, with a Friend, discovered.

MIXUM.

WHAT, are their no hopes of a reprieve for me ?

Keep. No, Sir ; here's a good man come to prepare you for t'other world.

Mix. Ay, dear heart, then I am in a bad way indeed.

Enter Vizard as a priest.

Viz. Friend, I was acquainted of thy misfortune by thy worthy and laborious pastor Mr. Zachariah Thumpit, who now lieth on a sick bed ; but having a great concern for thy future happiness, hath sent me to give thee some wholesome and spiritual advice ; to be, as it were, a staff unto thee, for to take a great leap—as it were—thou know'st not whither.

Mrs. Mix. Well, husband, this a very comfortable man.

Mix. He is so ; but, good Mr. Zealfire, leave my soul a little to myself, and let me have some of your counsel concerning my body. I owe Mr. Glisten the goldsmith forty pounds ; and suppose now, when I am going to execution, he should be so-unneighbourly to set a sergeant on my back.

Viz. Ah, trouble not thyself, my Christian brother, with transitory things, but have an eye to the main chance.—

[*Picks his pocket.*]

Keep. See ! the parson is picking the fellow's pocket.

Gent. Have patience, we'll detect him by and by.

Viz. I'll warrant your shoulders—but as for your neck—*Plinius Secundus*, or *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, or somebody says, that a threefold cord is hardly broken.

Mix. A very learned man this—Well, I am not the first honest man that has been hanged undeservedly: were I to be hang'd deservedly, it would never have vex'd me, for many an innocent man has been hang'd deservedly; but to be cast away for nothing; Oh, oh, oh!

Viz. (To Mrs. Mix.) Comfort yourself, good mistress, moderate grief is decent; you will shortly be a widow, and I will come and visit you, and give you Christian consolation.

Mrs. Mix. Thank you kindly, Sir; you shall be heartily welcome to my house by day or by night—But, husband, pray, are we to find the halter, or they?

Mix. O woman, woman, why dost thou ask such a question? They, they to be sure.

Mrs. Mix. Nay, I could not tell, but I brought one along with me for fear of the worst. (Pulls a halter out of her pocket.) Oh, Robin, thou hast been a dear husband to me, and I was not willing you should want for any thing I could help you to.

Mix. O, thank you kindly, dear Peg.

Mrs. Mix. I bespoke it of my neighbour Thong, the collar-maker, and gave him a strict charge to make a strong one: He sent it to you upon his word, and said, he could not have made a stronger if it had been for his own wife.

Mix. O dear, he's a kind man, and I am mightily beholden to all my friends that are so ready to serve me at this time.

Mrs. Mix. O my poor dear husband, I can't bear the loss of you—I shall, I shall break my heart: Oh, I wish, I wish I were to be hang'd in your room.

Mix. Oh, my dear, I wish you were with all my heart, but I have been a great sinner, and can't expect such mercy: that would be a happiness.—Well, I do here make confession of all my sins; before these good people I do declare—that if I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him; and if any man owe me any thing, let him pay my wife.

Viz.

Vis. Very good.

Mix. But, Sir, there is one thing lies upon my conscience a little, I can't tell whether it be a sin or no: You must know, at the last election for the city, I sold my vote twice over to both parties, and poll'd for neither, because I would not disoblige any of my customers; though, if it be a sin, there are a great many of my brother liverymen as guilty as myself.

Vis. Repentance, repentance is the only thing.

Mix. Here, Peg, here are the writings of that rogue: Vizard's estate who has brought me to this untimely end.—dear writings to me; take care of 'em: And now, good yoke-fellow, take leave of thy honest husband.

Mrs. Mix. No, and please the Lord, I'll not leave you now; I'll see you hang'd first.

Vis. Ha, my writings: Now for a trick of dexterity to retrieve those; and I am a man again. (*Aside.*)—But, brother, you must have been a broacher of profane vessels, you have made us drunk with the juice of the whore of Babylon; for whereas good ale, perry, and metheglin, were the true ancient British and Trojan liquors; you have brought in Popery, mere Popery, French and Spanish wines, to the subversion, staggering, and overthrowing of many a good Protestant subject. [*Picks her pocket.*]

Gent. Ha, Mr. Hypocrite, have we caught you? Mixum, he has picked thine and thy wife's pocket.

Keep. By this light 'tis Vizard! Who could have suspected a rogue in this habit?

Gent. Who could have suspected any thing else in this habit? 'Tis the tolerated garb for family pick-pockets!

Vis. Dear Sir, endeavour to save my life, and I'll tell all?

Mix. O rogue, rogue, rogue! Why would you have been so wicked to have taken away my life?

Vis. To tell you the plain truth, Sir, I believe I should have let you been hang'd before I had told of myself: But consider, you had put me in a condition of hanging or starving——

Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Mr. Mixum, here is a pardon come down for you.

Mix. Ah, Heaven be thank'd; but now, rogue, I think I have you upon the hip.

Gent. Come, Mixum, this good news should stop all resentment; besides, it were a pity to hang the poor fellow: consider, he was born a gentleman, and his dishonesty was partly owing to your own knavery; you unjustly kept the mortgage of his estate from him, and the fellow must eat.

Mix. Well, I will not prosecute the rogue this time; though I know he'll be hang'd at last.

Viz. I thank you, Sir, but I'll disappoint your prophecy, if possible: Desperate diseases must have desperate cures; I'll marry, and see if that will save me from the gallows.

Mix. Say you so. Why then, to turn you honest, and make you amends for the injustice I have done you, I'll give you my daughter for a wife, and a thousand pounds to maintain her. 'Tis best to capitulate with the knave, or he'll rob me of as much as her fortune comes to, and I shall have the girl to maintain still.

Viz. What, lovely Nancy? A warm girl, faith. Sir, I accept of your proposal.

Mix. Then here's the mortgage of your estate to bind the bargain; and I'll leave off my trade, and set thee up in my house. Your reputation is good enough to keep a tavern; besides, I'll get you chose a common-councilman in a little time; and when you are in the herd, your former roguery will quickly be forgot.

Keep. Sir, the licence is come, and the Ordinary waits above.

Gent. Come, lead up to the little old gentleman in black.

From this dire place, many to death have gone;
But to be marry'd, very rarely one.

DR. LAST IN HIS CHARIOT.

IN THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM

*McKere's MALADIE IMAGINAIRE, by ISAAC BICK-
ERSTAFF; and some new Scenes by Mr. FOOTE.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Ailwou'd
Dr. Last,
Friendly,
Hargrave,
Wag,

Haymarket.
Mr. Foote.
Mr. Weston;
Mr. Snowdon.
Mr. Davis.
Mr. Bannister.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Ailwou'd,
Nancy,
Polly,
Prudence,

Mrs. Jeffries.
Miss Ogilvie.
Miss Rose.
Mrs. Gardiner.

Physicians, &c.

Scene, Ailwou'd's House in London.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour in Ailwou'd's House, with a Table and Chairs.
Prudence enters, followed by Wag.

Wag. WELL, but Mrs. Prudence, don't be in a passion.

Pru. Mr. Wag, I will be in a passion; and it's enough to put any one in a passion to have to do with such indiscreet people as your master. I believe he's out of his senses, for my part.

Wag,

Wag. He's in love, Mrs. Prudence, and that's half way.

Pru. So often as he has been forbid either to come or send after my mistress, to persist, in spite of all our cautions and interdictions——

Wag. He does not come or send, child.

Pru. No—What do you do here, then, and be hang'd to you?

Wag. I only bring a letter.

Pru. Very pretty jesting, truly. I was afraid that some of the family wou'd take notice of my talking to you in the hall—But, in truth, here is no place of safety in the house; for now I've brought you up here, I'm afraid every moment of my master's surprising us.

Wag. Does the old gentleman always keep the house then?

Pru. Keep the house!—he generally keeps his chamber, and very often his bed. You must know he's one of those folks that are always sick, continually complaining, ever taking physic, and, in reality, never ailing any thing. I'm his nurse, with a plague to him, and he worries me out of my life.

Wag. Wou'd I were sick upon the same conditions.

Pru. Come, come, no fooling.—You said you had a letter from your master to my young lady: give it me, and I'll deliver it to her.

Wag. There it is, my dear.

Pru. But am I not a very naughty wench to be necessary, in this manner, to a clandestine correspondence?

Wag. The billet is perfectly innocent, I can assure you; and such as your lady will read with pleasure.

Pru. Well, now go away.

Wag. I won't, without you give me a kiss.

Pru. Poh, you're a fool.

Wag. I won't, poz——

Pru. Then you may stay there all night.

Wag. Mrs. Prue—come.

Pru. Nay, if it's worth having, it's worth fetching.

Wag. Say you so my girl—Thus, then, I approach those charming lips. (*Drawing near her with ridiculous ceremony. A bell rings violently.*)

Pru.

Pru. Confusion! away, away, away; begone, as quick as quick as you can, or we're both ruin'd.

Wag. Ay! how! what the devil's the matter?

Pru. My master's bell, my master's bell. He rings again! Down the back-stairs, and let yourself out at the street door. I can't stay to talk to you any longer now—Adieu.

Wag. (*As he's going off.*) Hey, what a ringing's here! one wou'd think the house was on fire.

SCENE II.

Ailwou'd, who comes through the Back scene in a Night-gown and Flannel Cap, his crutch in one hand, and a small bell in the other.

Ail. O Lord, O Lord, here's usage for a poor, helpless, sick man! There's nobody in the house; sure, there can be nobody; they've all deserted me, and left me alone to expire without assistance. I made shift to muster up sufficient strength to crawl thus far; and now, I can die here. (*Drops into the arm-chair with a piteous groan; then, after a short pause, starting and staring.*) Mercy on me, what's the matter with me! I'm suddenly seiz'd with a shivering fit!—And now, I burn like a red-hot coal of fire!—And now again—shiver, shiver, shiver! as if my blood was turn'd into snow-water! Prudence, Nancy, Mrs. Ailwou'd, love, wife! They're all deaf! and my bell is not loud enough neither! Prudence, I say.

SCENE III.

Ailwou'd, Prudence.

Pru. Here, Sir; here. What's the matter?

Ail. Ah, you jade, you slut.

Pru. (*Pretending to have hurt her head.*) The deuce take your impatience; you hurry people so, you have made me break my head against the window-shutter.

Ail. You baggage, you—'tis above an hour—

Pru. (*Crying.*) Dear me, how it smarts!

Ail. Above an hour that I have been wanting somebody.

Pru. Oh! oh!

Ail. Hold your tongue, hussy, till I scold you.

Pru. Very pretty, in troth, after the blow I have got.

Ail.

Ail. You have left me to bawl and call till I am hoarse again.

Pru. And you have made me get a great bump on my forehead ; so put one against t'other, and we're quit.

Ail. How, Mrs. Impudence !

Pru. If you scold, I'll cry.

Ail. To desert me in such a manner !

Pru. (*Crying.*) Oh ! oh ! oh !

Ail. Are you at it again ?—Why, you pert, brazen, audacious, provoking, abominable, insolent—Shan't I be allowed to have the pleasure of finding fault with you ?

Pru. You may have that pleasure, if you will ; and it's as fair that I should have the pleasure of crying, if I like it.

Ail. Well, well, I have done.—Take away these things, and get me my medicine. It's three hours and two minutes since I took it : and don't you know the prescription says every three hours ? I feel the bad effects of my omission already.

Pru. Lord, Sir, why will you drench yourself with such nasty slops ? One wou'd think the physicians and apothecaries could find sufficient stuff for your craving bowels ; but you must go to the quacks too ; and this Doctor Last, with his universal, balsamic, restorative cordial, that turns water into asses milk.

Ail. That's a good girl, go on.

Pru. Methinks, if one was to take physick, one wou'd rather choose to go to a regular physician than to a quack.

Ail. And why so, my dainty adviser ?

Pru. For the same reason, that, if I wanted a pair of shoes, I wou'd rather go to an established shoemaker, than lay out my money at a Yorkshire warehouse.

Ail. If I hear any more of your impudence, I'll break your head to some purpose ; it shan't be a bump in the forehead will serve you.

Pru. Eh, you old fanciful, foolish—— (*Aside.*)

Ail. Go and call my daughter Nancy to me, I have something to say to her.

Pru. She's here, Sir.

SCENE IV.

Ailwou'd, Prudence, Nancy.

Ail. Come here, Nancy; I want to speak with you.

Nan. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ail. Stay; before I say or do any thing further, I'll go into the next room and take my medicine—I should be a great fool to forget that.

Pru. Ay, Sir, so you wou'd.

Ail. I should, indeed, for it does me a prodigious deal of good; though I must take a little cooling physick too, in order to correct the juices. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Nancy, Prudence.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Madam

Nan. Look on me a little.

Pru. Well, I do look on you.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Well, what would you have with Prudence?

Nan. Can't you guess?

Pru. Some discourse, I suppose, about our new acquaintance, Mr. Hargrave; for you have done nothing but talk of him for this week past.

Nan. And can you blame me for the good opinion I have of him?

Pru. Who says I do?

Nan. Or would you have me insensible to the tender protestations which he makes me?

Pru. Heav'n forbid.

Nan. Prithee tell me now, Prudence, don't you really think there was something of destiny in the odd adventure that brought us acquainted?

Pru. Certainly.

Nan. Was there not something uncommonly brave and gentleman-like in that action of rescuing me without knowing any thing of me?

Pru. Very genteel and gentleman-like, indeed.

Nan. And was it possible for any one to make a more generous use of it?

Pru. Impossible.

Nan.

Nan. Then, Prue, he has a most charming person.—
Don't you think so?

Pru. Who can think otherwise?

Nan. Something very noble in his air?

Pru. Very noble.

Nan. Then he talks like an angel.

Pru. Ay, and writes like an angel too, I dare swear,
Ma'am; as this letter will shew.

Nan. From Mr. Hargrave! You wicked girl, why
would you keep it from me so long?

[Snatches it from her, and reads it to herself.]

Pru. Well, Ma'am, what does the gentleman say?

Nan. Every thing, dear Prue; every thing in the
world that I cou'd wish or desire. He says he can't
live happy without me; and that he will, by the means
of a common friend, immediately make a formal pro-
posal for me to my father.

Pru. But do you think, Ma'am, that your father will
listen?

Nan. He can have no objection, Prudence.

Pru. No, Ma'am; but your mother-in-law may, who
governs him, and I'm sure bears you no good will. The
best joke is, she thinks she has wheedled me into her in-
terests——

Nan. Hush! here's my father.

SCENE VI.

Prudence, Nancy, Ailwou'd.

Ail. Nancy, child, I have a piece of news to tell you
that, perhaps, you little expect. Here's a match pro-
posed to me for you. You smile at that! Ah, nature,
nature! By what I perceive then, I need not ask you if
you are willing?

Nan. I am ready to submit to your commands in eve-
ry thing, Sir.—Dear Prue, this is beyond my hopes.

Pru. Mr. Hargrave has kept his word, Madam.

Ail. What are you whispering about?

Nan. Nothing, Sir.

Ail. Well, child, at any rate I am glad to find you in
so complying a disposition; for, to tell you the truth, I
was resolved on the thing before I mentioned it to you,
and

and had even given my word to put it as expeditiously as possible into execution.

Pro. I am sure you are very much in the right of it, Sir; it's the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

Ail. I have not seen the gentleman yet, but I am told he will be every way to the satisfaction of us both.

Nan. That, Sir, I am certain of, for I have seen him already.

Ail. Have you?

Nan. Since your consent, Sir, encourages me to discover my inclinations, you must know that good fortune has lately brought us acquainted; and that the proposal which has been made to you, is the effect of that esteem which, at the first interview, we conceived for one another.

Ail. That's more than I knew, but no matter; the smoother things go on, the better I am pleased—He is but a little man I am told.

Nan. He's well made, Sir.

Ail. Agreeable in his person?

Nan. Very agreeable.

Ail. In his address?

Nan. Perfectly elegant.

Ail. Really that's much—Very much upon my word, that a man of low birth, and bred up to a mean profession—for, though the Doctor has now fifteen thousand pounds in the funds, and gets eight or nine hundred a-year, he owes all to his medicinal secrets.

Nan. Sir!

Ail. At least so Mr. Trash the bookseller, that vends his medicines, tells me; through whose mediation, indeed, this proposal is made.

Nan. Mr. Trash! Has Mr. Hargave any thing to do then—

Ail. Hargrave! Who the devil's he? I am talking of the person you are to marry, Dr. Last, whose cordial has done me so much service. It seems he is a widower, and has a mind to get a second wife that may do him some credit; such as his worldly circumstances entitle him to.

Nan. Well, but my dear Sir—

Ail. Yes, child, I know it's very well—The Doctor is to be brought here to-day to be introduced to me, and

and I am really concern'd that I appointed Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, and Dr. Bulruddery, to hold a consultation upon my case this morning ; for I have found so much benefit from Dr. Last's medicine, that I think he will be the properest person to find out what's the matter with me.

Nan. Well, but, Sir, give me leave to tell you that Dr. Last was very far from my thoughts when we began this conversation. In short, papa, all this while you have been talking of one person and I of another.

Pru. Poh, poh, Madam, make yourself easy ; my master can have no such ridiculous design as he has been mentioning to you—Marry a young lady of family and fortune to a scoundrel quack !

Ail. And what business have you to be meddling, impudence ?

Pru. No business at all, Sir—But, if you are really serious in your design about this marriage, give me leave to ask you, what can have put it into your head ?

Ail. You have nothing to do with that—I have told the girl the party I propose for her is rich ; but if you must know what most inclin'd, and indeed determin'd me as it were, to accept of Dr. Last for a son-in-law, is the number of invaluable secrets he possesses ; and this alliance will entitle me to take his medicines gratis, as my various infirmities may require—a thing that we ought all to consider ; my last year's apothecary's bill amounting to two hundred and nineteen pounds four shillings and eleven pence.

Pru. A very pretty reason for marrying your daughter to a quack, indeed !—But, after all, Sir, tell me, upon your honour now, does any thing ail you ?

Ail. Eh ! how ! any thing ail me !

Pru. Ay, Sir, are you sick in earnest ; and, if so, what's the matter with you ?

Ail. It's my misfortune not to know—Wou'd to Heaven I did. But to cut short all these impertinences, look you, daughter, I lay my commands upon you to prepare yourself to receive the husband I propose for you.

Pru. And, I, Madam, on my part, command you to have nothing to do with him.

[Going off]
Ail.

Ail. Why, you impudent slut, shall a chambermaid take the liberty——

Pru. She shan't marry the quack.

Ail. Shan't she ! we'll see that, if I get near enough to lay my cane across your shoulders. [*Rising in a fury.*]

Nan. Dear Sir——

Pru. Oh, don't hinder him, Madam ; give him leave to come ; he's welcome to do his worst.

Ail. If I lay hold of you—— [*Following her.*]

Pru. I say I won't let you do a foolish thing if I can help it. [*Getting behind a chair.*]

Ail. Come hither, come hither. (*Still following her.*)

Nancy, stop her there, don't let her pass.

Pru. I believe no father but yourself ever thought of such a thing.

Ail. Help me to catch her, daughter, or I'll never give you my blessing.

Pru. Never mind him, Madam.

Ail. An audacious, impudent, insolent——

Pru. Ay, ay, you may abuse me if you please ; but I won't give my consent to the match for all that.

Ail. Cockatrice, jade, slut. (*Chasing her round the stage.*) Oh, oh, I can support no longer ; she has kill'd, she has murder'd me. [*Falls into his chair.*]

Pru. Your humble servant, sweet Sir—Come away, Madam.

Ail. Love ! wife ! Mrs. Ailwou'd !

SCENE VI.

Ailwou'd, Mrs. Ailwou'd.

Mrs. Ail. How now !

Ail. Oh, lamb, lamb, come hither if you love me.

Mrs. Ail. What's the matter with my poor dear ?

Ail. Help me, sweetest.

Mrs. Ail. I will help thee ; what's the matter ?

Ail. Lamb !

Mrs. Ail. Well, my heart !

Ail. They have been teasing and fretting me here out of the small portion of life and spirit I have left.

Mrs. Ail. No sweet, I hope not. Who has anger'd thee ?

Ail. That jade Prudence. She is grown more saucy and impudent than ever. *Mrs.*

Mrs. Ail. Don't put yourself in a passion with her, my soul.

Ail. I don't believe I shall ever recover it.

Mrs. Ail. Yes, yes, compose yourself.

Ail. She has been contradicting me——

Mrs. Ail. Don't mind her.

Ail. And has had the impudence to tell me I'm not sick ; when you know, my lamb, how it is with me.

Mrs. Ail. I know, my heart, very well, you are feeble and weak—Heav'n help thee !

Ail. That jade will bring me to my grave. She is the cause of half the phlegm I breed ; and I have desired, a hundred and a hundred times, that you would turn her off.

Mrs. Ail. My child, there are no servants but have their faults ; and we must endure their bad qualities, that we may have the use of their good ones. However, I will give Mrs. Prudence a lecture for her impertinence, I assure you—Who's there ? Prue, Prudence, I say.

SCENE VIII.

Ailwou'd, Mrs. Ailwou'd, Prudence.

Pru. Did you call me, Madam ? [very demurely]

Mrs. Ail. Come hither, mistress—What is the meaning that you fret and thwart your master, and put him into passions.

Pru. Who, I, madam ! Bless my soul, I don't know what you mean : I'm sure, my study, morning, noon, and night, is how to please and obey him.

Ail. Don't believe her, my dear ; she's a liar ; she neither pleases nor obeys me, and has behaved in the most insolent manner.

Mrs. Ail. Well, my soul, I'm sure what you say is right ; but compose yourself.—Look you, Prudence, if ever you provoke your master again, I'll turn you out of doors—Here, give me his pillows, and help me to settle him in his chair—He sits I know not how—Pull your night-cap over your ears, my dear. There's nothing gives people cold so much as letting wind in at their ears.

Ail. Ah, my love, I shall never be able to repay all the care you take of me.

Mrs. Ail. Raise yourself a little, that I may put this
under

under you—this behind your back—and this to lean your head upon.

Pru. And this to cover your brains.

[Claps a pillow rudely on his head.]

Ail. You cursed jade, do you want to stifle me?

[Gets up in a passion, throws the pillows at her, and drives her out.]

SCENE IX.

Ailwou'd, Mrs. Ailwou'd.

Mrs. Ail. Hold, hold, what did she do to you?

Ail. Do to me! the serpent.—She'll be the death of me, if you continue to keep her in the house.

Mrs. Ail. Well, but, jewel, you are too apt to flurry yourself.

Ail. My sweet, you are the only comfort I have; and in order to requite your tenderness in the best manner I am able, I am resolv'd, as I have told you, to make my will.

Mrs. Ail. Ah, don't talk to me in that manner; don't, Mr. Ailwou'd, I beseech you, unless you have a mind to break my heart.

Ail. Alas, my love, we are all mortal; but don't cry Biddy, for you'll make me weep too.

Mrs. Ail. Oh! oh! oh!

Ail. Nay, dearest—

Mrs. Ail. You said something of your will, didn't you?

Ail. I desir'd you wou'd speak to your attorney about it.

Mrs. Ail. Yes; but I cannot speak to him about any such thing; it would cut me to the heart.

Ail. It must be done, Biddy.

Mrs. Ail. No, no, no.—However, I have desired him to come hither to-day, and you may speak to him about it yourself.

Ail. I wou'd fain be inform'd in what manner I may cut off my children, and leave all to you.

Mrs. Ail. Alas, my dear, if you should be taken away, I'll stay no longer in the world.

Ail. My only concern, when I die, will be, that I never had a child by you; and Dr. Bulruddery, the Irish physician, promis'd me I should have twins.

Mrs

Mrs. Ail. But do you think, my dear, that you will be able to cut off your two daughters, and leave me all?

Ail. If not my landed estate, at any rate I can leave you my ready money; and, by way of precaution, I will make over to you immediately four thousand pounds which I have in the three per cents. and bonds for near the same sum, which I lent to Sir Timothy Whisky.

Mrs. Ail. I will have nothing to do with them indeed, Mr. Ailwou'd; you shan't put them into my hands, I assure you; all the riches in the world will be nothing to me if I lose you—How much do you say you have in the three per cents.?

Ail. Four thousand pounds, my love.

Mrs. Ail. To talk to me of money when I am depriv'd of the only person with whom I could enjoy it!—And how much more in bonds?

Ail. About the same sum, sweet—but don't take on so, Biddy; pray now don't; you'll throw yourself into some illness; and to have us both sick—

SCENE X.

Ailwou'd, Mrs. Ailwou'd, Prudence.

Pru. Sir, there are the three doctors below, in the parlour, that were to call upon you this morning.

Ail. Ay, they are come to consult upon my case, I'm sorry I spoke to them; but it is too late now.

Pru. And there's another gentleman at the door in a chariot, with Mr. Trash the bookseller, who desired me to tell you he had brought Dr. Last.

Ail. I hope the gentlemen in the parlour did not see him.

Pru. No, Sir, no.

Ail. Very well, then shew the physicians up.—Do you, my love, go and entertain Dr. Last till I can come to you—I will dispatch these as soon as I can; but one must keep up the forms of civility.

SCENE XI.

Ailwou'd, Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, Dr. Bulruddery.

Coff. Mr. Ailwou'd, your servant. I have obey'd your commands, you see; and am come with my brothers, Skeleton

leton and Balruddery, to have a consultation upon your case.—How do you find yourself this morning ?

Ail. Pray, gentlemen, be seated.—Why, really, doctor, I find myself but very indifferent.

Skel. How do you sleep, Sir ?

Ail. Very indifferently, doctor ; chiefly broken slumbers.

Bulrud. And, pray, how is your appetite ?

Ail. Indifferent, very indifferent, indeed. I have made shift to get down a couple dishes of chocolate this morning in bed ; about two hours after I had some tea and toast with my wife ; just now I swallow'd, with much difficulty, a basin of soup ; and I believe I shall hardly take any thing more till dinner.

Skel. But, Mr. Ailwou'd, what are your chief complaints ?

Ail. Really, doctor, I am afraid my disorder is a complication. Sometimes I think it is the gout, sometimes the rheumatism, sometimes the dropsy, and sometimes I feel myself in a high fever : however, gentlemen, Dr. Coffin, here, has been long my good friend and physician, and, by the help of the intelligene he can give you about my constitution, your art and experience may perhaps enable you to find out what's the matter with me ; so I leave you to your consultation. Gentlemen, your servant. [*Ailwou'd, seeing the doctors, as he goes out, drops a guinea.*] Stay, doctor, I'll take it up for you.

Skel. Sir, I thank you ;—but I think there was another dropt.

Ail. No, there wasn't.

Skel. Why, I have but two.

Ail. But two !—Oh ! oh ! [*Gives him another.*]

SCENE XII.

Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, Dr. Bulruddery, *sitting down with great ceremony ; then, after a short silence,*

Skel. Brother Coffin, shall I trouble you for a pinch of your—[*taking snuff.*] Havannah ? I see—

Coff. Brought me from thence by a captain who assisted in taking the place.

Skel. [*Sneezes.*] Devilish strong.

VOL. V.

G

Bulrud.

Bulrud. I have often, Dr. Skeleton, had it in my head to ask some of the faculty, what can be the reason that, when a man happens to sneeze, all the company bows?

Skel. Sneezing, Dr. Bulruddery, was a mortal symptom that attended a pestilential disease, which formerly depopulated the republic of Athens; ever since, when that convulsion occurs, a short ejaculation is offered up, that the sneezing or sternuting party may not be afflicted with the same distemper.

Bulrud. Upon my conscience, a very learned account! Ay, and a very civil institution too. I can't help thinking, doctor, but the gentlemen of our profession must thrive much better in them there foreign parts than at home: Now, because why, one hears of plagues and pestilences, and such like kind of disorders, that attack a whole nation at once, Now, here, you know, we are obliged to pick up patients one by one, just as a body can get them.

Coff. Ay, doctor; and, since the great increase of this town, the sick lie so scattered, that one pair of horses are scarce sufficient for a physician but in moderate practice.

Skel. True; why, there was yesterday, the first pulse I felt belonged to a lad with the measles in Dean's yard, Westminster: from thence I set out between seven and eight, my wig fresh powdered, and my horses in spirits; I turned at Charingcross for the New Buildings; then run through the Holborn division, crossed the Fleet-market; and penetrated into the city as far as Whitechapel; then made a short trip to the wife of a salesman, who had the gout in her stomach, at Wapping; from thence, returned through Cornhill, Temple-Bar, and the Strand, and finished my last prescription, between five and six, for a tradesman in Cockspur-street, who had burst a vein in hallooing at the Brentford election.

Bulrud. Upon my conscience, a long tour.

Skel. Long! Why, upon the most moderate calculation, I could not, before I sat down to my soup, have run up less than thirty pair of stairs; and my horses must have trotted, taking in cross-streets and turnings, at least eighteen miles and three quarters.

Bulrud. Without doubt. But you was talking of Brentford,

Brentford.—Don't you look upon a contested election as a good thing to the faculty, doctor?

Skel. If you mean to us of the college, Dr. Bulruddery, little or nothing: if, indeed, there should happen to be warm work at the hustings, the corporation of surgeons may pick up some practice; though I don't look upon any of these public transactions as of any great use to our body in general. Lord Mayor's day, indeed, has its merit.

Coff. Yes; that turns to account

Skel. Dr. Doseum and I were making, t'other morning at Batson's, a short calculation of what value that festival might be to the whole physical tribe.

Bulrud. Is it a secret to what you made it amount?

Skel. Why; what with colds caught on the water before dinner, repletion and indigestion at dinner, inebriety after dinner (not to mention the ball in the evening), we made that day and its consequences; for, you know, there are fine foundations laid for future disorders, especially if it turns out an easterly wind——

Bulrud. Does that make any difference?

Skel. Infinite;—for when they come out of the hall, in a fine perspiration, from the heat of the room and exercise, should the wind miss them in crossing Cateaton street, its sure to lay hold of them in turning the corner into Cheapside——

Coff. Without doubt.

Skel. We estimated the whole profit to physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, chemists, druggists, and nurses, at eleven thousand six hundred seventy-three pounds fourteen shillings and threepence three farthings.

SCENE XIII.

Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, Dr. Bulruddery, and Ailwou'd.

Ail. Gentlemen. I beg pardon for this interruption; but you have been consulting upon my case, and I have some particular reasons for coming thus suddenly, to desire to know what opinion you have yet been able to form?

Coff. (To Skeleton.) Come, Sir.

Skel. No, Sir; pray do you speak.

Coff. Before my senior! pray excuse me.

Skel. (to *Bulruddery*.) Doctor——

Bulrud. The devil burn myself if I do.

Ail. Nay ; pray gentlemen, leave these ceremonies ; and if you have been able to form any opinion, instruct me.

Coff. Why, really, Sir, to tell you the truth—Brother Skeleton——

Skel. We have not yet, with all the observations we have been able to make upon your case and complaints—I say, Sir—and after the most abstruse disquisitions, we have not as yet been able to form any opinion at all.

Ail. Well, this is all I want to be acquainted with ; because, if you have not been able to form any opinion, I have been happy enough to meet with a physician that has.—Pray, Sir, do me the favour to walk in here.

SCENE XIV.

Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, Dr. Bulruddery, Ailwou'd
Dr. Last.

Ail. This, gentlemen, is Dr. Last ; and he assures me, that my disorder is a confirmed jaundice.

Doctors. A jaundice !—ha, ha, ha !

Dr. Last. What do you grin at ?—I says he has the janders, and I'll uphold it.—I'll lay you fifty pounds he has the janders, and the gentleman shall hold the stakes himself.

Coff. Well, but Mr. Ailwou'd, this is altogether ridiculous. Did you ever see a man of your colour with the jaundice ?

Ail. Why, that's true ; (turning to *Last*.) every one tells me that I have a very florid complexion ; now the jaundice gives a yellow hue : Will you be so good as explain that ?

Dr. Last. Well, so I can, but not for the doctors.—If I does it, its all entirely to oblige you.

Skel. We shall hear how the impudent rascal will bring himself off.

Dr. Last. There are two sorts of janders ; the yellow and the grey.

Bulrud. The black, I believe you mean, honey.

Dr. Last. No, I don't.

Coff. But you must, Sir; there is no such thing as the grey jaundice.

Skel. Oh! gentlemen, the doctor means the iron-grey, and that's almost black, you know.

Dr. Last. They only does this to put me out now, because I'm no collegion.

Ail. Well, pray, doctor, go on with your explanation.

Dr. Last. Well, I says then; (*To Ailwou'd, who turns about for something*) I won't talk without you minds;—the yallar jandars, I say, is—the yallar janders is, as if so be——

Coff. Why, you were talking of the grey jaundice this moment.

Dr. Last. No, I wasn't; I didn't say a word of the grey janders—Did I, Mr. Ailwou'd? Its the yallar janders.—I knows well enough what I'm about, if you'll let me alone.

Coff. Well, what of the *yallar janders*?

Dr. Last. Why, I won't tell you.—I won't say a word more now; if you thinks to profit you're mistaken; you shan't learn nothing from me.

Coff. You're a bloody impudent fellow.

Dr. Last. I does my cures no purchase no pay; and which of you can say that?—(*turning to Ailwou'd*) Munny a one of them comes to ax my advice and assistance, when they don't know what to do themselves.

Coff. Come, come, friend, we know you.

Dr. Last. Well, and I knows you.—Pray, Dr. Coffin, didn't you attend one Mrs. Greaves, a tallow-chandler's widow, that lodg'd at the pork-shop in Fetter-lane; and didn't she send for me after you gave her over?

Coff. Yes; and she died in two days.

Dr. Last. Well,—so she did;—but that was no fault of mine; she shou'd have sent for me first. What could I do for her, after you had kill'd the poor dear soul?

Coff. But, Mr. Ailwou'd, we are come here to consult upon your case; and if you permit us, we are willing.

Ail. O! nothing I desire so much; and, to assist you, I'll leave this gentleman; he may give you farther reasons for what he advances.

Skel. What, Sir, do you think we'll consult with a quack?

Bulrud. Ay, do you think we'll be after consulting with a quack?

Dr. Last. I'm no quack.—I have been regularly submitted; and I'll persecute you for your words in Westminster hall.

Coff. Mr. Ailwou'd, we are your humble servants.

Ail. Well, but, gentlemen, your fees; you'll return them, I hope.

Coff. Return our fees, Sir!

Bulrud. Return our fees! Arrah, is the man mad?

Skel. Sir, it is a thing entirely out of the course of practice. We wish you a good morning.

SCENE XV.

Ailwou'd, Last,

Ail. Why then, gentlemen, your servant, and good morning to you. Let them go; I'm glad we have got rid of them at any rate.

Dr. Last. Here, you Coffin——

Ail. Pray let him alone now.

Dr. Last. I would send him a challenge, if I was not afraid of being committed.

Ail. A challenge! Why, did you ever fight?

Dr. Last. Yes; I had like to be killed two or three times; but I never was.

Ail. It was well for me, I'm sure.

Dr. Last. You must think they all hates me, because I out-does 'em in curing; and they are ostentatious in their own way, and won't be larn'd.

Ail. And so, doctor, you are really of opinion that I have a disposition to the jaundice?

Dr. Last. Yes, you have: and it's one of the six and twenty disorders specified in my advertisement; and I challenge all England to do the like, to cure six and twenty disorders with one medicine, without confinement, or hinderance of business, or knowledge of a bedfellow. You understand me; for that's in it too, if you have any remains lurking in your blood from bad treatment.

Ail.

Ail. No, no; Heaven be thank'd, I never had any such thing in my life.

Dr. Last. So much the better for you; but if you had, I cou'd soon set you to rights again.—Why, there was three affidavy's in the paper as last Wednesday, acknowledging benefits received from me; one from a journeyman tailor, bed-ridden with the rheumatism; another from a hackney-coachman that had been three times tapp'd for the dropsy, and one from a child's mother that I cur'd of the dry gripes.

Ail. Well, doctor, if you will now come into the next room, I will introduce you to my daughter.

Dr. Last. What! in this trim? I wou'd not for fifty guineas—besides, I'm going to see a gentlewoman that I've got in hand for an impostor; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll dress myself, and come to you in the evening.

Ail. Well, do so, then, if it be more convenient to you.—But stay, doctor, your paper of directions orders your medicine to be taken only every three hours; now, as I have some spare time on my hands, suppose I was to take, in the intervals, a mug or two of the Dog and Duck water, or Islington Spa, or Bagnigge wells, by way of diluting.

Dr. Last. You mustn't take nothing by way of dissolution, but a few broth made with vermin's jelly.

Ail. Have you any objection, then, to my going to Chelsea, to be fumigated at Dominicetti's?

Dr. Last. Domini Devil's! don't go near him. Is it to be sweated you wants? If that be all, I can sweat you myself. Do you choose to be sweated?

Ail. Why, if I thought it wou'd do me any good—

Dr. Last. Well, I'll consider of it;—but remember, Mr. Ailwou'd, I have taken you in hand now, and if you go to be purged, or puked, or buy a sup of physic from any one else—but I suppose you knows better what belongs to the character of a gentleman.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Room in Ailwou'd's House. Prudence enters followed by Hargrave.

Pru. COME, Sir, follow me ; I'll venture to bring you in, since you've ventur'd to knock at the door.

Har. But tell me, my best girl, cannot you contrive to make me happy in the sight of your charming mistress ?

Pru. No, Mr. Hargrave, I cannot, indeed ; you have been told so a thousand times already : I sent you word so by your servant this morning, but you won't be satisfied ; and, as if you had not been imprudent enough already, you are now come here in person to put the finishing stroke to our ruin.

Har. No, my good Prue, I was aware of that, and am not come here in my own character, but as a friend of your young lady's Italian master, who has given me leave to say he has sent me in his place.

Pru. That's more forecast than I thought you capable of—But why have you been so negligent ? did not you tell my mistress, that you wou'd make a formal proposal to her father ?

Har. True—Nor is it my fault that it has not been done ; I spoke to Mr. Friendly, Mr. Ailwou'd's brother-in-law, who assured me he wou'd make it his business to come here this day for that purpose.

Pru. Ay ; but this day is too late, it should have been done yesterday : for now her father is going to marry her to another person—A rascal quack—Though, I think, if we cou'd set my master against him, which wou'd be no very hard matter—

Har. As how ?

Pru. I don't know any method so sure as by the help of another quack ; for he falls in love with every new medicine he hears of.

Har. Say you so ? Gad I have a good comical fellow

low for my servant, and there is a thought come into my head——

Pru. Hush! here's my master; step into the next room a little, while I prepare him for your reception.

SCENE II.

Prudence and Ailwou'd.

Ail. Dr. Last directed me, during the operation of his medicine, to take ten or twelve turns about the room; but I forgot to ask him whether it wou'd be most efficacious, the long way, or the broad—I wish I had ask'd him that.

Pru. Sir, here is a——

Ail. Speak low, huffley; you are enough to shock my brains—You don't consider, that it is not fit to bawl in the ears of sick people.

Pru. I was going to tell you, Sir——

Ail. Speak low, I say.

Pru. Sir. (*Speaks so low as not to be heard.*)

Ail. Eh!

Pru. I was going to tell you—— (*Very low.*)

Ail. What is it you say?

Pru. (*Very loud.*) I say, here's a man without wants to speak with you.

Ail. Well, you devil, let him come in.

Pru. (*As loud as she can bawl.*) Come in, Sir.

Ail. Oh, my head, my head!

SCENE III.

Ailwou'd, Prudence, Hargrave.

Har. Mr. Ailwou'd——

Pru. Don't speak so loud, for fear of shocking my master's brains.

Har. I am very glad to find you out of bed, and to see that you grow better.

Pru. What do you mean by growing better?—it's false, my master's always very ill.

Har. I don't know how that may be—but I was told he was better; and I think he looks pretty well.

Pru. Poh, you're blind, he looks as bad as possible; and they are impertinent people that say he mends: he grows worse and worse.

Ail. She's in the right of it.

Pru. He walks, eats, and drinks, like other men; but that's no reason why he shou'd not be in a bad state of health.

Ail. 'Tis very true.

Har. I can only say then, Sir, that I am extremely sorry for your indisposition; and hope you will soon get the better of it.

Ail. And now compliments are past, Sir—Pray may I take the liberty to desire to know who you are?

Har. Sir, I come here on the part of Miss Ailwou'd's Italian master, who is gone for some time into the country, and sends me, being his intimate friend, to continue her lessons; lest, by interrupting them, she should forget what she has already learn'd.

Ail. Very well; call Nancy.

Pru. I believe, Sir, it will be better to take the gentleman into her chamber.

Ail. No, let her come here.

Pru. He can't give her her lesson so well, if he is not alone with her.

Ail. I warrant you.

Pru. Besides, it will only disturb you in the condition you are in, to have people taking in the room.

Ail. Leave that to me—Here is my daughter.—Rot you, get out of my sight, and let me know when Dr. Last comes.
[Exit Prud.]

SCENE IV.

Ailwou'd, Hargrave, Nancy.

Ail. Nancy, my dear, your Italian master is gone into the country, and has sent a gentleman to teach you in his room.

Nan. Oh, heaven's!

Ail. What's the matter? Why this astonishment?

Nan. Because, papa—

Ail. Because what?

Nan. Lord, Sir, the most surprising thing happens here!

Ail. So it seems, indeed.

Nan. I dream't last night, papa, that I was in a crowd coming out of a play-house, where a rude fellow attempt-
ed

ed to lay hold of me ; when a gentleman, exactly like this, came to my assistance, and rescu'd me from the ruffian's hands ; and I am so surpriz'd, papa, to see before me the very same person I fancy'd in my dream——

Ail. Did you ever hear such an ideot as it is ?

Har. I count myself extremely fortunate, Madam, to have employ'd your thoughts either sleeping or waking ; and thou'd esteem myself particularly happy to relieve you from any distress which accident might throw you into : for, I assure you, Madam——

Ail. Why now, Sir, you are rather more foolish than she—But, pray, have done with your nonsense, both the one and the other ; and you, Sir, if you please, give the girl her lesson.

Har. You know, Ma'am, a great man formerly said, that if he spoke to the gods, he wou'd speak Spanish ; to men, French ; but to women, Italian, as the properest language for love.

Ail. A strange round-about way of beginning.

Har. If he was to speak to his horse, indeed, he said he wou'd speak in High Dutch ; as for example, Das dick der donder schalq.

Ail. So, you won't have done fooling ?

Har. Pray, Sir, give me leave ; every master has his method—No doubt, Madam, you have been inform'd, that the adjective must agree with the substantive ; as thus—Nanetta bella, beautiful Nancy, (*Softly to her.*) that is you, my charmer—Amante fidele, Faithful lover, (*Softly to her.*) that's me, my charmer, who doat upon you more than life. (*Ail wou'd coming close to listen, Hargrave raises his voice.*) Now these, Ma'am, must agree in gender, number, and case.

Ail. Ay, that's right enough ; I remember that when I was learning grammar myself.

Har. Come, Madam, we'll take a verb active, and begin, if you please, with Amo, to love—Have you any objection to that ?

Nan. By no means, Sir.

Har. Then pray give a little attention, and conjugate after me, that you may catch the accent—Io amo, I love.

Nan. Io amo, I love.

Har. O fy ! that's not a proper tone—You'll pardon me.

me for reprimanding Miss before you.—You must pronounce the words with more tenderness, Ma'am : take notice of me—Io amo, I love.

Nan. (*Very tenderly.*) Io amo, I love.

Ail. I won't have her pronounce it any more ; I don't know what words you'll have the impudence to teach her presently.

SCENE V.

Ailwou'd, Hargrave, Nancy, Prudence.

Pru. Sir.

Ail. What now ?

Pru. Might I speak with you, Sir ?

Ail. Speak with me !

Pru. If it won't disturb you, Sir.

Ail. A curse light on you, What is it you want ?

Pru. To tell you something, Sir, if you won't fly in a passion.

Ail. Well, tell it.

Pru. Lord, Sir, one does not know how to take you, you really frighten me out of my wits.

Ail. She won't speak now.

Pru. Yes, Sir, I—will speak. (*Altering her tone.*) There's Dr. Last below, as fine as a mountebank.

Ail. Daughter, go into your chamber ; and I must beg of you, Sir, to take your leave : and pray let your friend know, that neither he, nor his substitute, need continue their visits for the future.

Har. (*Aside.*) Well, my good old gentleman, you shall hear from me again sooner than you imagine ; for, since the way has been pointed out to me, I will make a bold push to drive this quack out of the house.

SCENE VI.

Ailwou'd, Prudence, and Doctor Last, *dress'd in a tawdry manner, followed by a Black Boy.*

Dr. Last. An impudent rascal has thrown a dead cat into my chariot, and hit me such a douse on the nose, besides splashing me !

Ail. Doctor Last—

Dr. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd—Sir, I pay you my compliments—Pompey, bring the carriage for me at six o'clock—
—and,

—and, do you hear, call at Covent-Garden market for the yerbs, and put them into the boot.

Ail. Upon my word ! (*Admiring Last.*) Lord, Lord, what an advantage drefs is !

Dr. Last. To tell you the truth, I got this fuit of cloaths a bargain : they belong'd to a gentleman as died under my hands.

Ail. Prudence, go and desire your young mistress to come hither.

Pru. Dr. Last—Sir, your most obedient.

Ail. You impudent, faucy—

SCENE VII.

Ailwou'd and Last

Dr. Last. Never mind her ; Lord, she meant no harm—I'm too good natur'd to take notice of every trifle—I'm one of the best natur'd little fellows, I believe, that ever was born——Why, I'm like a dog in my own house ; I never troubles myself about nothing ; all I desire is to see things handsome, and they give me whatever they please.

Ail. Well, I think my daughter will, in that respect, match you to a tittle, for she's as good natur'd a girl as lives.

Dr. Last. I'll tell you a thing you'll be glad to hear—I believe I shall come out with a new medicine in a day or two.

Ail. I'll take it—What is it ?

Dr. Last. Effence of cucumber.

Ail. Of cucumber !

Dr. Last. Ay, for the heartburn.

Ail. I'm very often troubl'd with that disorder ; but will it be good for nothing else ?

Dr. Last. Yes, it will be good for the cramp.

Ail. I've had an odd pain in the ball of my foot all day, I don't know what it may turn to.

Dr. Last. I wish Miss Nancy wou'd come, for I think we shou'd prove agreeable, and we'd fix things directly ; I'll settle whatever you please upon her, for I have neither chick nor child but my old mother.

Ail. Here she is.

SCENE VIII.

Ailwou'd, Dr. Last, Nancy, Prudence.

Ail. Nancy, this is Dr. Last.

Dr. Last. No offence, Miss, I hope. (*Goes up and kisses her.*) I thinks, Mr. Ailwou'd, she's very much like yau, only she wants a scrap of colour; but I'll give her a bottle of stuff when we're married, that in three doses will make her cheeks as red as a rose.

Ail. Why don't you speak to the Doctor, Nancy?

Nan. I don't know what to say, Sir.

Dr. Last. Let her alone, let her alone; we'll talk fast enough when we're better acquainted—I fancy, Mr. Ailwou'd, we shall have very fine children; I had three as beautiful babes, by my last spouse, as ever a woman brought into the world.

Ail. I hope they're dead, Doctor?

Dr. Last. Yes, yes, I told you so a bit ago. Sweet pretty little angels, they all lies in Pancridge church-yard with their poor dear mammy.

Ail. In Pancras church-yard!

Dr. Last. Yes, there's tomb stones over every one of them.

Ail. Tomb-stones!

Dr. Last. Ay.

Ail. Is there though?

Dr. Last. Yes; what's the matter with you?

Ail. Heigh-ho!

Dr. Last. Have you got the cholic?

Ail. No.

Nan. Has any sudden illness seiz'd you, Sir?

Ail. No, only low spirits. I think somehow, I shall be buried in Pancras church-yard myself.

Pru. Lord, Sir, how can you take such things into your head?

Ail. I wish there had been no talk about tomb-stones.

Pru. Here's my lady.

SCENE IX.

Dr. Last, Mrs. Ailwou'd, Ailwou'd, Prudence, Nancy.
Mrs. Ailwou'd, this is Dr. Last.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ail. I have seen the Doctor before, my dear; but what's the matter with you, eh?

Dr. Last. Nothing, Madam, nothing; he has only got a little fit of the horrors: let him alone, he'll come to himself again by and by.

Mrs. Ail. I hope, daughter-in-law, you are sensible of the goodness of this gentleman, in taking you without portion.

Dr. Last. Yes, yes, and I hope my parson proves agreeable to her. Have you seen my picture, Miss, that's in the expedition-room at Spring-gardens—every one says its monstrous like me. Take her to see it, do, it will cost but a shilling; you'll easily know it—it's o' the same side with the image there—Venus the Methodist, I thinks they calls it.

Ail. Well, but Doctor, give me leave to ask you, and don't be offended at my being a little particular, on account of my girl; I know you have realiz'd something considerable: but, how have you laid out your money? Have you ever a scrap of land?

Dr. Last. Why, as far as this here, there's my place by Hounslow, I bought it out and out; the whole concern costs me upwards of fifteen hundred pounds, with my pond and my pigeon house, and——

Pru. Have you any fish in your pond, Doctor?

Dr. Last. No, my dear, it's not deep enough; besides, it's in the road, and I'm afraid they'd be stole: but I have pigs and pigeons; and next Summer I shall make a new reproach to my house, with a fistula that will give us a view of all the gibbets upon the heath; then there's a large running ditch that I'll make into a turpentine river.

Ail. Come, Nancy, let me have the satisfaction of seeing you give your hand to Dr. Last.

Nan. Sir——

Ail. Nay, nay, no coying.

Nan. Dear Sir, let me beg of you not to be so precipitate, but allow the gentleman and me sufficient time to know one another, and try if our inclinations are mutual.

Dr. Last. My inclinations are mutual, Miss, and not to be chang'd; for the fire of love, as I may say, is shot from
from

from your beautiful eyes into my heart : and I cou'd say more—if it was not out of respect to the company.

Mrs. Ail. Perhaps, my dear, Miss Nancy has fix'd her inclinations somewhere else ; and, like a dutiful daughter, made a choice for herself.

Nan. If I had, Madam, it wou'd be such a one as neither reason or honour would make me asham'd of.

Mrs. Ail. But if I was in your papa's place, Miss, I wou'd make you take the person I thought proper for your husband, or I know what I'd do.

Nan. O, Ma'am, nobody doubts your affection ; but perhaps you may be baulk'd in the favour you design me.

Ail. Well, but stay ; methinks I make but a whimsical sort of a figure between you both.

Nan. The duty of a daughter, Madam, is not unlimited ; and there are certain cases to which neither law nor reason can make it extend.

Mrs. Ail. That is to say, you are very willing to be married, but you are not willing your father should have any hand in the matter.

Ail. Dr. Last, I beg your pardon for all this.

Dr. Last. Let them go on ; I likes to hear them.

Mrs. Ail. Your insolence is insufferable, child.

Nan. I am very sensible, Madam, you would be glad to provoke me to make you some impertinent answer ; but I tell you beforehand, I shall be careful not to give you that advantage over me.

Mrs. Ail. You don't know, my dear, that you are very silly.

Nan. 'Tis labour lost, Madam ; I shall make no answer.

Mrs. Ail. You have a ridiculous pride about you, a vain self-sufficiency, which makes you shocking to every body.

Nan. I tell you once more, Madam, it won't do ; I will preserve my temper in spite of you : and, to deprive you of all hopes of succeeding against me, I'll take myself out of your sight immediately.

Ail. Hark'ee, Nancy, no more words ; resolve to marry this gentleman within three days, or I'll turn you out to starve in the streets.

[Exit Nancy.]

SCENE

SCENE X.

Mrs. Ailwou'd, Ailwou'd, Dr. Last.

Mrs. Ail. A little, impudent, saucy minx.

Dr. Last. She has a purdigious deal of tongue for such a young crater.

Ail. My lamb, don't make yourself uneasy about the baggage; I'll bring her to her senses, I'll warrant you.

Mrs. Ail. Indeed, my dear, you don't know how I'm shock'd at her behaviour.

Ail. Are you shock'd, love?

Mrs. Ail. Yes, that I am, to the soul. I thought she wanted to insinuate that I did not love you, my dear; and any thing of that kind is worse to me than ten thousand daggers.

Ail. She's going to faint.

Dr. Last. Let me feel her pulse.

Ail. A glass of water here.

Dr. Last. No, no, give her a glass of cherry brandy; I'm no friend to drenching Christian's bowels with water, as if they were the tripe of a brute beast.

Mrs. Ail. Mr. Ailwou'd, permit me to go into my own room a little to recover myself.

Ail. Do so, my love.

Dr. Last. And, do you hear, Madam, take a dram as I bids you; a little rum and sugar, if you have any in the house; that's what I generally swallows, and I always finds the good effects of it.

SCENE XI.

Ailwou'd, Dr. Last, Prudence.

Ail. How now?

Pru. Sir, a gentleman, that says he comes from your brother, Mr. Friendly, desires to see you.

Ail. Who is he? What would he have?

Pru. I don't know—He cuts a droll figure—Here he is, Sir.

Ail. Get out of the room.

SCENE XII.

Ailwou'd, Dr. Last, Wag in disguise.

Wag: Sir, I'm your most obedient.

Ail. Your servant, Sir.

Wag. By what I perceive, Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you—My name is Scower, Sir; and I come recommended by your brother, Mr. Friendly, and study the practice of physic.

Ail. Sir, your servant.

Wag. I observe you look very earnestly at me, Sir; what age do you think I am of?

Dr. Last. Hold, let me tell him—What age are you of—You are about four-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Wag. By the Lord, I'm above fourscore.

Dr. Last. That's a damn'd lie, I'm sure.

Ail. Hold, Doctor, perhaps he has liv'd all his life upon tincture of sage.

Wag. Sage! a fiddle! I have secrets myself that will keep me alive these hundred years.

Dr. Last. I suspect this is the soldier, that lives in the Old Bailey. You'll see how I'll make him expose himself. You say you're a doctor; who made you so?

Wag. Sir, I am a travelling doctor; and, at present, have the honour of being physician in ordinary to one emperor, four kings, three electors, and I don't know how many prince palanines, margraves, bishops, and vulgar highnesses, passing from town to town, from kingdom to kingdom, to find out patients worthy of my practice, and fit to exercise the great and noble secrets of my art. I scorn to amuse myself with the little fry of common distempers, the trifles of rheumatisms, scurvies, and megrims; give me your diseases of importance, good purple fevers, good pleurifies, with inflammations of the lungs: these are what please me; these are what I triumph over.

Dr. Last. Ax him, can he bleed and draw teeth?—I dare to say he knows nothing of chirurgery.

Wag. Have you never heard of my black powder that is taken like snuff, and purges by the smell; provided that, at the same time, you swallow three large glasses of laxative tisan?

Dr. Last. Then its the tisan that does it! Mark that. O! he's quite a cheat.

Wag. Let me feel your pulse—Come, beat as you should do—*(Feeling his pulse in a ridiculous manner; at the same time humming a tune.)*

Ail.

Ail. Why, Sir, one wou'd think you were playing upon the spinet.

Wag. Even so, Sir ; for I do not, like other physicians, with a watch in my hand, determine the state of the pulse by that fallible measurer of time.

Ail. How then ?

Wag. By a tune ; which, I believe, you will allow to be a discovery new, and entirely my own. If the pulse moves in concert with the minute in Ariadne, I am sure that the patient is well.—Let me see, Sir—Tol, lol, de-rol—there we dropp'd a crotchet. Tol, lol, de-rol—there we mounted a minum. Tol, lol, lol—and there a semi-demi quaver is missing.

Ail. A semi-demi quaver !

Wag. Stay !—Let me consider—two bars and a half—Who is your physician ?

Ail. Dr. Last.

Wag. What ! that little fellow ?

Dr. Last. Little fellow ! What do you mean by that ?

Ail. Nay, gentlemen—

Wag. Come, come, let us mind our business. What does he say is the matter with you ?

Ail. Why, Sir, he tells me I've got the jaundice.

Wag. He's an ass.

Dr. Last. Am I so ?

Wag. Mr. Ailwou'd, look in my face. (*Touching him here and there with his finger.*) How do you find yourself ?

Ail. Why, I don't know ; I find myself some way odd.

Wag. Just as I suspected : you have got the dropfy.

Ail. Eh ! the dropfy ?

Wag. Why, don't you see what a swell'd belly you have, and your eyes starting out of your head ?

Ail. Really, doctor, I always thought you had mistaken my disorder.

Dr. Last. He has no dropfy—he has not a sup of water in him. Let him be tapp'd to try ; I'll stand to his tapping.

Wag. You are an ignoramus—Let us here a little what are your complaints.

Ail. I have every now and then a pain in my head.

Wag.

Wag Dropfy.

Ail. Sometimes a mist before my eyes.

Wag. Dropfy.

Ail. Sometimes a violent palpitation at my heart.

Wag. Dropfy.

Ail. At other times I am taken with a violent pain in my belly, as if it was the cholic.

Wag. Dropfy again.—You have a good appetite to what you eat?

Ail. Yes, Sir.

Wag. Dropfy.—You love to drink a glass of wine?

Ail. Yes.

Wag. That's the dropfy.—You take a comfortable nap after dinner?

Ail. True, Sir.

Wag. Dropfy! dropfy! dropfy!—All dropfy.

Dr. Last. Well, if it be, can you cure him?

Wag. A quack like you would say, ay; but I sincerely tell the gentleman at once, he's a dead man.

Ail. Then, the Lord have mercy on me!

Wag. That is, I mean he wou'd be dead in twenty-four hours, if I was not to help him; but I have the only remedy in the world for it.

Dr. Last. Don't believe him; he's a cheat.

Ail. Give it to me; I'll take it, let it be what it will.

Wag. Then, observe, I don't desire a brass farthing without you're cur'd.

Ail. Look you there, doctor.

Dr. Last. Well, don't I do the same?

Wag. But, if you are cur'd, you must give me a hundred guineas.

Ail. You shall have the money.

Dr. Last. It's too much; I'll do it for five.

Wag. I have been at a great deal of pains and trouble, and made many experiments, in order to find a radical cure for this disease, that should be at once safe, cheap, and easy: my first invention was a pump; by means of which, fix'd in the belly of the patient, I meant to pump out the dropfical humour, as you wou'd water out of the hold of a ship; threescore and eleven people died under the operation.

Ail. Well, what is the loss of a few individuals, for the

the general good of mankind? You brought it to perfection at last?

Wag. No; at last I found it was impracticable; yet I wou'd have gone on in hopes, but people grew chicken-hearted, and would not let me try.

Dr. Last. So they well might—You should not pump me in that manner for five thousand pound.

Wag. Well, Sir, my next experiment was call'd the soaking operation; which was contrived thus: I made the patient swallow a piece of sponge fasten'd to a string, which going down his throat into his stomach, I let it lie there till it had absorb'd or soak'd up the watery humours, and then drew it up again, with all its contents; repeating the operation till I had left the body as dry as an empty decanter.

Ail. Well, and what success?

Wag. Why, I had a great deal better success with this than the former; for I think it kill'd but four and twenty.

Dr. Last. Well, take my advice, Mr. Ailwou'd, neither be pump'd nor soak'd.

Wag. The gentleman has nothing to fear; what I shall make use upon this occasion is, my great dryer, or essence infernalis.—You see this little phial?

Dr. Last. Let me see it—and I'll make bold to taste it too.—Don't touch it Mr. Ailwou'd; don't touch it; it's corroding supplement, and will throw you into a salvation.

Wag. Not a grain of mercury in it, upon my honour! nothing but simples.

Ail. Pray give the phial to me; I think I can distinguish; for I have taken a great many of these things.—I vow to man, it tastes to me like strong beer or porter!

Wag. (*Aside*) By the Lord he has guess'd it!—Observe me, Sir, it is a tincture drawn from rat's-bane, arsenic, laudanum, verdigrease, copperas, with a convenient mixture of the juice of hemlock. You see, Sir, I despise quackery; I tell you fairly what my medicines are.

Dr. Last. Medicines, do you call 'em?

Wag. Give it cat, dog, mouse, rat;—or, in short,
any

any creature, biped or quadruped, of the brute creation, they are immediately thrown into the most intolerable torments, swell like a tun, and burst before your eyes.

Ail. A fine medicine, indeed !

Wag. Well, I'll let you take the contents of this whole bottle ; and if it does you any more harm than so much new milk, I'll give you leave to knock me down.

Ail. Knock you down !

Wag. Nay, more ; if you had infirmities from head to foot, the first dose will cure you of every one of them.

Dr. Last. Yes, indeed, I believe it wou'd.

Wag. Tell me, Mr. Ailwou'd, what do you do with this arm ?

Ail. My arm !

Wag. Take my advice, cut off this arm immediately.

Ail. The deuce ! Cut off my arm !

Wag. It is the new method of practice that I mean to introduce. Don't we prune trees, of their branches to make them more healthy ? And, don't you see that this arm draws all the nourishment to itself, and hinders the other from thriving ?

Ail. Ay, but I have occasion for my arm.

Wag. Here's an eye, too, which I wou'd have instantly pluck'd out, were I in your place.

Ail. Pluck out my eye !

Wag. Don't you see it injures the other, and occasions these mists you complained of but now. Be guided by me, and have it taken away directly ; you'll see the better with your left.

Dr. Last. I tell you, Mr. Ailwou'd, this is some cheat

Ail. I begin to suspect so.—Hark'e, firrah, who sent you here ? Are you come to murder me ?

Wag. Oh ! Sir, if you're in a passion, your servant.

Dr. Last. Ay, but you shan't get off so.—Stop thief.

Wag. Nay, then, I must take to my heels.

(Throws his wig at Last, and runs off.)

Ail. Did you ever see such an impudent scoundrel ?

Dr. Last. Do you keep the wig—we can swear to the wig

wig—while I follow, and find out who he is.—I'm almost sure he's the soldier in the Old Bailey ; for he has a spite against me, and employs old women to tear down my advertisements.

SCENE XIII.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, Prudence.

Ail. Ah !—I'm quite overcome ; I can't support myself any longer.

Pru. Your brother Mr. Friendly, Sir.

Friend. How now ! What's the matter ?

Ail. O ! Mr. Friendly your servant—but I wonder you are not ashamed to see my face : did you think my tickly habit wou'd not put me out of the world soon enough, but you must join with wretches to drive me hence ?

Friend. I don't understand you.

Ail. How could you send me that wicked monster, who, under the name of a doctor, wanted to give me poison ; to cut off my arms, thrust out my eyes, and so make me blind and lame.

Friend. I never sent you any physician.

Ail. No :—he pretended he came by your recommendation.

Friend. He's some impostor—and indeed, my dear brother, you lay yourself too open to the practice of such fellows, who are acquainted with your weakness, and take advantage of it.

Ail. My weakness is great, indeed, as you may see.

Friend. How do you find yourself to-day then ?

Ail. Extremely ill, indeed.

Friend. How ! extremely !

Ail. In a condition so faint and feeble, that I am not able to stir.

Friend. Indeed !

Ail. I have scarce strength enough to speak to you.

Friend. I'm heartily sorry for it, brother, because I came to talk to you upon a matter of consequence ; no less than to propose a match for my niece.

Ail. (*Rises in a violent passion.*) Brother, don't talk to me of that hussy ; she's an impudent, ungrateful jade ;

jade ; I detest, I renounce her ; and will own nobody for my friend that speaks a word in her favour.

Friend. However, brother, I'm glad to find that your strength returns a little, and that you have still got spirits enough to exert yourself : my visit has done you so much good at least ; and to do you still more, I insist upon your coming with me into the garden immediately.

Ail. Into the garden !

Friend. Ay ; a walk there will do you good.

Ail. I have not been in the open air these two months.

Friend. So much the worse for you.

Pru. So it is, Mr. Friendly. Do, Sir, be prevailed on by your brother.

Ail. I know I shall catch my death of cold.

Friend. I warrant you.

Ail. Well, come then. Prudence, give me my furr'd gown.

Friend. What ! to go into the garden in the middle of July ?

Ail. Ay, ay, I'll take care of myself, in spite of you all.

Pru. Get him out at any rate. (*Aside.*)—Here's your gown, Sir.

Ail. So—Let me wrap it close about me—Where are my flannel gloves ?

Pru. Here, Sir.

Ail. Now, pull down my night-cap, and put on my hat.

Friend. Why, brother, you're wrapt up like a Russian courier for a winter-journey into Siberia.

Ail. You may say what you please.—Here, Prudence, tie a handkerchief about my neck.

Friend. Is that necessary too ?

Ail. Come, now, brother, I'll go with you, tho' I'm sure it will be the death of me. (*Going off.*)

Pru. Well, but, Sir—

Ail. What's the matter ?

Pru. You forgot, Sir, that you can't walk without your cane.

Ail. That's true ; give it me.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in Ailwou'd's house, with a door in the back-scene.

Ailwou'd, Mrs. Ailwou'd

Ail. WHERE art thou going abroad, my life?

Mrs. Ail. To the Temple, my dear, to Mr. Juggle the lawyer, to desire him to come here and make your will, since you will have it so.

Ail. That's right, lamb, that's right.—

Mrs. Ail. But an accident has happen'd, dearest, which I thought it my duty to inform you of before I went.—As I passed by your daughter Nancy's chamber, I saw a young fellow there in earnest conference with her.

Ail. How! with my daughter!

Mrs. Ail. Yes; and I'm sure I saw the same young fellow, a little before, talking with your brother in the parlour.

Ail. And cou'd you overhear what she and the young fellow were saying together?

Mrs. Ail. No, sweetest; but your little daughter Polly was with them.

Ail. The child!

Mrs. Ail. Aye, the child, my dear—forward enough of her age, I assure you; she knows as much at five as I did at fifteen—But I dare swear you may get every thing out of her.

Ail. Go, prithee, and send the little slut to me this instant.

Mrs. Ail. My dear, I will—Polly! your papa wants you.

Ail. Bye, Biddy—

SCENE II.

Ailwou'd, Polly.

Pol. Do you want me, papa?—My mamma says you want me.

Ail. Yes, huffey; come here;—nearer.—What do you turn away for?—Look me in the face.

Pol. Well, papa.

Ail. So——

Pol. What, papa?

Ail. Have you nothing to tell me?

Pol. What shou'd I tell you?

Ail. You know well enough, huffey.

Pol. Not I, indeed, and upon my word.

Ail. Is this the way you do what you're bid?

Pol. What?

Ail. Did not I order you to come and tell me immediately whatever you saw?

Pol. Yes, papa.

Ail. And have you done so?

Pol. Yes; I'm come to tell you ev'ry thing I've seen.

Ail. Very well.—What have you seen to-day?

Pol. I saw my Lord Mayor go by in his coach.

Ail. And nothing else?

Pol. No; indeed, indeed.

Ail. I shall make you alter your tone a little, I fancy, if I fetch a rod.

Pol. Oh! dear papa.

Ail. You baggage, you, why don't you tell me you saw a man in your sister's chamber?

Pol. Why, my sister bid me not, papa; but I'll tell you every thing.

Ail. Take care then, for I've a way of knowing all; and if you tell me a lie——

Pol. But pray, papa, don't you go and tell my sister that I told you.

Ail. Never fear.

Pol. Well then, papa, there came a man into my sister's chamber as I was there; I ask'd him what he wanted, and he told me he was her Italian master.

Ail. Oh! the matter's out then?

Pol. My sister came in afterwards.

Ail. Well, and what did your sister say?

Pol. Why, first the man kiss'd her.

Ail. Did he so?

Pol. Yes, two or three times, but she was not willing; and then she said to him, Go away, go away——and she said, she was frighten'd out of her wits——and she said, she was afraid you wou'd come and catch her.

Ail.

Ail. Well, and what then ?

Pol. Why, he wou'dn't go away.

Ail. And—What did he say to her ?

Pol. Say ?—He said, I don't know how many things to her.

Ail. Ay ; but what ?

Pol. Why, he said this and that, and t'other ;—he said he lov'd her mightily ; and that she was the prettiest creature in the world.

Ail. Well ; and after that ?

Pol. Why, after that, he took her by the hand.

Ail. And after that ?

Pol. After that, he kiss'd her again.

Ail. And after that ?

Pol. After that.—Stay ;—O ! after that, my mamma came, and he ran away.

Ail. And you saw no more ?

Pol. No ; indeed, and indeed, papa.

Ail. There's something, however, whispers in my ear that you have not told me all.—This little finger—

Pol. O that little finger's a story-teller.

Ail. Have a care.

Pol. Don't believe it, papa, it fibs indeed.

Ail. Well, get you gone then, and remember what I have said to you.

Pol. Yes, papa, yes, I'll remember.—I'm glad he didn't whip me ; I was afraid he would have whipp'd me.

SCENE III.

Friendly, Ailwou'd.

Friend. Come now, brother, I must insist upon it, that you will not put yourself in a passion ; but sit down here, and let me resume the conversation which we just now broke off.

Ail. Well, come, let it be so.

Friend. You are to be cool now, remember.

Ail. Ay, ay, I'll be cool.

Friend. And to answer me without prevarication.

Ail. Good Lord, yes ; here's a terrible preamble sure.

Friend. How comes it then, brother, give me leave to ask you once more, that, being in the circumstances you

are, and having no other children but two daughters, you can entertain the strange design of marrying your eldest in the manner you are going to dispose of her?

Ail. Pray, brother, how comes it that I am master of my own family, and dispose of my children as I like?

Friend. Your wife, no doubt, is glad to get rid of her at any rate.

Ail. Oh! ay, now it comes—and the poor wife is to be dragg'd in; 'tis she does all the mischief, to be sure, and all the world will have it so.

Friend. No, no, brother, we'll leave her out of the question; she's a good woman, that has the best intentions in the world for your family, is free from all manner of self-interest, has a marvellous tenderness for you, and shews an inconceivable affection to your children, that's certain.—We'll say no more, therefore, of her, but return to your daughter; but, pray, let me ask you with what view wou'd you marry her to this Dr. Last?

Ail. With a view of having so skilful a physician as Dr. Last related to me.

Friend. Heav'ns! Brother, how can you talk so?—Skilful!—I never saw the man; but I'm told, that of all the quacks in town, numerous as they are, he is the most ignorant as well as the most impudent: but it is really shocking to humanity, to consider to what a head these dangerous cheats are arrived in this great city; and, it is not less amazing, that people shou'd confide their health, their most valuable possession, to wretches they wou'd not trust with any thing else. In short, I know no way of putting a stop to their progress, but by an unlimited act against the vending of poisons, which, I think, would very fairly comprehend them.

Ail. Ha!—You have made a very fine speech now.—Do you think, if the cures they perform were not wonderful, people wou'd take their medicines so kindly?—What has essence of water-dock done for the scurvy?—What balsam of honey, in colds and consumptions?—The stomach pills for colicky complaints?—Then, you senseless idiot you, d'ye think his majesty wou'd give his royal letters patent for pills, essences, electuaries, cordials, tinctures, quintessences, to poison his subjects?—But to strike you dumb at once, is not that blessed medicine
baume

baume de vie, in itself, a remedy for all disorders under heaven?

Friend. All.

Ail. Look at the list of cures—then the reasoning's good—All disorders spring from the stomach—Baume de vie is a sovereign remedy for the stomach—and therefore cures all disorders.

Friend. If so, why don't you take it, and get rid of yours?

Ail. Why? why!—There's no general rule without an exception.

Friend. Come, come, brother, the truth of it is, there's nothing the matter with you at all; and I desire no better proof of the excellency of your constitution, than that all the slops you have been taking these ten years have not burst, or otherwise destroy'd you.

Ail. Here's Dr. Last: he is so good as to come on purpose, to administer his medicine to me himself. Pray now, brother, behave yourself properly.

SCENE IV.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, and Dr. Last, with a Vial in one Hand, and a Glass of Water in the other.

Dr. Last. Come, Mr. Ailwou'd—

Ail. Brother, with your leave.

Friend. What are you going to do now?

Ail. To take some of Dr. Last's cordial; and let me prevail upon you to take a glass too.

Dr. Last. Do, Sir, one dose; it's as natural to a man's constitution as breast-milk: and, if you will take it for a continency, once you are a little manured to it, it will work the most surprisings difference—

Friend. Pray, Sir, what is it!

Dr. Last. Sir, I wou'd not tell you if you were my father; no, nor king George—but I'll shew you—You see this glass of New River water—its as transparent as rock crystal—Now, I puts twelve drops of my cordial into it—and there—its as fine asses milk as ever was tasted—I vow to the Lord, there's worse sold for a shilling a pint that comes from the beasts themselves.

Ail. Well, I believe that's very true.

Dr. Last. I presume, by your wig, Sir, that you be—
long

long to the law ; and if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll give you something for which you will be obliged to me ; and yet its nothing but the juice of a simple yerb : but I've tried it upon several gentlemen in your way, who, from being sheep, as it were, have become as bold as lions.

Ail. Attend to this, brother, for its worth listening to.

Dr. Last. Then its one of the beautifullest things upon yearth for the memory—There was a little boy, seven years of age, did not know one of his letters—His papa was angry, his mamma was uneasy—They bought him the pretty books for children, letters in sweetmeats, gingerbread, ivory, all manner of play-things to make him take his larning, but it wou'd not do : hearing of my secret, they applied to me ; I gave the child a dose, and, will you believe it, upon the word of an honest man—he cou'd say his cris-cross-row in a fortnight.

Ail. Now, that's very amazing ! I'll make use of it myself, and begin to read immediately ; for I never remember a word after the book is shut ; and that's vexatious, you know.

Dr. Last. And would you believe that this fine remedy was invented by my old mother ?

Ail. Your mother !

Dr. Last. Why, she knows as much of phyfic as I do ; its a gift in our family : and she has invented things to take spots out of clothes, and iron-moulds out of linen.

Ail. I long to be acquainted with her.

Dr. Last. Well, will you swallow this now ?

Ail. Ay, come give it to me.

Friend. You jest, sure—Can't you be a moment without some nasty flop or another : put it off to a more convenient time, and give nature a little respite.

Ail. Well, then, this evening, Dr. Last, or to-morrow morning.

Dr. Last. Pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ax if your name aint Groggins ?

Friend. No, Sir, my name's Friendly.

Dr. Last. Then, Sir, I desire to know, Sir, what business you have to hinder me in my occupation ?—I say the

the gentleman shall take it now, and I warrant it will do him good.

Friend. Prithee, man, what d'ye mean?

Dr. Last. I means what I says—Mr. Ailwou'd, will you take it?—If you don't take it, I'll go away directly.

Friend. Well, do go away, Sir; we desire it.

Dr. Last. O! with all my heart.

SCENE V.

Ailwou'd, Friendly.

Ail. Brother, you'll be the cause of some mischief here.

Friend. What mischief?—No, no, brother, I shall be the cause of no mischief, but a great deal of good; and I with I could drive away all the physic-mongers that come after you with their cursed drugs in the same manner, you'd live the longer for it.

Ail. Some dreadful mischief will come of it, indeed—I must call him back—*Dr. Last, Dr. Last.*

Friend. Brother, for shame.

Ail. Don't talk to me; you want to send me to my grave—*Dr. Last, pray come back.*

SCENE VI.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, *Dr. Last.*

Dr. Last. (*fiercely to Friendly.*) Did you call me Sir?

Friend. No, Doctor, but Mr. Ailwou'd did.

Dr. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd, I'm not us'd politely here at all.

Ail. Indeed, Sir, it was not—

Dr. Last. I have given that there thing to ladies; nay to children that have been troubled with the worms, who never made a wry face, but lick'd their lips after it as pleasantly as if it had been so much treacle or sugarcandy.

Ail. It was not I—

Dr. Last. And when I took the trouble of coming myself.

Ail. 'Twas he—

Dr. Last. In my own chariot—

Ail. He was the cause——

Dr. Last. Without demanding nothing extraordinary for my trouble—I have a good mind not to marry your daughter——

Ail. I tell you it was all my brother, it was, upon my word and credit—But give me the cordial; and, to make you amends, I'll take double the quantity.

Friend. Are you mad?

Dr. Last. No, he's not—I insist upon his taking it for the honour of my medicine—And if you don't take a glass too, you shall hear further from me.

Friend. Very well, Doctor; I fear your sword less than your poison.

Dr. Last. O, ay, poison, poison, we shall see whether its poison.

Ail. Give it to me, Doctor.

Dr. Last. Here, Mr. Ailwou'd.

Ail. Pray now, brother, let me prevail upon you, in compliment to the Doctor——

Friend. Nay, good brother, don't be absurd.

Dr. Last. Now I'm satisfied; and I'll call upon you again in an hour.

SCENE VII.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, Prudence.

Ail. Prudence.

Pru. Sir!

Ail. Get me my arm'd chair here—Its inconceivable what a warmth this med'cine diffuses all over my body.

Friend. Well, but brother, did not you hear Dr. Last say just now, that he was in doubt whether he would marry your daughter or not? And after so slighting an expression, surely you will not persist in your design: but let me talk to you of this gentleman who wishes to have my niece.

Ail. No, brother, if Dr. Last won't have her, I'll send her to France, and put her into a convent; I'm sure she has an amorous inclination for somebody: and to let you know, I have discover'd secret interviews in my house, which some people don't think I've discovered.

Friend. I dare swear, brother, my niece has no attachment but to the gentleman I have mentioned to you;
in

in which case you have nothing to be angry with, all tending to the honourable purpose of marriage.

Ail. I don't care for what you say ; I'll send her over to France, I'm determined on it.

Friend. There's somebody you want to please, brother, by that, I doubt.

Ail. I know your meaning, Sir ; you're always harping upon the same strain—My wife is a strange hobgoblin in your eyes, brother.

Friend. Yes, brother, since 'tis necessary to be plain with you, 'tis your wife that I mean ; and I can no more bear your ridiculous fondness for her, than that you have for physick ; nor endure to see you run hand over head into all the snares she lays for you.

Pru. O, dear Sir, don't speak so of my lady ; she's a woman that nobody can say any thing against ; a woman without the least grain of artifice or design, and loves my master—There's no saying how much she loves him.

Ail. Ay only ask her how excessive fond she is of me.

Pru. Most excessive !

Ail. How much concern my illness gives her.

Pru. Yes.

Ail. And the care and pains she takes about me.

Pru.—Right.—Shall we convince you now. Mr. Friendly, and shew you directly what a surprising affection my lady has for my master ?—Permit me, Sir, to undeceive him, and let him see his mistake.

Ail. As how, Prudence ?

Pru. Hark ! my lady is just return'd—Do you step into the next room there—stretch yourself out, and feign yourself dead ; he may slip into the closet : I'll set the doors open, and you'll see what violent grief she'll be in when I tell her the news.

Ail. Hey—hum !—I profess I have a mind to take her advice—but, no ; I can never bear to hear the shrieks and lamentations she'll make over me ; and yet, 'twill be a comfort to me to hear them too, to feel her virtuous tears bedew my face, and her sweet lips kissing my cheeks a thousand times, to bring me back again to

life : and her—Ah, verily, I'll do it ; verily, I'll do it ; and then, Sir, what will become of your fine surmises ?—But, Prudence, art thou not afraid that her very thinking me dead will break her heart ?

Pru. To be sure, Sir, if you shou'd keep her in her fright too long.

Ail. O, let me alone for that ; I'll make the experiment this very minute ; this very minute.—But is there no danger in feigning one's self dead ?

Pru. No, no ; what danger shou'd there be ? 'Tis only shutting your eyes, and stretching yourself out. [*To Friendly.*] Now, Sir, we shall shew you your error, and convince you how much you have injur'd the best of wives. [*To Ailwou'd.*] 'Twill be pleasant enough afterwards, to see how blank he will look—Here's my lady ; quick, quick, both of you away.

SCENE VIII.

Prudence, Mrs. Ailwou'd.

Pru. Oh ! Heav'ns ! Oh ! fatal misfortune ! what a strange accident is this !

Mrs. Ail. What's the matter, Prudence !

Pru. (*Crying.*) Ah ! madam.

Mrs. Ail. What is it ! what do you mean by blubbering, pr'ythee !

Pru. My master's dead, madam.

Mrs. Ail. Dead !

Pru. (*Sobbing.*) Ye-ye-yes.

Mrs. Ail. Are you sure of it ?

Pru. Too sure, alas ! No body yet knows any thing of this accident : There was not a soul but myself to help him ; he sunk down in my arms, and went off like a child—See there, madam, he lies stretch'd out in the next room.

Mrs. Ail. Now, Heav'n be prais'd.—What a simpleton art thou to cry ?

Pru. Cry, ma'am ; why, I thought we were to cry ?

Mrs. Ail. And for what, pray ?—I know of no loss he is—Was he of any use upon earth ?—A man troublesome to all the world ; odious in his person ; disgusting in his manners ; never without some filthy medicine in

his

his mouth or his stomach ; continually coughing, hawking, and spitting ; a tiresome, peevish, disagreeable monster.

Pru. An excellent funeral sermon, truly. (*Aside.*

Mrs. Ail. Prudence, you must assist me in the execution of my design ; and you may depend upon it, I will amply reward your services. Since by good fortune no one is yet appriz'd of this accident beside ourselves, let us keep his death a secret a few days, till I have been able to settle my affairs on a sure foundation : there are papers and money of which I wou'd possess myself—Nor, indeed, is it just, that all I have suffered with him living shou'd not be rewarded by some advantage at his death.

Pru. To be sure, madam.

Mrs. Ail. In the mean time I'll go and secure his keys, for I know he has a considerable sum of money in his scrutoire which he received yesterday.

SCENE IX.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, Prudence, and Mrs. Ailwou'd ; who, going to the Door, meets her Husband, and screams.

Mrs. Ail. Ah ! ah ! ah !—(*Screaming.*)

Ail. O ! devil of a help-mate, have I found you out ?

Friend. Your servant, madam.

Mrs. Ail. Lord ! my dear, I'm so disappointed—so pleas'd, I mean, and so frighten'd—This wicked girl told me you were dead.

Ail. Yes, and a fine oration you pronounc'd over me.

Mrs. Ail. Nay, but, my dear, this is the most unreasonable thing ; (*Turning to Friendly.*) some slight conversation that I have had with my maid here, which Mr. Ailwou'd takes in a wrong sense : but, I dare swear, when he has consider'd the matter a little, he will think differently.

Ail. get out of my sight, get out of my sight,

Mrs. Ail. Well, but lovely, let me explain the matter to you.

Ail. I'll never hear a word from you again as long as I live.

Mrs. Ail. Nay, Sir, if you bear yourself so haughtily, you'll find me a match for you. It is not to-day, my dear, I am to learn that your brain is full of maggots ;

however, you shall call me more than once before I come back to you, I assure you. [Exit.

SCENE X.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, Prudence; and then Nancy and Hargrave.

Ail. Did you ever hear such an impudent creature?—Od's my life with what an air she carried it!—But do'tt think she was in earnest, Prudence!

Pru. Troth do I Sir.

Friend. Come, brother, to tell you the plain truth, Prudence devis'd this method in order to open your eyes to your wife's perfidy—She has long deceiv'd you with a shew of false tenderness, but now you see her in her genuine colours.

Ail. I profess my eyes are dazzled, and all my senses confus'd; I know not what I either hear or see: but, in the first place, I renounce physic——

Pru. Lord! Sir, here's Miss Nancy, and Mr. Hargrave.

Nan. Dear papa, what's the matter?

Ail. The matter, child! I don't know, child. (*Seeing Hargrave.*) What brings you here, Sir?

Friend. This, brother, is the young gentleman I propose as a match for your daughter; and after what I have said, and what has happened, I hope you will no longer refuse to listen to his pretensions.

Ail. Why, really, Sir, my chief objection to you, is your total ignorance of the medicinal art; if you can think of any method to remove that——

Har. I must own, Sir, I'm afraid I am rather too far advanc'd in life to make any progress in so deep and abstracted a study.

Ail. Why, with regard to the more capital branches, I grant you; but in the subaltern offices, I'm of a contrary opinion: Suppose, now, you were to bind yourself apprentice for a year or two to some skilful apothecary; surely, in that time you might learn to decypher a prescription, and make up a medicine with very few blunders.

Har. D'ye think so, Sir?

Ail.

Ail. You might, indeed, now and then, give a dose of arsenic for salts ; but that's an accident might happen to the oldest practitioner.

Friend. Ah, brother, brother, what's this I hear ! It was but this moment you were determin'd to renounce physic, and here you are talking as warmly and absurdly about it as ever.

Ail. Eh !—It's very true, indeed, brother.—However, let it suffice, I give the young man my daughter without any condition at all : And now I'll go and get effectually rid of that other plague, my wife ; for I shall not be easy while we are under the same roof. (*Exit*.)

SCENE XI.

Friendly, Hargrave, Prudence, Nancy.

Friend. If we can't cure him of his love for drugs, we have done nothing.

Nan. I doubt, Sir, that will be impossible.

Friend. Hift, here comes Dr. Last—I'll take the opportunity of your father's absence to have some sport with him ; put on melancholy countenances, and take your cues from me.

Pru. I know what you'd be at, Sir, and I'll second you.

SCENE XII.

Friendly, Hargrave, Prudence, Nancy, Dr. Last, and
afterwards Ailwou'd.

Dr. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd, where are you ? I have brought you some of my essence of cucumber, by way of a taste.

Friend. O, Dr. Last, you're come ; your servant, Sir, I'm glad to see you.

Dr. Last. Sir, I'm oblig'd to you—Where is Mr. Ailwou'd ?

Friend. Where is he, Sir ?——

Dr. Last. Ay, because I wants to speak to him.

Friend. He's dead, Sir.

Pru. (*Bursting ridiculously into tears.*) Oh ! oh ! oh !

Dr. Last. What's the matter, Mrs. Prudence ? I warrant your master is only in a sound, and I've a bottle of stuff in my pocket that will fetch him in a whiff.

Friend. Hold, Sir, no more of your stuff.

Dr. Last.

Dr. Last. Well then, let me go and feel his pulse.

Friend. Nor that neither; you shan't go ne'er him: but we insist upon your telling us what you gave him out of your vial just now?

Dr. Last. How! tell you my secret—A bookseller offer'd me a thousand pounds for it.

Har. A bookseller offer'd you a thousand pounds! That may be, Sir, but Mr. Ailwou'd died a few minutes after you administer'd it; we, therefore, take it for granted, that it has poison'd him: and, unless you prove very clearly to the contrary, we shall consider you as his murderer, and treat you accordingly.

Dr. Last. O, don't think to humbug me so.

Ail. (*Enters behind*) What are they doing here?

Nan. Dear Sir, have patience—Stop where you are a little, and let them go on.

Friend. Within there; seize this fellow.

Dr. Last. Liberty—I'm a free-born Briton, in my native city—If any one lays a finger upon me, I'll put him into the Crown office.

Friend. Ay, but we'll put you into Newgate first—Carry him before a justice, I'll go and be witness.

Pru. Ay, and so will I.

Dr. Last. (*In a great passion.*) Well, but stay; let me go a-bit—What will you be witness of?

Pru. That you poison'd my master.

Dr. Last. It can't be.

Friend. We'll prove it.

Dr. Last. Its a fictitious report; for to let you see the difference now—what I gave him was nothing in the world but a little chalk and vinegar; and if it cou'd do him no good, it cou'd do him no harm.

Ail. And so, firrah, this is the way you take people in. Your famous cordial, then, is chalk and vinegar?

Dr. Last. What! Mr. Ailwou'd aren't you dead?

Ail. No, firrah; but no thanks to you for that—so get you out of my house, or I'll chalk and vinegar you with a vengeance, you pretending, quacking, cheating—

Dr. Last. Don't strike me.

Ail. I'll break every bone in your skin if you don't get out of my house.

Friend.

Friend. Nay, brother——

Dr. Last. My own chariot's below.

Ail. A cart, a wheelbarrow, for such scoundrels.

Dr. Last. Don't call me out of my name.

Ail. I can't firrah.

Dr. Last. You did, you did, and I'll make you pay for it.

Ail. Get out of my house.

Dr. Last. That's all I want—He has push'd me—I call you every one to witness—I'll swear to the assault——

Friend. Take him away.

Dr. Last. (*As they are taking him away.*) I'll swear to the assault—and if I don't get redemnification——

SCENE Last.

Ailwou'd, Friendly, Hargrave, Nancy, Prudence, Polly.

Polly. Papa! papa!

Ail. What's the matter, my dear?

Polly. My mamma's gone abroad, and says she'll never come home no more; so she won't.

Ail. A good riddance; a good riddance.

Polly. Lau, papa! if that isn't the man I saw just now kissing my sister.

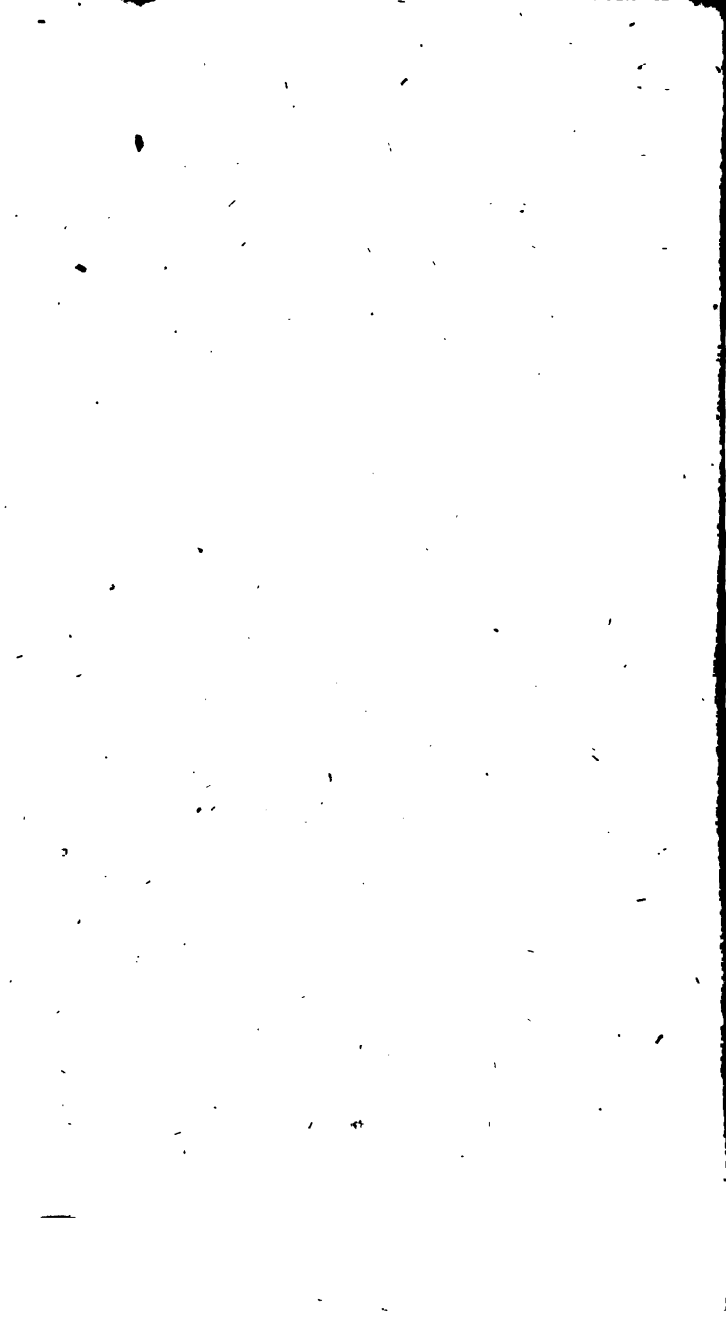
Pru. Ah! you little tell-tale.

Polly. Indeed, Prudence, but I'm no tell-tale, so I an't for he kifs'd me too, and I never said a word of it.

Friend. Well, my dear, he's to be marry'd to your sister now.

Polly. Is he?—And won't you get somebody to marry me, papa? You have been promising me a husband a great while, and I am tir'd of old John the butler.

Ail. Ay, my dear, I dare swear you'll lose no time—But come, brother, let us now go in—I have got rid of my wife—I have forsworn quacks and physic—and I hope I shall have the satisfaction to see our friends contented.



THE
BOARDING SCHOOL:

OR, THE
SHAM CAPTAIN.

AN OPERA.

By C. COFFEY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Alderman Nincompoop</i> , a sneaking uxorious citizen,	<i>Drury-Lane.</i> Mr. Griffin.
<i>Ned Brag</i> , alias <i>Capt. Bouncer</i> , kept by <i>Lady Termagant</i> ,	Mr. Berry.
<i>Zachary Brag</i> , his father, an ignorant, blunt, old } grenadier, - - -	Mr. Shepherd.
<i>Coupee</i> , a dancing-master, - - -	Mr. Oates.
<i>Warble</i> , a singing-master, - - -	Mr. Stopelaer.

WOMEN.

<i>Lady Termagant</i> , married to the Alderman, -	Mr. Harper.
<i>Miss Jenny</i> , daughter to <i>Lady Termagant</i> , - -	Mrs. Rastor.
<i>Miss Molly</i> , daughter to <i>Nincompoop</i> , - -	Mrs. Chark.
<i>Backstitch</i> , teacher to the Boarding School, -	Mrs. Mullart.
<i>Tarnish</i> , woman to <i>Lady Termagant</i> , - -	Miss Mand.

Drawers, Servants, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Chelsea.

SCENE I.

Nincompoop and Ned Brag.

Ninc. NAY, but seriously, Captain, and son-in-law that must be, I was strangely ashm'd to have an impudent fellow, a ragged red-coat rogue, to talk at that rate.

N. Brag.

N. Brag. By all the fiery constellations ! had I but heard him, his soul should have paid for his sauciness ; the sun should have shot his rays through his cullender-body ere he had spoke five words. But, prithee, honest father-in-law that must be, what did the rascal say ?

Ninc. Say ! why, seriously, I think the fellow was mad ; he had the impudence to say that he was your father, and that your right name was Brag, and that you were the veriest rascal in town, seriously : and then he called you an hundred pimps, one after another.

N. Brag. Intolerable, insolent scoundrel !

Ninc. He said he would kick you, seriously.

N. Brag. Dog !——

Ninc. And when you went into the coach with my lady my wife, if I had not stepped him he wou'd have gone in, seriously, after you.

N. Brag. I'll have the rogue whipp'd from Charing-cross to Chatham for this.

Ninc. Nay, seriously, the fellow ought to be punish'd, that's the truth on't ; he was as saucy as if he had been your father indeed.—Well, goodbye, I must wait upon my lady my wife, to beg leave of her to let me meet some friends at a bowl of punch this afternoon.

A I R I. Set by MR S E E D O.

No liquor can such joys dispense
As punch, that juice divine ;
It makes the fool a man of sense,
And wise heads dull, like mine.
My lady wife still rules the roast,
And always keeps me under ;
But when I see good punch and toast,
I swagger so——you'd wonder.

N. Brag. Do so ; and, do you hear, good cousin, tell her I'll be with her ladyship presently.

Ninc. Nay, but you won't make haste ; prithee, dear cousin, Captain, make haste now ; seriously, she likes your company mightily : she says you are the finest man, and the fittest husband for my daughter Moll in the world. Well, will you make haste ?

N. Brag.

N. Brag. I will I will.—I'll but take t'other turn, and be with her instantly.

Ninc. Seriously, you'll oblige me extremely then, for I long to be at the bowl of punch. [*Exit.*]

N. Brag. How rarely do my lady and I manage this fellow. She has kept me these two years, and I think not many of the toupets about town appear better than I do. 'Tis true, I am naturally impudent; and though I was formerly of the blackguard, yet now, being well kept, and assisted by good rigging, dare thrust myself among people of quality, and pass for a captain amongst 'em.

AIR II. Set by Mr. SEEDO.

How many pimps and powder'd beaux,
Who shine like me in lace;
Can boast of nothing but their clothes,
And dirt of brazen-face!
But search their insides, soon you'll find
They're made of vilest stuff;
And though the dregs of all mankind,
Like me are captains bluff.

The only misfortune is, that I have a poor, peevish, damn'd old father, a grenadier, who is eternally disgracing me before company: 'Twas he, I know by the style, that gave the late character of me to my cuckold; and see, as the devil will have it, here he comes; he has dog'd me by this light.

Zachary Brag singing.

AIR III. Then why shou'd we study for riches.

A soldier of all the degrees,
Enjoys, sure, the merriest life;
His pleasures are hunger and ease,
Tobacco, whore, gin, and a wife:
Then who wou'd study for riches,
Or such vain glittering toys?
A light heart and thin pair of breeches
Go through the world brave boys.

[*He stares at, and surveys him all round.*]

Your servant, Sir.

N. Brag. Yours, Sir,

Z. Brag. Do you know me, Sir?

N. Brag.

N. Brag. Yes, yes, I know you but too well.

Z. Brag. Zoons! what a deal of lace the son of a whore has got upon his coat. Do you hear? a word with you, friend. Am not I your father?

N. Brag. That my mother knows best.—But what you are?

Z. Brag. Where's your hat then, you dog? Where's your reverence, firrah? What, are you too good?

(Strikes off his hat)

N. Brag. My hat's too good to be spoil'd, Sir; and the feather in it cost me a guinea.

Z. Brag. Did it so, Sir? and must you wear a feather in your hat that cost a guinea, and let your father be reduced to a single stiver, firrah?—Come, come, disburse; if you would save your bones, disburse, and quickly too—money, money, money, firrah; come—

N. Brag. What a plague, you won't rob me, will you? you know the law.

Z. Brag. The law!—Here's a rogue for you; talk to him but of money, and he's immediately for hanging his father. But I'll law you presently—here's law for you, you dog.—Sirrah, disburse, and quickly, or—

(Draws.)

N. Brag. This old heathen will make no more of spitting me now than if I were a rat; and the devil a penny I have to give him.—What a plague shall I do?

Z. Brag. You have a rampant lady, I hear, you rogue, to uphold your prodigality: you can feast upon wine and venison, you dog, when I was forc'd yesterday to dine with an honest Dutch trooper, an old friend of mine, upon a pickled herring. But come, firrah, since you are kept, with a pox to you, let's see what wages her ladyship affords; let's see the cole—

N. Brag. I have not a fous, upon my honour, Sir.

Z. Brag. How, no money!—What, then, you do my lady's drudgery for nothing, do you, scoundrel? a fine trade indeed! an hopeful employ truly!—Had you not better have stay'd with the black-smith where I put you to prentice, you prodigal son of a whore, you?

N. Brag. No, thank you, faith—I have an easier forge to work at, and better company into the bargain.

Z. Brag. You lie, firrah.—But to equip me for bet-

ter

er company, I think this hat and feather will not be a-
miss; this peruke also is proper; this sword and coat
likewise. *(Takes 'em all.*

N. Brag. S'ddeath, Sir! what do you mean?

Z. Brag. To make money of 'em, sirrah; hang 'em out
Monmouth Street as trophies of my industry.

N. Brag. Nay, father——

Z. Brag. Sirrah, stir a foot after me, and I'll run my
word in your guts.——Blood! I've a mind to the
reeches too; I cou'd flea the ungracious dog as I wou'd
a eel——but come, this shall serve at present. But do
you hear, sirrah, get money in your pocket against the
next time, to relieve your old father, or I'll have no
mercy on you.

AIR IV. Woolly is gone to France.

The merchant that ploughs the wide ocean,

Is nought but a travelling cheat;

And he that attends for promotion

Must lie, fawn, and cringe, to be great:

But we, like the bold sons of thunder,

As soon as the battle is o'er,

Enrich ourselves thus with the plunder,

Then spend it and fight for more. *(Exit.*

N. Brag. So, a very pretty business this.—Thus am
I served by this old rascal whenever I refuse him money;
nay, nor is this all, for the disgraces I suffer by him vex
me more by half.—Meeting me t'other day, talking to a
great Lord in the street; sirrah, says he, lend me eigh-
teenpence, for my stockings want footing, and my shoes
have lost both their heels. My Lord star'd at him like a
stuck pig, and he as much as my Lord, till having dis-
patched him, I was obliged to recover all, by swearing he
was a crazy, old Edgehill officer, that I kept upon cha-
rity.—Well, this will never do, I must study some re-
dress; though I want courage to beat the old scoundrel.
But first to my lady, to whom I must tell some damn'd
lie or other for a new equipment. One hour's soft en-
dearment will, I know, set all right again.

SCENE II.

Nincompoop, Tarnish.

Ninc. O, Mrs. Tarnish, your humble servant. Pray
where

where may I find my lady my wife ? I have been looking all about the garden, and han't the honour to meet her, seriously.

Tarn. O rare Mr. Alderman, there's a rod in store for you.

Ninc. Nay, prithee, dear Mrs. Tarnish, don't fright one so; seriously, I staid but half an hour longer than my time; I hope my lady my wife is not angry ?

Tarn. O fy! your gills look as red as a turkey-cock's; you are as fluster'd as a Non-con preacher at a sister's wedding; she'll be in a violent passion when she sees you; and you know (like a filly man as you are) you are nothing in her hands when she's in a passion.

Ninc. That's true, seriously; but have I no friend that will hold her tack, till I go and cool myself a little ?

Tarn. Yes, there's the captain with her, as it happens. Well, take it from me, you are extremely beholden to the captain; he has held her tack, upon your account, more than once to my knowledge — But away, I hear them coming—be quick, wash your face and hands, comb your wig, and snug yourself up a little.

Ninc. I will, seriously.

(Exit.

Enter Lady Termagant, and Ned Brag new equipp'd.

Term. Well, now, you look like a captain again.

N. Brag. Yes, madam, and always at your ladyship's service.

Term. Did you visit our friends yesterday, as I order'd you ?

N. Brag. Yes, Madam.

Enter Tarnish.

Term. How now, Tarnish, who's that within there ?

Tarn. Mr. Alderman, madam, who being rashly coming before your ladyship with a dirty face and hands, I reprimanded, and turn'd back to mundify.

Term. Let him be lock'd into the garret, d'ye hear, as usual, and allow'd no meat till my order: What, the brute is fluster'd, I warrant ?—

Tarn. He has drank a little too much, indeed, madam.

Term. He shan't eat these three days—Faugh! the very thoughts of him give me the vapours.—Now, Sir, since you are equipp'd again, let me find your service be

answerable ; all ladies of my honour require to be well serv'd.

N. Brag. I am thy Adonis, my bright Cithæraea, always ready, and perpetually devoted to thy commands.

Tarn. And well said, noble captain.

Term. Well, Sir, there's something to encourage you (*Gives a purse.*) And I'll give you leave to frequent the coffee-house and tavern sometimes, provided you be assiduous in your business.

AIR V. Mother, says Hodge.

Now to deserve my bounty and love,

You must attend me by day and by night :

Let not omission your duty remove,

And your performance I'll doubly requite :

You still shall find

I'm coming kind,

But I must always be well supply'd ;

Then play not the rover.

But act the brisk lover,

You ne'er shall be money or love deny'd.

Enter Nincompoop.

N. Brag. Lud ! madam, behold how matrimony looks yonder !

Term. Ay, he's a pitiful, fumbling fellow ; 'tis impossible for him to look otherwise.

Niac. Oh ! she's bloody angry ; what shall I do ?

Term. A little fribbling cit that I have marry'd, and affronted my own quality to do him honour, to dare to be absent so long.

N. Brag. Have a little compassion, Madam.

Term. A frigid sot, that I have taken as much pains withal to make a man, as ever my first husband did to make me a woman.

Ninc. Ah ! dear captain, you have an interest in her ladyship ; here's an oriental pearl, pray try if that will qualify.

N. Brag. Madam, the penitent offender offers tribute : A mediator from the Indies kisses your fair hand.

Term. Ay, the fool imagines this will do now ; and truly, I think pearls are good against the spleen. — Well, for your sake, cousin, for, once I design to accept his

his trifle; but if ever he baulks me again, if there be a cuckold in the nation—you understand me, friend.

Ninc. I do, I do; and am rejoic'd we are friends.

Term. That's according to your behaviour.

AIR VI. Yorkshire Tale.

When I want to use you, how dare you thus stay?

I'll make you subservient my will to obey;

And wait on my pleasures by night and by day.

With a down, down, down, &c.

If ever again my commands you transgress,

A huge pair of horns may the injur'd redress:

I need not explain—for the rest you may guess.

With a down, down, down, &c.

Come, cousin, I am sent for to the boarding-school to see my daughter Jenny dance her new chacoan; will you go?

N. Brag. With all my heart, Madam.

Ninc. And there we shall see my daughter Moll dance too; who, though she does not dance so well, cousin, as her ladyship, yet, though I say it—

N. Brag. What, that's my wife that must be?

Ninc. As my lady my wife pleases, cousin. Moll has 6000 l.

N. Brag. Very well, that will do.—Will your ladyship please to walk, Madam?

Term. Come, let's be gone.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *The Boarding School.*

Warble teaching Miss Molly to sing.

Warb. Come now, my dear, observe the song—
Hem!—

AIR VII. Robin and Nanny.

She, she alone has ev'ry charm,

Which can at once or cure or kill;

Her eyes the coldest heart can warm,

And draw the hermit from his cell:

Beauty and virtue round her shine;

O that the pow'rs wou'd make her mine!

But this song, pretty miss, I'll teach you in the afternoon; in the mean time you must practise the trill thus—

Au, ha, au, ha, au, ha—Come—

Molly.

Molly. Aw, aw, aw, aw—

Marb. What a plague, with your mouth full of bread and butter !—For shame, empty your chaps, miss ; there's a trill, indeed !—Observe me—Au, ha, au, ha—

Molly. Aw, aw, aw, aw—Hum—

(Bites another piece.)

Warb. So, she has got her mouth full again !—Well, Miss Molly, did I not love you very well, be asur'd I wou'd not endure this : Pray, lay by the bread and butter, and practise the trill ; I'll but step into the next room, and teach a little, and be here again presently.

(Exit.)

Moll. Ay, go ; I'll eat my glass-windows first, and trill afterwards—Oh law ! here's my lady sister ; I'll stay and laugh at her foolish dancing—Aw, aw, aw,—hum.—

(Bites and trills together.)

Coupee leading in Miss Jenny to dance.

A I R. VIII. Boarding School.

Make your honours, Miss, toll, loll, loll ;

And now to me, Child, toll, loll, loll.

Airy and easy now, toll, loll, loll ;

Very well done, Miss, toll, loll, toll.

Raise up your body, Child, toll, loll, loll.

Then you in time will rise, hoh, toll, la.

Hold up your head, Miss, toll, loll, loll ;

Wipe clean your nose, Child, toll, loll, loll ;

When I press on you, toll, loll, loll ;

Fall back easy, Miss, toll, loll, loll,

Keep out your toes too, toll, loll, loll,

Then you'll learn presently, hoh, toll, la.

Bear your hips swimmingly, toll, loll, loll ;

Keep your eyes languishing, toll, loll, loll.

Zoons ! where's your ears, Child, toll, loll, loll ;

Leave off your jerking, toll, loll, loll ;

Keep your knees open, toll, loll, loll,

Else you will never do, hoh, toll, la.

If you will love me, Miss, toll, loll, loll,

You shall dance rarely, Child, toll, loll, loll.

You are a fortune, Miss, toll, loll, loll.
 And must be marry'd Child, toll, loll, loll,
 Give me your money, Miss, toll, loll, loll,
 And I will give you my, hoh, toll, la.

Jenny. Oh, dear Mr. Coupee, indeed I love you very well, and will do any thing you'd have me ; but pray let me go now, for I'm as hungry as any thing.

(Exit Jenny.)

Coup. The poor little tit's as coming as heart can wish ; I'm resolv'd to snap her, for I hear she's a fortune.

Enter Backstitch.

Back. Jane, let the buck-basket be got ready for the foul clothes, d'ye hear ; and bid the laundress take care to mend all the shifts : those great romping girls do so tear their linen, it almost makes me wild.

Coup. Your servant Mrs. Backstitch.

Back. How d'ye, Mr. Coupee—And, d'ye hear, bid the cookmaid cut an hundred and fifty pieces of bread and butter round the loaf ; those hoydens have plaguy stomachs.

Molly. Aw, aw, aw, hum—

(Trills, bites, and romps about.)

Back. There's one now ; I vow and swear, Mr. Coupee, I am quite tir'd with that romp there. Coming down stairs this morning, what d'ye think I saw ? I protest that great bear there, getting astride upon John the gardener's back, as he was stooping to gather a fallad.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha !

Molly. What if I did ? what then ? what need you care ? aw, aw——

Back. But i'faith, gentlewoman, you shall be well lash'd for't, the governess has a clawing rod a-making.

Molly. Aw, aw, aw, aw—— *(Makes mouths at her.)*

A I R IX. Yellow Stockings.

You shall, for romping and stamping,
 And bawling, pay very dearly :
 Madam shall ferk you and jerk you,
 And claw you oft most severely.

Molly. You may grumble and mumble,
 And nurse your old melancholy :

I will whisk it, and frisk it,
And sing, and laugh, and be jolly.

Enter Jenny in a bib and apron, with a pricked song in one hand, and a large piece of bread and butter in the other.

Jenny. () sister, what did John the garden^r do to you pray? oh law, oh law!

Molly. What's that to you, long nose, oh law, oh law!

Jenny. My governess will order you, she vows; and I'll tell my mother on you, I'm resolv'd; she'll be here to-day.

Molly. And I'll tell my father then, how you peep'd upon Mr. Coupee t'other day, when he was going to swim.

Jenny. Ay, tell, tell, snotty nose, what care I. My mother can order you and your father both, pray; besides. (*pushes her.*) huffy, you peep'd as well as I; that you did.

Molly. Go, go, baby, and make dirty-pyes again; my father says I shall have a husband shortly, pray.

Jenny. You—my mother will bring me a tall huge husband home next week; and methinks I long for a tall huge husband; and I am to leave off my bib and apron too.

Molly. Oh law, that's a great lie, and I'll tear your eyes out.

Jenny. Huffy, I'll pull your head off.

(*Throws down her bread and butter, and pull each other.*)

Molly. You shan't think to tell such lies on me to make Mr. Warble hate me; I'll scratch you to pieces first

A I R X. Bartholomew Fair.

Jenny.

You saucy thing, how dare you thus dispute with me?

I'll snub you, and huff you,

I'll kick too, and cuff you,

As you shall see.

Molly.

You haughty Minx, sure I am made as good as you;

Your quality rearing,

Your flanting and tearing,

Shall never do.

Jenny.

My bread and butter I'll lay aside, to tear and fling.
 I'll make you smart
 Before we part,
 You paltry thing.

Molly.

And I will ne'er be outdone by you in might or main.
 If you're so stout,
 Let's fight it out,
 You boasting quean.

Enter Backstitch with a great rod.

Back. Hey day ! rare work indeed—Come, gentlewoman, the governess wou'd speak with you. (*to Molly.*

Molly. Oh ! oh ! oh ! ugh !*(Exit roaring with Backstitch.)*

Jenny. So, I'm glad on't, ivads—she'll be lashed swingingly.

A I R XI. As I was walking.

While she is stripping to get a good whipping,
 I'll away dance and play ;

Yes I will, that I will.

While she is stripping to get a good whipping,
 I'll go and romp with the girls and the boys :
 But when night comes, I'll repair to the window,
 And wait to hear my true lover's voice ;

Then without dread or fear

Jump to my only dear.

Oh ! how I long for sweet marriage joys. (*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Coupee meeting Warble.

Coup. Well met, my friend—but prithee whither so fast ?

Warb. To the dancing room—there's my lady Termagant and other company come already.

Coup. Then we'll go together ; but first a word or two : I have a secret of importance to communicate ; and as I know you have one of the same nature, let us lay our heads together, and we may be serviceable to each other.

Warb. With all my heart—what is it ?

Coup. You must know I have had a design upon Miss Jenny

Jenny a long time, and I have at last cut a caper into her heart ; so that now she loves me, and has consented to run away with me ; and I dare say her sister will do the same with you.

Warb. Right—as you say, I have so far warbled myself into her affections that I can do any thing with her ; but the success of your scheme is a little doubtful ; and yet if it ben't done very speedily, I fear mine will be married to Captain Bouncer, and my lady Termagant's spark, who has a hawk's eyes upon her fortune of six thousand pound.

Coup. All this I know : but take my word for't, we'll disappoint his hopes, and carry off the golden prizes for ourselves. It must be done this night too, or not at all. I have fix'd the hour of ten, when the family will be in bed ; then Jenny will be ready : therefore prepare yours for the same time, and I warrant we come off triumphant.

Warb. I'll be govern'd by you in every particular—And if we can but obtain the little gypsies, our fortunes are made for ever.

AIR XII. Set by Mr. SEEDO.

Warb. No more will I practise do, re, mi, fa,

If I can but happily gain my prize ;

Coup. Hence minuets, jigs, and chacoons away,

All pitiful teaching I'll hence despise.

Warb. In Molly's dear praise will I raise my voice,

And sing to the tune of her golden charms.

Coup. I'll dance to the measure of fortunes joys,

And jig it away in my Jenny's arms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Dancing Room.*

Several of the boarders seated for the ball, others on each side as spectators ; among the rest Lady Termagant, Tarnish, Ned Brag ; to them Backstitch, with Miss Jenny, who kneels and asks blessing.

Term. Bless you, bless you, my child, and make you a good woman, and the mother of many children. I think she's much grown since I saw her last, Mrs. Backstitch.

Back. Mightily, Madam, mightily ; wou'd she wou'd grow as much in grace.

Term. Lord save her, pretty moppet. Hold up your head, Jenny, and go make a courtesy to cousin Bouncer.

N. Brag. Your servant pretty Miss—Indeed, Madam, as your ladyship says, she's grown extremely—Miss, you are almost fit for a husband already, my dear.

Jenny. Hoh, hoh, hoh!—

(Laughs and courtesies ridiculously.)

Back. Fy, fy, Miss Jenny, where's your hands now? Have I not told you, you must always put 'em thus when you courtesy!

Nincompoop and Miss Molly.

Ninc. Come, Molly, wipe thy eyes, child; I'll take thee away from 'em to-morrow; they shall whip thee no more, seriously.

Molly. Ugh, oh, oh!— *[Sobs and makes faces.]*

Ninc. Go and ask my lady my wife's blessing, and then come to me again, d'ye hear, Molly. That's a good girl.

N. Brag. This is my wife that is to be, if my lady can bubble the old cuckold to give his consent. *(Molly asks blessing hastily, then runs to her father.)* 'Sdeath! what shall I do with it? 'tis a mere baby.

Term. Fogh, Tarnish, did you ever see such a nauseous thing? 'tis so like the father—

Tarn. Her face has Mr. Alderman's clumsy cub, indeed, madam.

N. Brag. And did the governess whip her, say you? why, this is barbarous—but yet I see she's pretty brisk for all her jerking.

Ninc. Nay, the girl is mettle to the back, seriously; but I'll take her away to morrow; I'm resolv'd they shall jerk no child of mine; if it must be done, I'll have the jerking of her myself. *[Exit.]*

N. Brag. Well said, Mr. Alderman; 'sdeath, what a thing of a spouse shall I have?

Warble and Coupee, with guitars.

Jenny. O, here's my dear Mr. Coupee—Sir, your most humble servant..

Molly. Ay, and Mr. Warble too, ivads.

Coup. Yours, dear Miss—You'll be sure to be ready to-morrow to get out as we have contriv'd.

Warb. Pretty Miss, a word with you.

Jenny.

Jenny. Yes, I warrant you ; and you shall see I'll do it so cunningly——

AIR XIII. Butter'd pease,
When to husbands we incline,
Who then can our wills restrain ?
By some trick, or sure design,
We our wishes still obtain.
Oh ! how I long to taste the sweets
That attend I know not what :
When we meet between the sheets,
There they talk of this and that——

Molly. O Gemini, that's pure—I'll do't, ivads——

[*Aside to Warble.*

'Term. Ay, now the guitars are come ; pray observe, Jenny—there's an air—there's a shape—there's an ingenious look——fough, t'other aukward romp makes me sick. [*They dance ridiculously to guitars out of tune.*] Very fine, upon my honour ; these guitars agree with the dance admirably——Hold up your head, Jenny.

N. Brag. And gives 'em a delicate air, Madam—'tis extreme fine.

Coup. The devil it is—I take the Captain to be a very good judge, Madam, and has a great many good qualities, I see—Pray, Sir, what country are you of ?

N. Brag. If I should speak truth now, and tell him who I really am, how my lady will be surpris'd. (*Aside.*) Sir, my country was Arabia Felix ; my father was a very near relation to Prestor John ; the Bouncers of Africa are the ancientest family in the world : for my own part, thirsting after glory, I left my country, and assisted at the memorable siege of Buda ; where I stood upon the breach, just by the governor, at the storming of the town ; I saw him fall, and narrowly escap'd myself : after which action, acquainting myself with a famous English officer, one Colonel Brag, I came over hither, where I soon learnt the language, and had the honour to ingratiate myself with her most noble ladyship.

Term. Very well—O, here come the dancers.

[*A grand dance.*

Enter Nimcompoop.

Nino. Oh, cousin, as I was standing at the door just
I 4. now,

now, who should come by but that old saucy grenadier who had the impudence to affront you so yesterday? I told him you were here, and that you would have him whipt; and seriously, what does the old rascal do, but gave me a huge box o' th' ear, call'd you a thousand sons of whores, and beat two of my lady's footmen who took my part, and is just now forcing his way in hither, seriously.

N. Brag. 'Sdeath! what shall I do? this is my old dog of a father—now shall I be disgrac'd for ever.

Zachary Brag, pursuing two footmen.

Z. Brag. Hell and fire! I'll beat the dogs into mummy.

Coup. What's the matter, friend?

Z. Brag. O, are you there, firrah?—What, you threaten to have me whipt, d'ye, you prodigal son of a whore?—Harkee, scoundrel, who am I?

N. Brag. The devil, I think—I am sure you are as great a plague to me. I must face him down with impudence, there's no other way—What, are you mad, old fellow? Who wou'd you speak with?

Z. Brag. Mad, old fellow! here's an impudent rascal—What, you have forgot me, rogue, have you? but I'll rub up your memory presently.

[Offers to draw, Coupee holds him.]

Coup. Why, how now, old armour of proof, do you know to whom you give this language? the gentleman's a captain.

Z. Brag. Why, let him be the devil, he's my son, and I'll call him as many rogues and rascals as I please.

N. Brag. Wou'd I had been the son of a Tartar.

[Aside.]

Coup. Your son! Ha, ha, ha! this is very pleasant—are you of the stock of the ancient family of the Bounceers of Africa? ha, ha.

N. Brag. Harkee, Sir, I am courting a young lady here, that has six thousand pound fortune; follow my directions; recover my credit, and you shall have half.

Z. Brag. Six thousand pounds?

N. Brag. Every farthing, Sir; 'tis she yonder that stands by the old gentleman.

Z. Brag.

Z. Brag. And shall I have half, Neddy ?

[*Altering his tone.*

N. Brag. You shall ; therefore own yourself to be Colonel Brag, an acquaintance of mine at the siege of Buda, and let me alone for the rest.

Z. Brag. Why, this is fair now, Neddy ; now you don't slight your old father ; you are a good boy—Three thousand pounds ! Zoons ! 'tis enough to make me a colonel indeed.

N. Brag. Mind your cue—Ha, ha, ha !—come, dear colonel, 'tis enough—prithee leave joking.—I see my lady is surpris'd at it. Why, madam, and gentlemen, this was nothing but a jest all this while—this is my dear Colonel Brag whom I met at Buda.

Z. Brag. Yes, madam, I am Colonel Brag ; and, as the captain says, we met together at Buda.

Coup. Methinks your habit, Sir, is not very like a colonel's.

N. Brag. Oh ! a jest, a mere jest—the colonel often has these kind of frolics, to come abroad in masquerade ; he has some design in this, I warrant.

Warb. In masquerade ! Ha, ha, ha ! I will know the bottom of this cheat, I'm resolv'd ; it may be of use to us. Prithee, Coupee, do you stay and invite 'em to a glass of wine with me presently, at the Magpie, next door ; I'll step there before you. [Exit.

Coup. I will.

Term. Come, Mr. Alderman, let's go. Cousin Bouncer, come away from that impertinent old fellow, I don't like him ; besides, I have business with you.

N. Brag. Madam, I'll handsomely disengage myself, and wait on your ladyship as soon as possible.

[*Exeunt Term. Nincom. &c.*

Coup. 'Tis but just next door, you'll do us the honour of your company gentlemen ?

N. Brag. Enough, Sir, we'll be there immediately.

[*Exit Coup.*] Come, Sir, let's go, and I'll give you farther instructions as we walk. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The Tavern.*

Without.] Here, Jack, shew the gentlemen into the Maidenhead.

Draw. Coming, Sir.

Enter Warble and Waiter.

Warb. If any body inquires for me, shew 'em up.

Draw. I will, Sir—Coming!—Here, here, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Warb. If I can but pump this secret piece of knavery out of these fellows, I'll turn it to my own advantage, and the captain's prejudice—I hope Coupee brings 'em.

AIR XIV. Abbot of Canterbury.

Since law and religion are now in disgrace,
The knave thrives at court with an impudent face;
Whilst roguery's encourag'd in ev'ry degree,
Just right is perverted too oft by a fee, *derry down.*

But we thro' the wilds of blest freedom do range,
We live not in fear of the times when they change;
But thus with good liquor we live at our ease,
Rest blesses our nights, and love crown all our days.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Enter Drawer with wine.

Draw. Sir, there's a gentleman below desires to speak with you.

Warb. O, 'tis Coupee—desire him to walk up.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Enter Coupee.

Well, what news, Tom?

Coup. They are coming, Sir; and 'twill make you laugh to see in what a strange romantic dress the old sham colonel's in now: he looks like the picture of Gideon in the hangings, and struts like a midnight magi-frate.

Warb. Well, we shall find out this trick presently.

Enter Zachary Brag like an antique officer, with Ned Brag.

N. Brag. Now, Sir, be sure you don't discredit yourself; but remember you are a colonel still.

Z. Brag. Sirrah, hold your tongue, and cease your saucy instructions; or, as I am a true grenadier—

N. Brag. O Lord, O Lord—a grenadier already!

Z. Brag. A true colonel, I mean; sirrah, I will swinge you incessantly.

Coup.

Coup. Colonel, your most humble servant—Captain, yours——

Z. Brag. Gentlemen, I am your worm to tread upon; the lappet of your shoe, your slave of slaves—and shall be proud to serve you, whether in the cellar, the kitchen, or the stable.

N. Brag. So, now he talks at once like a tapster, a scullion, and a groom—I shall surely be undone——

Coup. O, ye debase yourself too much, colonel, for so great an officer, and one who performed such actions at the siege of Buda. But come, gentlemen; and drink off your glasses; let's relish our wine with a catch.

AIR XV. Come, Boys, fill around.

Come, set the glass around,

Here's wine neat and sound,

To keep us from thirst and decay:

Let Bacchus now see,

We're immortal as he,

Whilst drinking to moisten our clay.

Like sons of the vine,

Let's tipple and shine,

In spite of dull thinking and care:

With hearts full of glee,

Let each on his knee

Drink health to the brave and the fair.

Coup. Pray, colonel, how is their method of fortification at Buda?

Z. Brag. Buda, Sir?

N. Brag. Ah! he's founder'd already. 'Sblood, Sir, own you have an ill memory presently, or you'll spoil all. (*Aside.*)

Z. Brag. Why, truly, gentlemen, I have but a very bad memory; I hope you'll excuse me.

N. Brag. Tell 'em you hurt your brain by a great cold you caught by lying in the winter trenches in Hungary. (*Aside.*)

Z. Brag. Why, when the devil was I in Hungary, Sirrah!—This rogue crams so many lies into my mouth together, that zoons, 'tis a pain to me to know which I shall get out first. (*Aside.*)

Coup.

Coup. You must needs be able to give a good account of the famous transactions at Buda, Sir ?

N. Brag. Say yes, yes, Sir, and I'll help you out.

[*Aside.*

Z. Brag. Yes, yes, Sir; at least the captain here can. Go and manage your lie yourself, you dog; I'm almost choak'd.

[*Aside.*

N. Brag. Why, gentlemen, we were both drawn out in the detachment that receiv'd the assault : the colonel here, I must confess, behav'd himself more like a lion than a man; and for my own part I escap'd by a miracle. I fought on foot three hours by the clock, when above twelve great field-pieces play'd at me all the while as thick as hail. I had the honour to horse the king of Poland twice; lent my own sword to the duke of Bavaria when he was in distress; and at last, with a clapper of a bell, which a swinging Turk that I had just before kill'd had us'd instead of a battle-ax, fought through their vanguard, and came off in spite of 'em all.

Coup. A clapper of a bell! why, captain, there are no bells in Turkey, the Turks never use bells or clappers, surely.

N. Brag. A plague of my heedless nonsense: What shall I say now ?

Z. Brag. Hold ye, gentlemen, hold ye; I can make it out plain: Now will I help the rogue off at a dead lift.

Wark. What, that the Turks use bells, colonel ?

Z. Brag. The Turks, Sir? no, no; but you must know that the captain there was formerly prentice to a blacksmith, and brought the clapper to the wars along with him.

Coup. O that may be, indeed—Your servant, noble captain—

N. Brag. A pox of your plain dealing—Now, I'm disgrac'd for ever. (*Aside.*) What do you mean by this, colonel, when was I prentice to a blacksmith ?—

[*Kicks him.*

Z. Brag. When? why, what a damn'd shallow brain hast thou—Wert thou not prentice to old George Grimble, when I sold brandy and tobacco by the church-wall at Antwerp, just the Winter before I list'd myself a grenadier ?

Wark.

Warb. A grenadier ! Ha, ha, ha——

N. Brag. The devil !—Now all's out, and nothing can retrieve it.

Coup. A grenadier ! No, no, he lifted himself a colonel, I warrant.

Warb. A very fine story you have made of this, indeed ; and I shall presently inform my Lady of your great merit and extraction. And so, my most noble blacksmith, adieu.

Z. Brag. Hold, Sir ; though the captain be a kind of a coward or so, yet you shall know I wear a sword.

Warb. And bayonet too ; all grenadiers wear swords and bayonets. Come, come, 'tis in vain to be testy with us ; there's money for the wine ; you can't do less than drink together when we're gone—not a word more——

[*Exeunt Warb. and Coup.*

[*They stare at each other.*

N. Brag. Confound your Antwerp occupation——here's six thousand pound lost, and the best maintenance that ever man had.—What shall I do ?

Z. Brag. Why, take your Turkish battle-ax, and go to the wars, captain ; you'll get immortal honour presently ; and so here's success to you, good Captain Clapper.

N. Brag. Nay, let it be some of the brandy, then, that you sold by the church-wall, good Colonel Grenadier.—'Sdeath ! was the devil in you to talk at that rate ?

Z. Brag. What, firrah ! I warrant you thought I had cramm'd a dozen or two of lies in the hinder part of my jaw, as a monkey does the overplus of his dinner ; but, firrah, I'd have you know I was of too honest a principle.

N. Brag. Honest, ay, that's what has made you so often dine on pickled herrings.

Z. Brag. Come, come, firrah, take the gentleman's advice, and strip from that fluttering coat, and sell it ; 'twill serve to make us merry a considerable while ; and since those titular captains are most of 'em rogues, you shall be, as I am, an honest grenadier.

N. Brag. Lud ! Sir, what do you mean ? If my lady shou'd but hear I was in company with a grenadier,
she

she would discard me for ever—and I have yet some small hopes.

Z. Brag. Sirrah, I'll have you hope no more hope but strip this minute; I'll have the coat off instantly; that lace will keep us two months at least in tobacco, brandy, and red herrings.

N. Brag. Oh, the devil! he's at his old game again.

Z. Brag. Come, come, quick, quick, off with hat, wig, and coat—

N. Brag. Quick? ay, as quick as my legs can carry me. [Exit.]

Z. Brag. Say you so, rascal? I'll be with you anon, i'faith! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *The Boarding School.*

Lady Termagant, Tarnish, Backstitch.

Term. You amaze me, Mrs. Backstitch, with this discovery; I thought it impossible the girl could be so wild.

Back. 'Tis strange, indeed, Madam, for one of her years; but your Ladyship shall have the truth on't presently.

Term. The t'other dowdy, indeed, I always imagin'd indocible; but that Sir Arthur's offspring, a child born of my own body, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, vitals of my vitals, that she, I say, shou'd degenerate, I am amaz'd at it.

Tarn. True, Madam, to look so much below herself as to fancy a paltry dancing master; 'tis not adequate to your Ladyship's blood that runs in her veins, I confess.

Enter Jenny, running.

Term. Heyday! whither so fast, you great romp? Eh!—

Jenny. O, pray, Madam, forgive me this time, and I'll never do so again.

Back. Only to Mr. Coupee, Madam; this has been hatching a good while: the t'other, too, is as mad for Warble our singing-master: they were both found romping with 'em in the garden; but the governess has turn'd 'em away for't.—Here she comes with her father; I have told her tricks already.

Enter

Enter Nincompoop, Molly.

Ninc. Ah, madam ! the girls are both undone, seriously.

Term. The girls ! I hope you don't couple your carrier there with Sir Arthur's breed, Jack sauce !—Ah, Tarnish ! 'tis evident, now, that filthy thing has spoil'd Miss by keeping her company.

Tarn. 'Tis certainly so, Madam ; there's no comparison between the childrens parts.

Term. I'll examine her myself. Hussy, speak the truth, and 'scape the rod. What did you and that awkward creature do with Coupee and Warble in the garden ?

Jenny. No hurt, truly, truly, now.

Term. What business had you there ? what was your design ? come, don't you lie.

Jenny. Why, we eat—oh, oh, ugh—we eat a dozen of custards there.

Molly. Ay, and they were pure good too.

Term. A dozen of custards ! very well.

Jenny. And about fourteen cheesecakes.

Molly. Oh law ! there wan't fourteen then ; there was but thirteen in all : I am sure I have one of them in my pocket here.

[Pulls one out.]

Term. Dear Tarnish ! did you ever hear such a filthy romp ?

Tarn. She has a little too much of the vulgar, indeed, Madam.

Ninc. Madam, I beseech your Ladyship to hear Molly tell what words pass'd between 'em, and what that impudent singing-master said to her.

Term. Prithee, hold thy impertinent tongue.—What now ! —

Ninc. Pray, Madam, let me beg your Ladyship—Come, Molly, leave chewing your cheesecake, and tell my Lady, child.

Molly. Why, he ask'd me—aw, aw—

Jenny. But pray, mother, don't be angry with Mr. Coupee, for he's a mighty pretty man, and the best caperer in all the town.

[Leaps rompingly.]

Molly. And pray, father, don't fall out with Mr. Warble, for he's a fine man, every inch of him ; he's the best triller

triller in the world, and has taught me a very pretty song here. I'll sing it for you.

AIR XVI. Thus Fiddlers and Archers.

When maids to the joys of soft love do incline,

What force can restrain our desire ?

Our charms to the youthful and gay we resign,

But from wither'd age still re—tire,

But from wither'd age still re—tire.

Ninc. The pretty fool so wins upon me with her genteel carriage, that, seriously, I can deny her nothing : Come and kiss me, Molly.

Term. Faugh ! how the brute licks the calf yonder — Well, Mrs. Backtitch, though the fellow has been saucy with her, 'tis not so far gone, I see, but the girl may be reclaim'd.

Back. Ah, Madam, but you have not heard all ; for if there had not been greater familiarities between 'em, this might be born with some patience ; for he kiss'd her several times, which she as eagerly return'd.

Term. Degenerate bastard ! is it possible ? I wish he had choak'd her.

Back. Nay, and what's worst of all, Madam, she sat upon his knee, with her arm about his neck, and drank fillabub with him.

Term. A young whore ! — Gad, I'll whip her presently before you all. { *Runs to her, they interpose.*

Ninc. Nay, dear Lady, you'll put yourself in such a heat — Hussy, get you gone —

Jenny. I'll shew you a trick for that ; for I'll run and hide myself this minute, till sweet Mr. Coupee comes to the balcony.

AIR XVII. Though you by constraint.

When the teachers are all fast asleep,

I'll steal out, by telling some fib ;

Then to my true lover I'll creep,

And a fig for my apron and bib.

Mamma shan't a fool make of me,

Too big to be whipt I am grown ;

For a baby no longer I'll be,

But a baby I'll have of my own.

[*Exit.*
Molly.

Molly. And I'll lock myself up till Mr. Warble comes to the garden-door, and run away with 'em from 'em all. *[Runs off.]*

Term. Away, you feeble coxcomb, or I'll give you as much—A young jade! I shall hate syllabub as long as I live for this; but I'll claw her off, I will so.

[Exit hastily.]

Ninc. Pray, Mrs. Backstitch, go and strive to pacify her, for she's in a devilish humour, seriously. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

Coupee and Warble with a ladder.

Coup. Come, brother fortune-stealer, help along with the ladder.—Oh, here's the balcony!

Warb. Well, success attend you; I must go to the garden-door to look after my own affair. *[Exit.]*

AIR XVIII. Saw you not my Maggy.

Flush'd with joy I'll meet her,

And with kisses greet her;

For my dear is sweeter

Than the fields in May:

Fondly will I press her,

Eager to possess her,

And with love caress her,

All the live long day.

Coup. Adieu.—Now for the signal.

[Whistles.]

AIR XIX, Hey ho! Who's above?

He. Hey ho! who's there?

She. Nobody here but I, my dear.

He. Hey ho, who's above?

She. Nobody here but I, my love.

He. Shall I come up, and see how you do?

She. Ay, marry, and thank you too.

He. Where is your governess? *She.* She is a-bed.

He. Where are the keys, my love? *She.* Under her head.

He. Go, go, fetch them hither;

That you and I may be merry together.

She. The dog it will bark, and I dare not, I'll swear.

He. Take then a halter, and hang up the cur.

She,

She. Oh! no. *He.* Why, why?

She. I'd not for a guinea my dog shou'd die.

He. Then farewell, my dearest, for I must be gone.

She. Tarry, sweet Tom, I'll be with you anon.

He. Oh! no. *She.* Why, why?

He. Your dog is much better belov'd than I.

Jenny. O law! O law! but how shall I get down to you, though?

Coup. Easily, my dear: I have brought a ladder for you.

Jenny. A ladder! O good! What, and must I make love with a ladder? And will you marry me to-night, too?

Coup. To-night; presently, child; as soon as you come down.

Jenny. But, dear Mr. Coupee, when we are marry'd, what must we do afterwards, I wonder?

Coup. Afterwards? Why, then we must go to bed, my dear.

Jenny. To bed!—Well, and ivads, that will be very pretty: But what must we do after that pray, dear Mr. Coupee?

Coup. After that?—why——

Jenny. Ay, there's the thing now, Mr. Coupee; what must we do after that?

Coup. Do but get upon the ladder, and come down, my dear, and I'll tell you presently.

Jenny. Will you? Well, and so I will, ivads! I'll be with you in a twinkling.

(*As she gets on the ladder, Backstitch comes and catches her.*)

Back. Will you so, gentlewoman? pray let me have an account of your journey first.

Jenny. O law! What must I do now?

Back. What, and you're going to be marry'd, are you? but I'll help you to a good husband in the morning. A good rod, huffey.

Jenny. Well, I will have a husband, I'm resolv'd on't, do what you can; and if you offer to whip me, I'll tear your eyes out.

Back. Go, get you in, you great romp; I'll lock you into your sister's room below stairs for to-night; there's no balcony there.

[*Exeunt.*
Coup.

Coup. A plague of my damn'd ill luck !—If this devil had stay'd but a minute longer, I had got my fortune upon my back ; but now she's irretrievably gone.

Enter Warble hastily.

Warb. Coupee, softly—Come along with me immediately.

Coup. Prithee, let me alone : I am verry unfit for another intrigue, for I have just now fail'd in my own.

Warb. Pshaw ! I say, no—she's surer now than ever—Backstitch has just now lock'd her up in a lower room, where my little butter-print was waiting for me ; who, as soon as she was gone, put back the lock, got out, and they are now both together at the garden door.

Coup. Ha ! what dost thou say ?—and my little hoyden too ?

Warb. Ay, ay, you dear dog ; come quickly and let us take them off.

Coup. Let's fly—we'll convey 'em to my house hard by. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ned Brag like a grenadier.

N. Brag. If I had not run away from my old dog of a father, when he was drunk and asleep, I had been detach'd in the morning amongst the grenadiers, and shipp'd for the plantations. He has burnt the very soul of my coat, the lace ; and my embroider'd breeches hung out at a broker's in Drury-lane. If I should appear before my lady in these accoutrements, I were no more a man of this world.—What's to be done ?

Enter Coupee, Warble, with Jenny and Molly mask'd.

Warb. Come along, my dear, dear, little chicken. I am overjoy'd we are safe, for I shou'd have dy'd had I lost you.

AIR XX. Gin thou wert mine ain thing.

To gaze upon thy blooming charms,

Is possessing ev'ry blessing ;

But to lie within those arms,

Is joy beyond expressing.

To lose thee, were perdition sure,

For who the wounds you give can cure ?

Without thee, death I must endure,

Your loss is so distressing.

N. Brag.

N. Brag. Ha ! that's Warble's voice.—Who are these with him ?

Molly. Well, you tell me you'll make me a woman to-night ; but, ivads ! my heart goes a-pit-a-pat about it : for they say, a maid goes through a great deal of trouble before she comes to be a woman ; and if you should chance to kill me !

Warb. Never fear, my angel.

N. Brag. By heav'n ! my little boarding-school spouse that shou'd ha' been.

Coup. Come, come, my charmer, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

N. Brag. 'Tis so ; the romps are both stole away to-night, and I am luckily the first discoverer. I'll dog 'em, and then go and inform my lady ; which, with some swinging lie or other, may once more reinstate me in her favour, and procure me better rigging : for, to say truth, I am most damnably agham'd of this.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI. *Coupee's House.*

Nincompoop, Lady Termagant, Tarnish, Ned Brag.

Term. Where is this wretch, this degenerate creature, this cub of fifteen, with the devil in her already ?—Where must I find her ?

N. Brag. This is the house, please your ladyship.

Term. I hope you are not accessory to the child's rape, Sir !

N. Brag. Not I, upon my honour, Madam—but I'm afraid by this time they are marry'd to the two persons who stole 'em away ; I saw 'em enter here, and made all the haste I could to inform your ladyship—But here they are to answer for themselves.

Enter Coupee, Warble, Jenny, and Molly.

Term. Do you know your mother, hussy ?—Come hither.

Jenny. Oh !—I won't though, you'll whip me.

Ninc. And have you ungraciously got a husband without my leave, Molly ?

Molly. Yes, indeed have I ; therefore rest yourself contented.

Warb.

Warb. Well said, my dear.

Jenny. Ay, and so have I too.—The man ask'd Mr. Coupee a question, and he said ay; and he ask'd me a question, and I said ay; and then we both join'd hands together, kiss'd, and were married as fast as any thing.

Molly. Just so was I, and I like it very well; I wish I had marry'd sooner, for my part; for I begin to love Mr. Warble since we marry'd better than my bread and butter by half.

AIR XXI. Slaves to London.

Farewell now, all childish pleasure,

In our husbands lies our treasure;

Farewell, babies, rods, and toys,

Marriage yields the sweetest joys.

Term. This comes of putting girls to boarding school.

Ninc. Ay, they sing and dance till they set their blood on fire, and then they quench it with the next puddle they come at, seriously.

Coup. Sir, I hope you will not find us such despicable persons as you seem to make us; and we will endeavour to deserve the blessing fortune has bestow'd on us.

N. Brag. Madam, I hope you will excuse my disguise: you see what I have done to serve you; and if things have prov'd contrary, 'tis no fault of mine. Dear Madam, what am I to expect from your ladyship's favour?

Term. Who waits there?—Bid somebody give the blacksmith here a tester; and let him have my custom for shoeing my coach-horses, d'ye hear?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!—Alas, poor captain!

N. Brag. Give the blacksmith a tester!—'Tis so, she's in the right, faith; for I have wrought at the forge many a time, till I have earn'd it very dearly.

AIR XXII. Bonny Dundee.

To pleasure and glory I now bid adieu,

The hammer and anvil must be my fate;

High feeding, rich clothes, good company too,

Like all other greatness, will have their date:

Then

Then farewell to wanton wives of threescore ;
 May no able fellow e'er pleasure them more :
 May each buxom widow, and am'rous old maid,
 Be drove to their shifts, as I to my trade.

Enter Zachary Brag singing.

Z. Brag. Ay, this is the house—he was seen to go in here.—Where is this rascal got now ? I'll ferret him out, i'faith !—Oh ! firrah, have I found you ?

Coup. Whose within there ?—turn the noble colonel grenadier a-drift, and let him post away to Flanders again to his old occupation ; and, d'ye hear, send the honourable Captain Clapper to the Indies, to boast of the ancient family of the Bouncers. (*Exit N. Brag and Z. Brag.*) Now, Sir, and Madam, we humbly beg your blessing.

Term. Well, since it can't be otherwise, live and be happy.

Ninc. Ay, ay, bless you altogether, seriously.

Warb. Now, my charmer, we'll be merry indeed.

AIR XXIII. Rare doings at Bath.

CHORUS.

Warb.

The world's like a Boarding school, common to all,
 And so ev'n let it pass ;
 Where great knaves are brib'd to devour the small,
 Which is daily the case ;
 And each one contributes to heighten the droll
 In this whimsical age ;
 Ranting and swearing, pride overbearing,
 O rare work for the stage !

Molly.

The prude, the coquet, and the nice city dame,
 But mere actors at best,
 Oft barter their virtue for what I won't name,
 And still laugh at the jest ;
 Then venture at all e'er they throw up the game,
 In this hazardous age ;
 Sighing and canting, jilting and flaunting,
 O rare work for the stage !

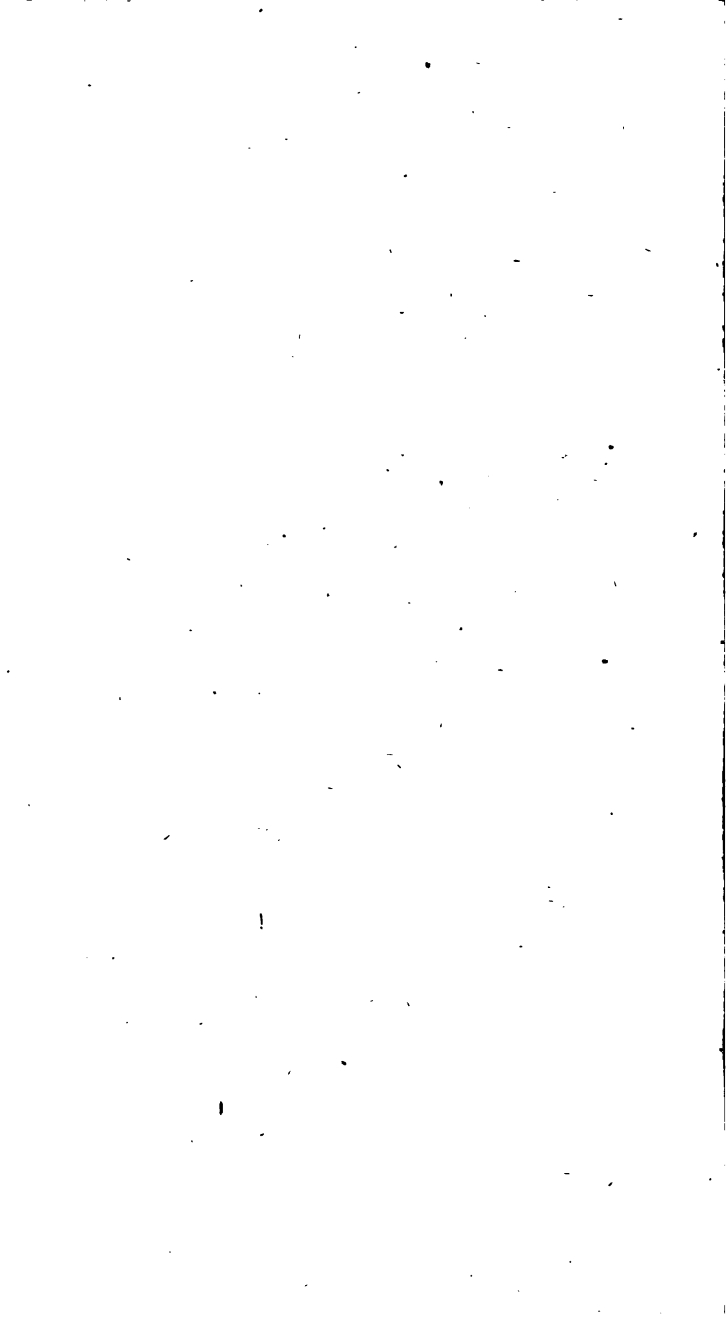
Coup.

Coup.

The beau with new fashions, and fop with grimace,
Who lives only by rule ;
And he that boasts pedigree, title, and place,
Are but boarders at school :
For the lord apes the footman, the footman his Grace,
In this pantomime age ;
Fawning and sneaking, promises breaking,
O rare work for the stage !

Jenny.

Since we have gone through all our Boarding School laws,
And thus study to please ;
We hope to obtain your impartial applause,
And now wait for your praise :
To you we submit our theatrical cause,
In this critical age :
Pit and box clapping, galleries rapping ;
O rare work for the stage !



DUKE AND NO DUKE:

OR

TRAPOLIN'S VAGARIES.

IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edinburgh 1761.

MEN.

<i>Lavinio</i> , Duke of Tuscany,	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Alberto</i> ,	} His Counsellors,	-	{ Mr. Standen.
<i>Barbarino</i> ,			
<i>Brunetto</i> , Prince of Savoy,	-	-	Mr. Leicester.
<i>A Puritan</i> ,	-	-	Mr. King.
<i>A Conjuror</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Lancashire.
<i>Trapolin</i> , a Pimp and Buffoon,	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
			Mr. Stamper.

WOMEN.

<i>Isabella</i> , Duchess of Tuscany,	-	Mrs. Mozeem.
<i>Prudentia</i> , Sister to the Duke,	-	Mrs. Standen.
<i>Flametta</i> , in love with Trapolin,	-	{ Mrs. Love.
<i>Two Women</i> ,		

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Trapolin, and Flametta.

TRAPOLIN.

For ever thine, my dear Flametta !

Fla. Thanks, my dearest.

But am not I a fool to love you thus,

When you've been absent these two tedious days ?

Oh, Trapolin ! how much reproach do you deserve ?

Trap. Pretty rogue, how she fires my heart ? now
Vol. V. K could

could I cry like any roasted lobster—What would old Lord Barbarino give for such a kind word from her?—But young and poor as she is, she's yet most constant and truly virtuous—Not that I care much for virtue neither. Alas! my dear, I have of late been much oppressed with business: my honour, my love, my honour was at stake, for procuring conveniences for no less than five ministers of state: it has been dead trading of late, but 'tis a comfort to see times mend now we are upon our matrimony.

Flam. Let me conjure you, leave these vicious courses; you must indeed, or we must never marry:—but you will be my convert, and reform; will you not, Trapolin?

Trap. All in good time, love; all in good time: it becomes me to see my betters go before me. When I do mend, I shall certainly do it to some purpose, I am so long about it—Mean time, d'ye see, I give thee leave to be honest, and that I think is pretty fair. Who's here? my rival! *[Dallies with her.]*

Enter Barbarino and Officers.

Barb. Here is the villain with his handsome wench, and, what afflicts me more, an honest one.—I have these many weeks attempted her, but neither threats nor presents can prevail. Ha! that kiss darts through my soul—'Twould bribe a Cardinal!—Well, on pretence of his enormities, I have procured this order from the Duke for his immediate banishment; and when he's once remov'd, I may succeed.

Trap. (*Kissing her.*) Again, my dear—my pretty little sweet-lips—My good Lord Barbarino, your honour's humble servant—For this free promise, love, I ne'er enough can thank thee—Your Lordship's to command—No fortune shall divide or change our wills—Your Honour's slave—What's wealth or power where hearts consent like ours?—Your Lordship's vassal—When thou dost sigh, thy Trapolin shall weep—Your Honour always shall command me—And when thou sing'st—

Flam. We are observ'd;

Learn to be honest, and I am thine for ever. *[Exit.]*

Trap. Your Lordship saw how I was employed. The poor

poor wretch has taken a sort of liking to me, and your Lordship knows I am a person of a liberal education; that I bear not a breast of flint, nor was I nurs'd with the milk of Hircanian bulls; but if your Lordship has any thing to command, lo, here I stand, *I'll fido Trapolino*, your honour's humble servant in all things possible and impossible.

Barb. You are a saucy, peremptory villain! and have too long escap'd the stroke of justice; but here's a warrant from the Duke, to drive you forth from out our city gates; and when you're seen again in Tuscany, that minute forfeits your abandon'd life. I hus hath the Duke decreed.

Trap. At whose request, pray?

Barb. At mine.

Trap. Really! troth I am glad to find your Honour hath so much interest with his highness; therefore make choice of your honour to solicit my repeal.

Barb. Audacious slave!

Trap. His Highness knows travelling is chargeable; and, besides, my stomach is of no ordinary dimensions.

Barb. Away with him: if he dispute your orders, call for the parish-whips to your assistance; take him away.

Trap. My Lord! my Lord!—such a primrose in a corner for your Lordship! never blown upon, my Lord!

Barb. Force him along.

Trap. Flametta, my Lord; what says your Lordship to Flametta? there, there are eyes my Lord! such eyes! and such bubbies!—Oh la!—

(Is forced off, and all exeunt.)

Enter Duke, Alberto, Guards, and Brunetto.

Lav. I am not us'd to hearken after praise, or thanks for benefits by me conferr'd; then to the point, Sir.

This Lord, the watchful Argus of my honour, has charg'd you with a crime that stains the worth you shew'd in battle, and makes valour blush.

Bru. He's prejudic'd; I kill'd his son in fight, in service of my Prince, as he of you.

Lav. Well, pass that contest, Sir, and mark the rest. I have a sister, dear to me as fame, whom your presumptuous pride aspires to; what say you, Sir, to that? Confess your crime, keen torture shall revenge; or smother it, and torture shall extort it.

Bru.

Brun. Sir, I disdain such servile threats, and dare your utmost rage. I own I love the Princess,—glory in my passion. This, with a soldier's freedom, I avouch, who scorns to lodge a thought he dares not own.

Lav. Chains, straw, and darkness! This is mere distraction! To prison with him; you that waited on him, be now his guard, thin diet, and no light—such usage may restore him—Away!—Make no reply, but drag him hence—
(*Brunetto borne off.*)

Enter Barbarino.

Now, mark me, Lords:
Forza, the Duke of Milan (our old friend),
Here offers me the beauteous Isabella,
His daughter, for my wife; and instantly
We will to Milan on the expedition;
Which, all kind powers assist!

Therefore to you, my lords and counsellors,
I do commit the reins of government
Until my safe return; your power
I leave unlimited; and do enjoin you
Closely to guard our prisoner Brunetto.

Alb. So may your wish'd return be safe and speedy!

Lav. A few weeks
Shall grace our court with the fair Melanese;
Therefore let's on, 'tis time we were away. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, *A Desert.*

Enter Trapolin.

Heigh ho! this banish'd life is very doleful—What an inhuman Duke was this, to banish me that never banish'd him? At every step I take, my poor Flametta comes into my mind. She met me at the town's end, and would fain ha' come along with me, but that I told her she was not banish'd, and might not—Methinks this is a very melancholy place. I han't met a living creature yet, but what had either wings or four feet.—Stay, let me bethink me where I shall betake my carcase!—I would to Rome now, and turn friar, but that I've too much learning: A man of my occupation might once have finger'd the Pollux rials in Venice, but now the gentry go a more compendious way to work, and pimp for one another. O fie, it spoils all trading. (*Soft music.*) Ha!

what sounds are these? Sure this place must be haunted! This, with a good dinner now, were something; but as it is, it feels as if they were playing upon my small guts.

(*Thunder.*

So, now my airy friends are fall'n out amongst themselves—I wish his Highness wou'd come and banish me from hence too.

Thunder. Storm again. Conjurer rises seated in a chair.

Con. Son, thou art banish'd.

Trap. Yes, I know that.—But how the devil came you to know it?

Con. Why, the devil told me.

Trap. The devil he did! Nay, 'twas his own doing, so he can give the best account of it.

Con. Be not dismay'd, preferment waits upon thee; I am so far from hurting thee, that from poor Trapolin thou shalt become a prince.

Trap. Look you there again: he knows my name. For certain this must be the devil's kinsman—A prince! poor Trapolin thanks you, father conjurer, but he has no mind to domineer in hell; he knows where your territories lie.

Con. Befotted wretch! thou dost not understand me. I tell thee, son, thou shalt return to Florence.

Trap. Yes, and be hang'd for my labour.

Con. No, honour'd, exalted o'er thy fellows.

Trap. On a gibbet.

Con. There shalt thou shine in wealth, and roll in plenty; the treasures of the east shall court thy wear, and crowding beauties sue for thy embraces.

Trap. Surely I must ha' pimp'd for this old fellow formerly, he's so devilish kind. But tell me, father conjurer, pray let's know how all this shall be done?

Con. By *Eeo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

Trap. What they mean I know not: however, I am satisfied; 'tis but going to the devil for it; and so much for that matter.

Con. Here, sit thee in this chair—fear not—sit down.

Trap. Well, what's to be done now? What, I'm to be shav'd here, am I? I shall lather, I believe, without either water or wash-ball.

Con. Sit still, and see the wonders of my art. *Eeo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, arise, and listen to my incantation.

Trap. What will become of this temporal body of mine?—I'm glu'd to my seat here.—But, hark you me, good father, pray, must this black retinue of yours needs appear?

Con. Of indispensable necessity.

Trap. Then be so good as let 'em appear invisibly; I tell you I have no great inclination to their company; you, you're enough like the devil to serve my turn.

Con. Now by the most prevailing spell
That e'er amaz'd the pow'rs of hell,
That midnight witches ever try'd,
While Cynthia did her crescent hide;
While watchful dogs to bark forbore,
The wolf to howl, the sea to roar;
While Robin does his midnight chare,
And ploughmen sweat beneath the mare;
By all the terrors of my skill,
Make haste, and execute my will.

Thunder. *Trapolin sinks.*

Now, proud Lavinio, little do'st thou know
This secret practice of my just revenge.

(Soft music.)

The Spirits rise with Trapolin dress'd exactly like Lavinio.

Trap. O father! what metal do you think I am made of, to travel thus under ground. Oh for a good dram of the bottle of a quart or two! Call you this preferment? Marry, he deserves it richly that goes to the devil for it. Not that I see any preferment neither.

Con. Thou dost not know thyself; look in that mirror.

(Shows him a glass.)

Trap. Whose there? the Duke—Your highness is well return'd; your faithful servant; Trapolin, begs one boon of your grace, which is to call him home again, and hang up this old wizard in his room, or else he'll conjure your grace out of your wits, and your subjects out of your dominions.—*(Trapolin bows low; the Conjuror conceals the glass.)* Ha! what, is he gone again? He's for a frisk under ground too, I suppose; nay, I made room enough for him, I can tell you that: I work'd like any mole, and made passages that you may thrust churches through.

Con.

Con. Know, simple wretch, 'tis thou thyself that represent'st the Duke; what in that glass thou saw'st is but thy picture.

Trap. If that be my picture, I'll be sworn I'm the picture of the Duke.

Con. And shalt be taken for the Duke himself: To Florence then away, assume thy state.

Trap. Trust me for Duking of it; let me alone; for my part, I don't see why every man should not be a Duke in his turn.——But, father Conjurer, pray what are the names of those pretty dark colour'd gentlemen, that stick so lovingly to the skirts of my royal coat?

Con. *Eeo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, invisible to all eyes but thy own——to watch and keep thee safe in time of danger.

Trap. Gentlemen, your most obedient—and I beg you'll stick close, boys——Well, father Conjurer, give us your fist; time's precious, d'ye see, with us great personages; so I shall be glad to meet you at court, to toss off a flaggon, or so; it may be the better for you: for (as I take it) we shall have some change in the ministry; so farewell.

Con. Stay, son; take this.

(*Gives him a paper of powder.*)

Trap. What's this, a dose of physic?

Con. No; 'tis *Pulvis altervisibilis*, of supernatural power; preserve it carefully, and when a foe assaults, cast but this magic powder in his face, and thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

Trap. Here it goes then (*Puts it loose in his pocket.*) Good now, I'm satisfy'd I am the Duke, which some shall rue. Well, father, fare you well! *Eeo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, stick close, close.

(*Exit* Trapolin.
(*Conjuror sinks.*)

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Barbarino and Flametta.

Flam. I do beseech your honour to repeal
My only joy, my banish'd Trapolin;
Oh! favour once a helpless virgin's prayers.
For, as your sovereign left his power with you,
He left his mercy also.

Barb. Her tears inflame me more ; she must 'be won.

Flam. I do beseech your honour call him home.

Barb. And what return must I expect, fair maid?

Flam. By day or night you shall command——

Barb. What ?

Flam. My prayers.

Barb. A hopeful recompence, indeed !

What statesman ever yet took prayers for pay ? No, no, they deal in better coin—beauty and gold alone are baits for them. Who waits without ?

Flam. Heaven shield me——Sure you intend no violence ?

Barb. What I intend is love ; if you refuse, 'tis you that makes the rape, not I. Who waits, I say ?

Enter a Servant.

Flam. Help, Heav'n !

Serv. My Lord, my Lord, most unexpected news !

Barb. Come near,

And bear the peevish girl to my apartment.

Serv. The Duke, my lord, his Highness.

Barb. Take her, slave !

Serv. His highness is return'd from Milan.

Barb. How's that ?

The Duke return'd from Milan !

Serv. Just now arriv'd, my lord, and coming hither.

Trap. (*without.*) *Eco, Meo, and Arco*, stick close, boys, close.

Barb. Ha ! that's his voice, indeed ! and here he comes in person. Away, dear maid, away.

(*Puts Flametta out.*)

Enter Trapolin and Spirits. *Albertus.*

Trap. Stick close, boys ; close, I say——

Barb. Great fir,

Upon our knees we welcome your return.

Trap. And on our legs we take it—hum—hum.

(*Struts about.*)

Alb. Your Highness comes unlook'd for ; we didn't expect this happy time so soon by fourteen days.

Barb. So please your Grace, where is our Duchess ?

Trap. Your Duchess won't be here till—a—till, a—the gods know when !——For my part, I know nothing at all of the matter.

Alb.

Alb. How wild he talks !

Trap. Well, what, you never pity my misfortunes now ! Here have I been robb'd in my journey, murder'd, fous'd in the mire, had my horse taken from me, and, if it had not been for father Conjurer——

Barb. How, Sir ?

Trap. I say, if I had not been a conjurer, I'd ne'er got home again in my most royal skin.

Alb. What means your Highness ?

Trap. Mean ! What the devil should I mean ? My Highness means, to be sure, to take an exact account of our affairs : I left an honest fellow here, one Trapolin, what's become of him ?

Barb. Your Highness gave me charge to banish him.

Trap. Lookee there now ! There's the pillar of our state gone ! You took him for a buffoon, but I found him one of the ablest politicians in all Europe ; other countries will find the value of him ; and, for ought I know, he may be a prince by this time.

Alb. I am amaz'd—This is mere phrenzy. [*Aside.*

Trap. There is another good friend of mine, Brunetto, where's he ?

Alb. Dread Sir ! your Highness knows full well, that for his presumption in courting of your royal sister, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but lying in this wicked world. I confin'd him ! Why, 'tis well-known I never had a sister in my life.

Barb. No sister, Sir !

Trap. No, Jack Sauce ; none that's worth imprisoning a friend for : Honest Brunetto, I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a—*Eeo, Meo, and Areo*, stick close, boys, close. [*Exit.*

Barb. This kindness to Brunetto is most strange !

Alb. Let's after him, and wait his better humour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Prison.

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. Phaugh, what a dismal place is here ! Od's zounlikins ! I'll have it carried bodily out of my dukedom.—Lack-a-day, poor Brunetto ! What the devil can

he ha' done to be shut up here? Oh, here he comes!—
Stick close boys.

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. What may the Duke intend by coming hither?
——Great Prince!——a—— *(Bows low.)*

Trap. He makes a very low leg; but I scorn to be
outdone in courtesy——So *(Bows.)*

Bru. What means this cruel mockery? *(Aside.)* Your
Highness doth forget yourself extremely; I am your priso-
ner, you know.

Trap. My friend Brunetto, my best friend, I say!

Bru. I am astonish'd, Sir; upon my knees I do con-
gratulate your safe return.

Trap. And upon my knees I do embrace thee, most
reverend Brunetto.

Bru. I know not to what to think or speak; I do be-
seech your Highness rise——

Trap. Not without thee; therefore up, I say: away
with compliments, I cannot abide 'em.

Bru. You honour me above expression.

Trap. Pshaw, a fig for your honour, I love thee, man—
—Sirrah, you jailor! here, bring chairs immediately.

Bru. Your Highness——

Trap. Pshaw! away with highness; Highness, me
no Highness——I say away with it; call me Lavin,
plain Medices.

Bru. Sure I am awake! this is no dream!

Trap. Come, sirrah; what a while ha' you been bring-
ing chairs! Why, I have known a pimp made a prince in
less time: Brunetto, sit down; sit you down, I say.

Bru. I will attend your Highness on my knees.

Trap. Nay, then, here it goes again; I'm not thy fa-
ther, am I? Get up, and sit thee here.

Bru. On the right hand——that must not be.

Trap. Why, an' thou wilt have it so, there, there let
it be——and now tell us wherefore——But hold, I'm
mistaken——let's see——ay——that, that's the left hand,
that must not be either; what, do'st think I've got no
manners?

(They change chairs several times.)

Bru. There is no remedy; I must obey.

Trap. Very well——what now!——art afraid of me?
——(Marry, an thou draw'st back I'll draw back too);
there—

therefore sit still, I say, and let us talk. Come, tell us, man, —how can'st thou here, into this damn'd dungeon, ha?

Bru. Ay, now the storm is rising——Pardon me, dread Sovereign.

Trap. What, on thy knees again? Zounds, get up, or I'll—Why, what do'st take me for? Mahomet the Impostor?—I tell thee once for all, that, as well as I can pardon thee, I do, whatever it be: But let me know thy crime.

Bru. Your Highness can't forget, 'twas in aspiring to your royal sister.

Trap. Hast marry'd her.

Bru. Beseech your grace——

Trap. Well, an' thou hastn't, I wou'd thou had'st. Harkee, get her consent, and here I give thee mine; so come along with me to dinner.

Bru. Your Highness shall command me to my death.

Trap. I say thou shalt have her, that's enough; and, if I'd two sisters, thou should'st have 'em both.——Who waits there——

Enter Barbarino, Alberto, and Attendants.

Come hither; nearer Lords: You see this apartment, don't you? and thought fit to have my little Brunetto here shut up in't, for making love to my sister, didn't you?

Alb. Sir, it was your Highness's own command.

Trap. It was, umph! Jailor, take me these two comcomby Lords, and, d'ye hear, keep 'em safe under lock and key; they are never well but when they are doing mischief: O' my conscience and soul, here's such incumbrance of perplexity, that I protest——Come along friend——*Eeo, Meo, and Aroo*, mind your——flick close, I say——

[*Exit with Brunetto.*]

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Re-Enter Trapolin.

Trap. This Duke's life is very pleasant! Did ever man come to preferment upon cheaper terms! I am made a prince, and father Conjurer goes to the devil for it.——What's here? Oho, if this be the princess, I'll be sworn Brunetto is a liquorish dog.

Enter Prudentia.

Pru. Ten thousand welcomes, Sir; I never found such tedious hours as since you left the court.

Trap. No! Well, then, you'll gi' me a burs, to welcome me home, won't you?—That's kind, you are our sister, I suppose, ha?

Pru. I hope my conduct, Sir, has ne'er given cause to doubt it: I am your sister, Sir, and servant.

Trap. Umph!—I am sorry for't, indeed!

Pru. I do beseech your Highness, on what ground?

Trap. For a carnal reason, that shall be nameless; but, since we are brother and sister, why, we must e'en make the best on't, and content ourselves as well as we can—But, sister, to our affair in hand, for I'm vengeance hungry, I can tell you that. At my return, I found Brunetto here in goal; and, as they say, for love of you: tell me truly, can you fancy him, pretty face?

Pru. Your will, Sir, is the square of all my actions; I own I've no aversion to Brunetto. Besides, his quality, though yet conceal'd, is worthy of your blood; he is a prince, Sir; his real name Horatio, and the second son of Savoy's Duke.

Trap. How's this! my friend Brunetto a prince! I'll be sworn, I no more thought o' seeing him a prince than myself. Sister, take notice, you've my consent, either to marry him, or—mum—there's an end—say no more:

[*Exit Prudentia.*

(*Noise without.*

Hey day! What's here to do?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, this is the day and hour in which your Highness was won't to determine causes in your chair of state; and accordingly here are several persons waiting to appeal for justice.

Trap. How, justice before I've din'd! I tell you it's impossible. I remember I'd like to ha' been hang'd once myself because the judge was fasting; however, for once let 'em enter.

(*Takes the chair.*

So, here sits the government: In the first place, d'ye see, I'd have the court take notice, that, in affairs of state, I think words are not to be multiply'd; and, as I think so, I shall not do so—and, if I do not, nobody else must. So, in this assembly, he that speaks little will fare better than he that talks much; and he that says nothing at all, better than both.

Enter

Enter several people. A woman stands forth.

1st Wom. I do beseech your Highness do me justice : I have liv'd long in fame amongst my neighbours ; my husband, too, bore office in the parish till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highness ; and left me but one dear and only daughter, whom this old sinner has debauch'd, and spoil'd her fortune.

Trap. Ay, how did he this ? lawfully, by the help of a pimp, or without one.

1st Wom. Oh, most unlawfully, Sir ; for he has a wife, and a son too of his own inches.

Trap. A son of his own inches ! Oho ! then the decision of this cause is easy : Do you hear, woman ? we will have that son debauch'd ; you shall get that son's maidenhead, and spoil his fortune.

1st Wom. I do beseech your Grace——

Trap. Away, away, woman ! No replying after sentence.—Stand forth, whose cause is next ?

2d Wom. Great Duke of Tuscany, vouchsafe to hear me. I am a poor and helpless widow, one that had no comfort left me but my child, whom this vile villain, Whip, the coachman here, being drunk, drove over, and hath left him dead. I do beseech your Highness make my case your own, and think what sad distress——

Trap. Hold, hold, I'll have no flourishing——This cause requires some half a minute's consideration. Whip the coachman, you say, being drunk, drove over your child, and kill'd him : Why, look you, woman, drink will make a coachman a prince ; and, *vice versa*, by the rule of proportion, a prince a coachman ; so that this may be my own case another time—however, that shall make no obstruction of justice.—Therefore I do decree, that sturdy Whip here, shall be suspended from driving 'till he hath whip'd you up another child.

2d Wom. So please your Grace, this is still worse——

Trap. No replying after sentence ; take her hence—Who's next ?

A Puritan stands forth.

Pur. May it please your temporal authority——

Trap. How now, my mortify'd brother of Geneva ! what carnal controversy are you engag'd in ?

Pur.

Pur. Verily, there is nothing carnal in my cause : I have sustained violence, much violence, and must have much compensation from the ungodly.

Trap. What is your grievance ?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the words of sincerity.

Trap. I care not a farthing for sincerity, let me have it in brevity.

Pur. This person here is by occupation a mason or tiler, as the language of the world termeth it : while therefore I stood contemplating a new mansion that I had prepared unto myself, at the same time that this person occupied his vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied, (for such was his wicked negligence), that he fell from the top of the building most unconscionably upon my outward man ; yea, with all his carnal weight, and bruised me exceedingly ; I being clothed then in thin array, through the immoderate heat of the season.

Trap. And how might you be clothed ?

Pur. I had no more than five cassocks or coats, seven cloaks, and only one dozen of quilted night-caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a most important matter : if such enormities go unpunish'd, what subject can be safe ? Why, if any perverse, hot-headed-fellow take a pique against his neighbour, it is but getting up eight, or ten, or fifteen stories high, and so fall slap down upon him : as he stands thinking no harm in the street : I do therefore decree that this tiler shall stand below, while you get upon the battlements of the house, and fall down upon him.

Pur. Fie, fie, this is monstrous, monstrous——

Trap. Away, away with him ; stop his mouth. As for petty causes, why let 'em wait till we have din'd ; for till great rogues are rewarded, little ones arn't worth notice. So come along boys : *Eco, Meo, and Arco*, stick close, close——

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II.

SCENE, *Front of a Prison.*

Enter Duke Lavinio.

THE face of things seems altered since I went : as yet I've met with nought but what's astonishing. No welcome do I find, but stale respect, the forc'd attendant of continual presence.

Barbarino and Alberto appear at the grates.

Barb. Most gracious Sir,———pity your subjects, and most faithful servants.

Lav. Confusion ! Are my eyes and ears both charm'd ? Our deputies, whom we did leave in trust of our whole power, confin'd in goal ! set 'em at large, and in my presence, now. Sure some ill spirit hath possess'd my people ! Come hither, Lords. D'ye know me ? who am I ?

Barb. The Duke of Florence, our most gracious master.

Lav. Are not you call'd Alberto, Sir ? you Barbarino ? My prudent, faithful counsellors, to whom I left the government of Tuscany ?

Alb. We are your loyal subjects, though your prisoners.

Lav. Pris'ners ! How came you so, Sir ? speak.

Barb. Your Highness sent us thither.

Lav. When—— when did I so ?

Alb. That self-same time you sent to free Brunetto ; to whom you have given your royal sister, and did call him second son of Savoy.

Lav. Alberto, mark me——

I swear by this my royalty and dukedom, I'd rather send for that Brunetto's head.

Alb. Beseech your Highness look, let your own eyes convince you of the truth.

Lav. What do I see !

Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.

Plagues, pestilence, and whirlwinds part 'em !

Pru. My royal brother !

Lav. Damn'd infernal creature.

Bru. I did suspect at first 'twas his distraction.

Pru. Wherein, dear Sir, have I deserved this usage ?

Lav. Sulphur choke thy voice !

I'll spend no breath upon a thing so vile ;

You, Sir, my new-made fav'rite, come near and tell me, are you son to Savoy's Duke ?

Bru. Your highness knows I am his second son.

Lav. Then know, Sir, were you Savoy's eldest son. My sister once deserv'd a better match.

To prison with the boaster

Till Savoy fetch him hence.

(Guards carry him off into the prison.)

Sleep shall not close my eyes, nor food refresh me, 'till we have search'd this mischief to the core.

We'll spare no means, that may our peace secure ;

Such desp'rate ills must have a desp'rate cure. [*Exeunt.*

(Manet. Prudentia weeping.)

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. Eco, Meo, and Ateo, stick close, boys, close. Who's here ? the princess in tears !—Poor dear little honey-suckle, how she sobs ! She almost makes me snivel too—a brace of bumpers now wou'd do the business !—Sister, how do'st do ? Come, chear up, chear up, chear up—What, I know your grievance, and out of natural affection have provided for you—dry to your little twinklers—Whimper no more, you marry the Price Horatio this very night—and a liquorish dog he is, by the by.

Pru. Most wonderful ! One minute then has chang'd his sullen humour ! (*Aside.*) But why, Sir, have you made him a close prisoner ?

Trap. A prisoner, say you ?—Run guards, and fetch him to our presence.—Who's there ? some wine here ; slaves, be quick, and fill a brimmer—Here, sister, here's a bundle of love to you—Come, honey, take a tippie—Sorrow's dry.

(Brunetta brought in here.)

Dear Prince Horatio, an' you don't forgive my locking you up, I shall never be merry again ; so here's at you.

Bru. Upon my knees I pay my humble thanks.

Trap. Come, come, take her along, man ; take her along ; what the plague, I know what you'd be at well enough—d'ye hear ? cuddle her, cuddle her heartily.

[Exit Brunetta and Prudentia.]

(Barbarino and Alberto pass over the stage.)

Who's yonder ? my Lords Banishers at large again ?

Will

Will the government never be able to drink in quiet for 'em? Seize those traitors there, and carry 'em to prison; and, d'ye hear, firrah? mark me well—it shall be treason for any body to let 'em out.

Off. Unless by order from your Highness.

Trap. Order or no order, rascal, it shall be treason to let 'em out—Away with 'em,—go—fly—avaunt.

(Carried off.)

What *bona roba* have we here?

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. My dearest Lord——

Trap. Who are you madam?

Ifab. Do not you know me, Sir?

How am I alter'd since I came from Milan?

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Duchess; you are our wife, you'll say.

Ifab. Sir!

Trap. I'm glad of it. I promise you; come kiss me then, kiss me incontinently.

Ifab. What mean you, Sir? You are merrily dispos'd.

Trap. Why, ay, my dainty Duchess! I'm somewhat jovial, indeed; frolicsome, or so——I have been drinking a little freely, so kiss me again.

Ifab. My Lord!

Trap. You're a handsome female, truly!——and tell me, dearest, an't I a proper man, too? ha!

Ifab. Sir, you know you are the man whom I esteem above the world.

Trap. Ah—ha—what a winning look was there! To bed, my dear, to bed; I'll just take t'other flask, to put state affairs out of my head, and then——ah, ha, ha,——*Eco, Meo, and Areo*; stick close, close.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Outside of the Prison.*

Enter Duke Lavinio.

Ye glorious planets, that do nightly guide
The giddy ships upon the ocean's brink,
If your malignant influences
Have rais'd this madness in my subjects minds,
Let some more gentle aspects now
Restore 'em to their senses——

(Barbarino and Alberto appear in prison,

I am

I am astonish'd ! Heav'n's, what do I see ?
 My lords imprison'd ! free 'em instantly
 Without reply,——
 O grant me patience ! patience all ye pow'rs !
 I wonder, lords, that you of all my subjects,
 Whom I have known to bear the noblest minds,
 Should thus distract yourselves !
 You run to prison of your own accord,
 And say I sent you thither.

Alb. Most Royal Sir, we grieve to see these days ;
 It was your own command.

Lav. Mine !

Capt. It was so, please your Grace ;
 You did again commit 'em,
 That very hour on which you set 'em free.

Lav. I commit them !

I tell you all, with sorrow, you are mad.
 Therefore in this small interval of sense,
 Betake you, with one voice, to your devotion,
 And pray the incens'd gods to be pleas'd,
 And keep you from relapse.

Barb. Heav'n bless your Highness !

Officer. Amen !——

(*Exeunt.*)

Trapolin discover'd asleep.

What a princely nap have I taken——heigho——
 But, as I remember, I was to ha' gone to my Du-
 ches's : However, since I shou'd only ha' slept, I believe
 'tis as well as it is——Gi' me a bumper, sirrah ; charge
 —How now ! what's here ?——my lords at liberty again !

Enter Barbarino, Alberto, and Officer.

Barb. Long live your Highness.

Trap. Amen. (Drinks.)

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen to that too——But, my small friends,
 hark ye, how came ye hither ? I thought you'd been
 safe under lock and key.

Barb. Alas ! he's relaps'd again.

Trap. Sirrah, you captain, why kept you not these
 vermin up till I bid you let 'em out ?

Capt. So, please your Grace, I did.

Trap. How, rascal !——Will you lie to my most
 princely face ? (*Throws wine in his face.*) To kennel
 with

with 'em : walk my good lords banishers ; your honours know the way ; along with 'em, trugh, trugh.

(Barbarino and Alberto carried off.)

Thus far, I take it, we have kept the government in good order. Now for my Duchefs! lead to her Grace's apartment, *Eeo*, *Meo*, and *Arco*, stick close. [Exit.

Enter Duke Lavinio, and Servant.

Lav. I've found, I've found at last the fatal riddle. Call Barbarino and Alberto to me.

Serv. From prison, Sir.

Lav. From prison, slave, what mean'st thou ?

Serv. Your Highness but this minute sent 'em thither; nor will your officer at my request release 'em, unless you send a token.

Lav. Here, take my signet for a token ; bid 'em Attend me instantly in my apartment.

It is, it must be so ; some spiteful fiend,

Permitted by the Heav'ns, assumes my shape,

And what I do undoes : no other cause

Remains in nature for these strange effects.

Pity, ye Gods, your lab'ring minister ;

Remove this plague, and save the state of Florence.

[Exit.

Enter Trapolin.

The next is the Duchefs's bed chamber, and yonder she is——ogh——h——h——fast asleep——umph—— what a neck and breast is there ?——Now do I reckon that my friend Brunetto and I shall consummate much about a time ; to be sure, I ought to ha' seen him a-bed first, but some how or other natural affection has triumph'd over my good manners, so e'en welcome vengery.

Re enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's your Ring.

Trap. What ring ?

Serv. Your signet, Sir, with which you sent me to release the prisoners.

Trap. My signet ! oh——ay——well, well, well, give it me : Now, go slave, commend me to Brunetto, and bid him start fair, d'ye hear ?

Serv. From Prison, Sir ?

Trap. From prison, say you ? how happens that ?
Hre,

Here, take my *signal* again, and release him straight ; say, I charge him on his allegiance to go to bed to the Princess directly——Make all fast without there ; I can find the way to her Grace by myself.

(*Exit Servant.*)

As he is going, Lavinio enters.

Lav. What do I see ?

This is the hellish phantom that has confus'd our court : Good Gods, how he resembles me !

Trap. Good Gods, how he resembles me !

Lav. Ev'n I myself would almost take him for myself.

Trap. Ev'n I myself would almost take him for myself.

Lav. What art thou ?

Trap. What art thou ?

Lav. What art thou ?

Trap. I am Lavinio, Duke of Tuscany.

Lav. He speaks too, and usurps my name.

I'll try if thou hast substance ; struggle not, for thou might'st sooner break from Hercules. I'll have thee flea'd from thy enchanted skin.

Trap. I say beware of treason ; flea off my skin !

Both. } Guards, guards, guards !
 } Guards, guards, guards !

Both. } A traitor, a traitor !
 } A traitor, a traitor !

(*As they are struggling, Trapolin flings the enchanted powder in his face, Lavinio quits his hold.*)

Trap. There, there's some of father conjurer's powder for you, some of his anti-devilish——what it'll do for me I know not, but there 'tis.

Lav. The forcerer has blinded me.

Trap. Yes, so wou'd powder of post ha' done that ; but if this be all the wonderful effects, I'll e'en save my skin, by shewing a tight pair of heels for it. *Eeo, Meo, and Aeo, stick close, boys, close.* (*Exit running.*)

Lav. Stop, stop the traitor ; help, guards, guards !

(*Exit after him.*)

(*Noise continues some time of guards ! guards ! here he is, catch him ; there he is, hold him fast.*)

Re-enter Trapolin.

Trap. Oh—oh—what will become of me ? I shall never have the heart to swagger it out, the guards are coming

ing too——Oh rare powder! that's done the job, faith.

Re-enter Lavinio in the likeness of Trapolin.

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou Proteus.

Enter Captain and Guards.

Trap. Help, subjects, help! your natural Duke's assaulted.

1st Off. Audacious slave!

Lav. Death and furies!

2d Off. What, Trapolin return'd!

Trap. Trapolin! no, no, Trapolin was too honest a fellow to assault his own natural Prince. This is some villain transform'd by magic to his likeness, and I'll have him flead from his enchanted skin.

Lav. Blood and vengeance!

Trap. Look to him carefully; see how he foams at the mouth: Look to him till you get our farther orders——Now once more for our Duchefs. *Eeo, Meo, and Areo*, come along boys, stick close. *[Exit.]*

Lav. Unhand me, slaves! I'm the Duke your sovereign.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Lav. That villain that went out's a damn'd impostor.

2d Off. Compose thyself, poor Trapolin.

Lav. What mean the slaves by Trapolin?

Enter Flametta.

Flam. My Trapolin! Oh, I'm overjoy'd! You're welcome home. I fear'd, alas! I ne'er should see you more.

Lav. Blood and fire!

Flam. This is unkind, to treat me with such coldness, after so long an absence.

Lav. Confusion!

Nay, then, 'tis time to lay me thus on earth. And (lost to every sense) blend with my parent-clay. *(Lies down.)*

Enter Alberto and Trapolin.

Trap. *Eeo, Meo, and Areo*, rare boys, still stick close,——I'm out of breath with looking for her Grace——the bed I found, but no Duchefs, and not one of her women can tell me where she is hid *(Enter Duchefs.)* Here they are now all in a bundle——Ah! my little pig-neys

neys, what a naughty trick was this, to spirit thyself away, when you know how frightened I am with lying alone.—

Enter Brunetta and Prudentia.

Ha, my princely friend ! hast thou consummated ? That sheepish look o' thine confesses guilt. Well, married or not married, I'm resolv'd to see you a-bed together incontinently.

Lav. The devil you shall ! *(Rising hastily.)*

Flam. Dear Trapolin, be quiet, you will destroy yourself and me—I do beseech your Grace forgive him, alas he's lunatic.

Trap. Poor Trapolin ! that ever such good parts as thine should come to this.

Lav. What mean you all by Trapolin :
I am Lavinio.

I am the Tuscan Duke ; this is an impostor ;
That (by damn'd magic and infernal arts)
Hath rais'd these strange chimeras in our court.

Trap. Shew him a glass, shew him a glass.

A glass brought.

Lav. What do I see ! Ev'n thus I seem to them.
Plagues, death and furies ! This is
Witchcraft all : Still I assert my right ;
I am Lavinio.

Trap. Nay, then, I see he'll ne'er come to good.
To prison with him, take him hence, away.

(As they are carrying him off, thunder, the conjurer rises.)

Con. Turn thee, Lavinio, Duke of Tuscany.

Lav. Ha ! what art thou that own'st my pow'r and
title,

Disclaim'd by all my subjects ?

Trap. How ! Father Conjurer here !
I warrant he's going to the devil now, and so calls at
the court for company.

Lav. I know that voice.

Con. Remember Guicciardi, the Tuscan count,
Whom twelve years since thou did'st unjustly banish :
Those tedious hours I chiefly have apply'd
To magic studies ; and (in just revenge)
Have rais'd these strange disorders in thy court.

Now

Now pardon what is past, I'll set all right.

Lav. I swear by all the honours of my state I will.

Trap. So here's his Grace and the devil upon articles of agreement, and excluding me from the treaty.

Con. Then take that chair—*Eeo, Meo, and Areo*, attend and execute my will—

(*Lavinio takes the chair.*)

Bru. What mean these prodigies!

Con. Ye noble Florentines suspend your fears,
And you shall see the wonders of my skill.
Come, firrah, sit you here.

Trap. Not I, old Belzebub! I'll e'en banish myself
now I have the power in my own hands—

Con. Sit down, I say, without equivocation.

Trap. Now, boys; my little *Eeo, Meo, and Areo*,
Stick by me now, or else—O la! (*They both sink.*
(*Soft music and they rise again transform'd into their own appearance.*)

Omn. The Duke! good Heav'n!
How have our eyes been charm'd!

Lav. Where have I been?

Trap. In very good company, I can tell you that.

Lav. Sure all has been a dream.

Trap. Then I wish I was asleep still.

Con. Your royal word is past; you pardon all.

Lav. I do, and weep for joy
To see my subjects to their sense restor'd.

Con. Brave Prince Horatio, your elder brother,
The Duke of Savoy's dead.

▶ *Lav.* Then he is Savoy.

Sir, I intreat forgiveness of what's past,
And wish you lasting joy— (*Gives him Prudentia.*
But for that fiend the impostor, seize and secure him
there. (*Guard seize Trapolin.*

Now tell me, slave, what art thou?

Trap. Shall I tell your Highness in one word

Lav. A word, a syllable, or else thou diest:

Trap. A pimp—neither more nor less than a pimp!
There's a monosyllable at your service—A very useful
member of society, I can tell you that—

Lav. Hence with him to the rack; conduct him
quick—

Trap.

Trap. O dear Father Conjuror, won't you stand by me?

Con. Please your Grace, a general pardon's seal'd ; let no one be exempt.

Lev. Well be it so then—my passion shall subside—I pardon all—and seal that pardon with a general jubilee—Come, let festivity begin, and usher it with a dance.

[A DANCE.]

DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

A BALLAD OPERA.

IN ONE ACT.

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Drury-Lane.

MEN.

<i>Arcas</i> , a Nobleman of great possessions in Arcadia,	Mr. Winstone.
<i>Ægon</i> , his friend,	Mr. Cole.
<i>Corydon</i> , An old shepherd,	Mr. Turbutt.
<i>Cimon</i> , } Simple brothers, in love with	{ Mr. Miller.
<i>Mopfus</i> , } Phillida,	{ Mr. Oates.
<i>Damon</i> , an Inconstant,	Mr. Stoppelaer.

WOMEN.

<i>Phillida</i> , daughter to Corydon,	Mrs. Clive.
SCENE, The Arcadian Fields.	

SCENE, I.

Arcas, Ægon.

Æg. This way I see old Corydon advancing :
He comes, by my appointment, to complain
Of some abuse that's offered to his daughter ;
And hopes that your authority will right him.

Arc. 'Tis true ! somewhat of this Pastora told me.

Æg. He's there, with all the parties to attend you.

SCENE II.

*Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopfus, Damon,
and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble Arcas,
Lord of our lands and flocks !——

Arc. ————— Good neighbours, welcome !
What seems amiss, that may concern your welfare ?

Cor. Ah ! my good lord, I have no skill to speech it ;
But grief at heart will always find a tongue.

My Lord, this home-bred maid I call my daughter,
She's all I have, and all my hope ; now I

Would gladly see her well disposed in marriage :

And that she might not die a maid, unask'd,

I have declared one-half of what I have

Her dow'r, in present ; at my death the rest.

'Tis true, 'tis little ; but still the half is half !

Now here, so please you, I have found her out

A pair of wholesome youths to take her choice of :

Brothers they be, sons of my neighbour Dorus.

This is call'd Cimon, and the younger Mopsus !

Their means and manners suit her breeding well,

And both profess their hearts are set upon her.

Cim. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in love.

[*Half crying*

Cor. Nay, prithee Cimon, let me tell my story.

Arc. A little patience, friend——

Mop. ————— Hoh ! hoh ! hoh ! hoh !

That fool my brother's always in the wrong !

Cor. Fie ! fie ! Mopsus ! now thou art worse than he.

Arc. On with thy tale——

Cor. ————— Now, Sir, these lads, I say,
Were nothing in the way-to cross their courtship,

Might one or t'other make her a good husband.

But here, here, an't please you, lies our grief !

The wilful girl is scornful to them both.

And why ? because, forsooth, she loves another !

But how ! how is her love disposed ? Why, thus !

This pranking gamesome boy, this Damon here !

With songs and gambols has, I think bewitch'd her.

His pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter sounds,

And all the idle day they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay, so they do, and please you——

Cor. ————— Nay, nay, Cimon !

Cim. Well, well ! I've done : but I'm sure its true
though.——

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but Damon.
And what will Damon do ? Why, ruin her !

The

The lamb that's in the hungry fox's mouth,
Has little hope to 'scape being made his breakfast :
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
And openly defies my power to force him,
A hard defiance to a tender father ! *(Weeps.)*

Now, good my Lord ! 'tis true you're not our king,
And therefore none are bound by law to obey you :
But you've a stronger tie o'er us, our hearts.
And the great good you do us every day,
Will make your word go farther than a law :
So if your pity think my case is hard,
I leave the manner how, to your great wisdom ;
And hope your goodness will prevent a father's sorrow.

Arc. Thy grief, good Corydon, I take to heart,
And to my poor extent of power will serve thee.
But hear me now, what others may reply.
Damon, thou'st heard this good old man's complaint ;
Why hast thou dallied with this maid's affection ?
What shall I say I've done to right his daughter ?

Dam. Why, let the damsel please herself, my Lord ;
If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her choice.
If to make life a frolic——Here's her man.

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd her falsely.

Arc. 'Tis true.

Well, my good friends, I hope what you propose
[*To Cim. and Mop.*

Will shew your hearts are of an honest mould.
There stands the maid ; if you have ought to urge,
That may prefer your hopes to Damon's,
Take this occasion to avow your love :
You have her father's wish, and my protection.

Cim. Ah ! Sir, 'en like you, I have no heart to speak,
She flouts and glows at me from morn to night.
See how she looks now ! 'cause she can't avoid me.

Arc. Take courage, man ; 'tis but her maiden shyness.

Cim. D'ye think so, Sir ? Why, then, I will take heart !
If an old song will do the thing, have at her.

A - I - R - I.

There's not a swain,

On the plain,

Wou'd be so blest as I.

O could you but, could you but on me smile.

But you appear
 So severe,
 That trembling with fear,
 My heart goes pit-a pat ! pit-a-pat ! all the while !
 When I cry,
 Must I die ?
 You make no reply,
 But look shy,
 And with a scornful eye,
 Kill me with your cruelty :
 How can you be, can you be,
 How can you be so hard to me ?
 Ah ! poor Cimon, thou art ne'er the nearer ;
 Not all thy sighs, nor songs, nor sobs, can move her !
[Crying.]

Cor. You see, my Lord, the lad, though fearful, in
 His heart is honestly dispos'd, however.

Arc. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to Mopsus.

Æg. Come, Mopsus, now for thee, thy heart seems
 cheerful.

Mop. Ay ! 'twas always so ; I love to laugh,
 Let things go how they will : Why, let her frown !
 As long as Cimon's us'd as ill as I,
 It gives one's mind a little ease, however.
 Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at.

Cor. Ah ! Sir, we poor swains have but homely words
 To speak our minds ; but what we say we stand to.

Arc. An honest principle : Now, my good friend,
 Let us inquire into thy daughter's heart ;
 For that must guide us——

● *Cor.* ————Phillida, come near !

Arc. Well, my fair maid ! is there within my power
 Ought that may contribute to thy happiness ?
 Of all these youths, for thou art free to choose,
 Which is the swain comes nearest to thy heart ?

Phill. Since I am forc'd to speak the truth, my Lord,
 I own my heart has play'd a simple game.
 I know my father's kindness means me well,
 And I could wish I had the power to please him :
 But I am loth to lead a savage life ;
 And sure ! these lads were woful company.

Cim.

Cim. O, scornful maid! my heart will burst with grief!

(*Cries.*

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor Cimon's in a bitter taking!

(*Laughs.*

Phill. 'Twere hard to choose from such extremes of folly!

Damon, with all his infidelities,

Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible.

And I am more than much afraid I love him!

'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless;

And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,

To shut him from my thoughts; but 'twill not do!

Whene'er my heart is open, in he comes;

Again submits, and is again forgiven!

Again I love, and am again forsaken!

Yet still he fools me on; and when he's absent,

With sighs and songs I thus relieve my folly.

AIR II. *O Mother! a Hoop.*

I.

What woman cou'd do, I've try'd to be free;

Yet do all I can,

I find I love him; and though he flies me,

Still, still he's the man.

They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear:

When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?

So, when you have said all you can,

Still—still he's the man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,

When to him I ran;

He turn'd, and he kiss'd me; then who could upbraid

So civil a man?

The next day I found to a third he was kind,

I rated him soundly; he swore I was blind:

So, let me do what I can,

Still—still he's the man.

III.

All the world bids me beware of his art:

I do what I can;

But he has taken such hold of my heart,

I doubt he's the man!

L. 3.

So

So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can ?
 He——still is the man.

Arc. Take comfort, Corydon ; all yet may mend :
 Thy daughter's frank confession of her love
 Persuades me of her guarded innocence !
 And though licentious Damon may deserve
 Severe reproof ; yet for the maiden's sake
 (For what he suffers, her fond heart will feel)
 We will not harden him by punishment,
 But rather tempt him, by reward, to virtue.
 Of this bad matter make we then the best.
 If, therefore, Damon, thou, or any swain,
 By suit or service of his love, can woo
 And win this gentle maid to be his bride,
 The dow'r which her kind father has declar'd,
 Myself will double on her marriage-day,
 And give him, with her hand, my farther favour.

Cor. May all the gods preserve the bounteous Arcas !
 A double portion ! Now, my honest lads,
 There's brave encouragement to warm your hearts.
 Now shew your skill, and whose the featest fellow !
 Now sing and dance her down to your desires !
 Now, Phillida, let faithless Damon see
 What love and honesty have gain'd by truth ;
 And what his pranks have lost by wickedness.

Phill. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double dow'ry, Cimon ; now's our time !

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted ; my poor hopes
 Will never blossom while she looks so frosty !

Cor. Learn of thy brother, lad ; thou seest he knows
 No fear nor grief : Up with thy heart, and at her.

Cim. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my boy !

Arc. ——— Come, Corydon.

Now let us leave these lovers free to woo ;
 And he that first subduing, and subdued,
 Comes hand in hand, to ask her bridal dow'r,
 In farther token of my love, myself
 Will crown him with a chaplet worth his wearing.

Eg. Now for the garland ! ———

Mop

Mop. ————— Live the noble Arcas !

[*Exeunt Arcas and Ægon.*]

Cor. ——— Let me but live to see that knave,
That graceless Damon, bobb'd ! let him but wear
The willow, I'll jump into my grave

With joy——

[*Exit Cor.*]

SCENE III.

Dam. ——— So ! now have I probably
All my whole work to do over again !
This double dow'r, no doubt, will turn her brain,
And set the windmill of her sex agoing. } *Aside.*

Mop. Now ! Cimon, now !——

Cim. ————— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the elder——

Cim. ————— But my heart misgives me.

Phill. Still silent ! no kind offer yet from Damon ?
Has fortune no effect upon his heart ? (*Aside.*)

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The tune alone.

Mop. ——— Well, then, be sure you back me.

A I R III. and IV. *Tell me, Jenny, &c.*

Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart surrender ?

Cim. Faith and troth ! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first pretender.

Mop. Of us boys,

Cim. Take thy choice !

Mop. Here's a heart——

Cim. ——— And here's a hand too.

Mop. His or mine,

Cim. All is thine.

Both. Body and goods at thy command too.

Phill. How harsh and tedious is the voice
Of love from any but the voice desir'd !

A I R IV.

While you both pretend a passion,
'Twould be cruel to choose either ;
To preserve your inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither.

To be just,
 I now must
 Make yours, and yours, be equal cases.
 Therefore pray,
 From this day,

I never may behold your faces.

Now be silent ; if Damon is inclin'd
 To speak, his turn is next, you've had your answer.

Mop. Well, let him speak ! mayhap your face
 May get as little good from him as ours
 From you ; 'tisn't every man will marry you :
 Don't cry, Cimon ; it only makes her prouder.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o' the heart,
 I shall never recover it——

Phill. ——Hark, thee Cimon !
 I like thee better than thy brother far.

Cim. O ! the gracious ! do you truly, and truly ?

Phill. I'll give thee proof this instant ! take him hence,
 And keep him from my sight an hour at least ;
 And when thou see'st me next, come thou without him.

Cim. Give me thy hand on't——

Phill. ——Hush ! not now, they'll see us.
 Away with him——

Cim. A word's enough——I'll do't.
 Come, Mopfus, come away——for I have a thing,
 And such a thing to tell thee, boy——

Mop. ——What ails
 The fool ? thou'rt mad !

Cim. ——Mad ! ay, and so would you
 Be too, were my case yours ; but come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast ; good Cimon——

Cim. ——Faster, Mopfus, faster.

[Cimon burries off Mopfus.

SCENE IV.

Dam. My charming creature ! this was kindly done
 Never was favour, to a fool, so well
 Dissembled.——

Phill. Yes, I have learn'd from you dissembling ;
 And you'll again dissemble to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, Phillida ? Don't I love thee ?
 Why all this bustle at my heart, when thus

I touch

I touch thy hand, or gaze upon thy eyes?
Give me thy lips, and see thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, Damon; lips are but liquorish proofs
Of love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

AIR V. *Handel's Minuet.*

Dam. Away with suspicion,
That bane to desire;
The heart that loves truly all danger defies;
The rules of discretion
But stifle the fire;
On its merit alone true beauty relies

What a folly to tremble,
Lest the Lover dissemble.

His fire?

Turtles that woo,
Bill and coo;
While we enjoy
We must be true!
And to repeat it, is all,
All! we can desire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my heart!
Thou know'st I love, and therefore would'st undo me.

Dam. I know thou lov'st, and therefore would secure
thee.

AIR VI.

Phil. While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say.
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest and name the day;
Then, then name the day.

Passes are willing
As lads, for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly prest.
Let holy father
Tie us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your best.
Then, then bill your best.

Dam. What! not a hand, a lip, for old acquaintance?

Not one poor sample of the grain my dear,
Unless I make a purchase of the whole?

Phil. No, Damon; now 'tis time to end our fooling.
Consent to wed me, or forbear to love.

Dam. What; dost thou think to starve me into marriage?

Phil. I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy falsehood!
Grazed where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap.
A hedge: So keep your grafs for calves to graze on.
I need not go a mile for pasture, dame;
And good as any meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thyself a traitor!
Faithless, inhuman Damon! —————

Dam. —————Mighty well!
This double dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy brain;
And thou woud'st make me madder than thyself.
A husband! death! a mill-horse! What, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless round of life.
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow still,
'To plod the path I trod the day before!
O! methinks I feel the collar on my shoulders:

Phil. Abandon'd Damon! now I begin to hate thee.

Dam. I'm glad; my mistress, that you'll speak your mind!

Some girls will fool you on till one's heart akes.
But since I know your play, forsooth, hang lag,
Say I; and so farewell, fair Phillida.

AIR VII. *I'll range around the shady Bower's.*

Dam. I'll range the world where freedom reigns,
And scatter love around the plains.

Phil. I'll starve my love, and rather part,
'I have yield my hand to fool my heart.

Dam. The frowns of this I ne'er take ill;
Where one denies, there's two that will.

Phil. Since maids by kindness are undone,
Adieu mankind, I'll fight for none.

Dam.

Dam. No frozen lafs shall hold me long.

Phil. No fwain, that's false, my love shall wrong.

Dam. Farewell! farewell——'tis time to part.

Phil. Thus, from thy hold, I tear my heart.

Both. Farewell! farewell, &c.

[*Exit Phillida. Manet Damon.*]

Dam. How could the gipsy muster such a spirit?
The pertness of her pride has so provok'd me,
I shall never rest in my bed till she
Lies by me.

AIR VIII. *At Noon, in a sultry day, &c.*

Dam. Around the plains my heart has rov'd;
The brown, the fair, my flames approv'd:
The pert, the proud by turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And e'er the kind, with kindnessLOY'd,
The coy resign'd her charms.
But now, alas! These days are done:
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted bird, is flown;
Yet leaves her image here.
O! could I yet her heart recall,
Before her feet my pride would fall;
And, for her sake, forsaking all,
Would fix for ever there.

Here she comes again, and with her—ha——
Her father! Soft—I'm out of favour there.
Lie close a while, and mark what nail's a-driving.

(*Retires.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Corydon with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him——

Phil. ——— That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not?

Cor. ——— I say,

Avoid him as the wildest beast of prey!

He uses girls like carrion: Not the wolf

In a sheepfold, or hungry fox on poultry,
Can make more havock than that wicked rogue
Among the wenches hearts.—

Damon. ————— That must be me ! (Behind)
But what says Phillida ?

Phil. ————— Suppose this true !
Yet could he, still, be wrought to marry me !

Cor. My patience ! has he not refus'd to marry ?

Phil. And therefore I've declar'd against his love.

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your heart !
And 'till you drive him thence——

Phil. ————— I strive to do it ;
And if you knew the pain you'd pity me.

AIR IX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

A thousand ways to wean my heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him ;
And though for life I've sworn to part,
For life I find I love him.
Still should the dear false man return,
And with new vows pursue me ;
His flatt'ring tongue would kill my scorn.
And still, I fear, undo me.

Cor. Consider, Philly, if thou'rt fairly married
(And thou hast choice of Cimon or of Mopsus),
How happy will thy double dowry make thee !

Phil. I do consider, father ; so should you.
As a low fortune with the man I love
Can't make me rich ; so riches with the man
I hate can't make me happy——

Dam. ————— Gallant girl !
O ! could I eat thy very lips that spoke it. (Behind)

Cor. See ! yonder's Cimon coming : For my sake,
Dear Phillida, give him at least a smile.
A little love endur'd, may teach the boy
In time to please thee——

Phil. ————— Well ! since you desire it.
But Mopsus has the same pretensions too.
Send him to make his equal claim ;
And, till he's found, I'll hear what Cimon says.

Cor. Ah, Phillida, thou gain'st my heart. I'll send
him.

[Exit.
Dam.

Dam. Now I shall measure, by their hopes, my own.

SCENE XI.

To her Cimon, singing.

A I R X.

Cim. Behold, and see thy wounded lover !
Whose truth from thee will ne'er depart !
O let my tears at length discover.

One gentle smile, to heal my heart.

Phill. Were in the world no man but Cimon,
None of the female kind but I ;
With me should end the name of woman,
With thee the race of men should die.

Cim. O cruel sound ! false-hearted Phillida,
Didst thou not say, thou lov'st me better than
My brother Mopsus ?——

Phill. ————— Yes ; but 'twas,
As of two evils I would choose the least ;
Stay till I'm bound to choose, and then reproach me.
Thy crying makes me laugh ; his laughing makes
Me sleep.——There's all the hopeful difference.

A I R XI. *Phillida flouts me.*

Cim. O what a plague is love !
I cannot bear it :
What life so curst can prove,
Or pain come near it !
When I would tell my mind,
My heart misdoubts me ;
Or when I speak, I find
With scorn she routs me,
In vain is all I say,
Her answer still is nay :
O dismal, doleful day !
Phillida flouts me.

Enter Mopsus singing.

A I R XII. *One long Whitsun Holiday.*

Mop. Ah, poor Cimon ! dud a cry !
Well-a-day ! wipe an eye ! O fy, Phillida !

Ta

To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully ;
Phillida, fy !

Phill. No, no, Sir Pert and Dull !
Simpleton, Paperskull ! I for ever shall
Think thee far the greater fool :
Therefore will give thee cause
With him to cry.

Gim. Toll, loll, loll, doll !—Now, I pray,
Who has cause most to cry, ah ! well-a-day ?

Mop. What care I ! why, let her scoff,
I can laugh ; play her off, better than you.

Gim. Ah, poor Mopsus, thou'rt a fool !

Mop. I say you're a greater owl.

Gim. Nay, now I'm sure that's a lie..

Mop. What's a lie ?—

Gim. That's a lie !

Mop. I say, 'tis true..

A I R XIII. *Cruel, cruel, tyrannizing.*

Phill. Give over your love, you great loobies,
I hate you both ; you, Sir, and you too :
Did ever a brace of such boobies,
The lasfs that detests them pursue ?

Mop. How !—

Phill. —Go !—

Gim. —Oh ! I'm ready to faint ?

How are you ?

(To Mopsus..)

Mop. Why, truly, she treats us but so, so.
For my part, I think she's a devil..
A woman would scorn for to do so.

Gim. O fy, fy ! such words are uncivil..

Phill. Prepare then to hear my last sentence..
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the stool of repentance,
And want for my bantling a father..
Go !—

Gim. —Oh, wo ! I'm ready to faint.

Mop. And I too.

Was ever a flut so inhuman !

Odsooks, let us take down her mettle !

Gim.

Cim. I dare not——

Mop. ——Let me come! Pshaw waw, man,
She only has water'd a nettle..

In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!
For one of us two you must now choose..

Phil. Then you are the man that I fix on;
And you——are the fool I refuse.

(Strikes each a box on the ear..)

Cim. Waunds!.

Cim.
and } Go! The Devil would fly such a spouse.
Mop.

Phil. If there's a joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.

*When Cimon and Mopfus are gone, Damon presents
himself to Phillida singing.*

AIR. XIV. *Dutch Skipper:*

Dam. See! behold, and see;
With an eye kind and relenting,
Damon now repenting,
Only true to thee;
Content to love, and love for life,

Phil. If you, now sincere,
With an honest declaration
Mean to prove your passion,
To the purpose swear,
And make at once, a maid a wife..

Dam. Thus for life I take thee,
Never to forsake thee..
Soon or late,
I find our fate,
To hearts astray,
Directs the way,
And brings to lasting joys the rover home.

Phil. Ever kind and tender,
Conquer'd; I surrender;
Prove but true,
As I to you,

Each

Each kindling kiss
Shall add a bliss,
That only from the constant lip can move.

AIR XV. *Second Part of the Dutch Skipper.*

Dam. To the priest away, to binds our vows,
With our hand and hearts united.

Phil. To reduce the rover to lawful spouse,
Is a triumph my heart has delighted.

Dam. If I never could fix,
'Twas the fault of the sex
Who easily yielding, were easy to cloy:

Both. But in love we still find,
When the heart's well inclin'd,
In one, only one, is the joy.
But in love, &c.

THE
DESERT ISLAND.
A DRAMATIC POEM.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Ferdinand, husband to *Constantia*,
Henrico, friend to *Ferdinand*,

Drury-Lane.
Mr. Holland.
Mr. Fleetwood.

WOMEN.

Constantia,
Sylvia, her Daughter,

Mrs. Pritchard.
Miss Pritchard.

SCENE, A Desert Island.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by MR. GARRICK,
In the Character of a DRUNKEN POET.

ALL, all shall out—all that I know and feel;
I will, by Heav'n—to bigger powers appeal!—
Behold a Bard!—no author of to-night—
No, no,—they can't say that; with all their spite:
Ay, you may frown (looking behind the scenes) I'm at you, great and
small—
Your Poet, Players, Managers and all!
These fools within here, swear that I'm in liquor,
My passion warms me—makes my utt'rance thicker;
I totter too—but that's the gout and pain,—
French wines, and living high, have been my bane.—
From all temptations now I wisely steer me;
Nor will I suffer one fine woman near me.

And

And this I sacrifice, to give you pleasure—

For you I've coin'd my brains—and here's the treasure !

(Pulls out a manuscript.

A treasure this of profit and delight !

And all thrown by for this damn'd stuff to-night :—

This is a play would water ev'ry eye !

If I but look upon't, it makes me cry :

This play would tears from blood-stain'd soldiers draw,—

And melt the bowels of hard-hearted law !

Would fore and aft the storm-proof sailor rake ;—

Keep turtle-eating aldermen awake !

Would the cold blood of ancient maidens thrill,

And make even pretty younger tongues lie still.

This Play not even Managers would refuse,—

Had Heav'n but given 'em any brains to choose !—

[Puts up his manuscript

Your bard to night, bred in the ancient school,

Designs and measures all by critic rule ;

'Mongst friends—it goes no farther—he's a fool.

So very classic, and so very dull—

His Desert Island is his own dear skull :

No soul to make the Play-house ring and rattle,

No trumpets, thunder, ranting, storms or battle !

But all your fine poetic prittle-prattle !

The plot is this—A lady's cast away—

" Long before the beginning of the play,"

And they are taken by a fisherman,

The lady and the child—'tis Bay's plan—

So on he blunders - He's an Irishman.—

'Tis all alike—his comic stuff I mean—

I hate all humour—it gives me the spleen :

*So damn 'em both with all my heart, unsight, unseen *.*

But should you ruin him, still I'm undone—

I've try'd all ways to bring my Phoenix on—

(Shewing his play again.

Flatter I can with any of their tribe—

Can cut and slash—indeed I cannot bribe

What must I do then ?—beg you to subscribe.

Be kind, ye boxes, galleries, and pit—

'Tis but a crown a-piece, for all this wit ;

All sterling wit—to puff myself I hate —

You'll ne'er supply your wants at such a rate !

'Tis worth your money, I would scorn to wrong ye—

You smile consent—I'll send my bat among ye.

(Going, he returns

So much beyond all praise your bounties swell !

Not my own tongue my gratitude can tell—

" A little flattery sometimes does well."

(Staggering off.

A C T

* The Way to Keep Him, in three acts, was presented as the After-piece on the same night.

A C T I.

The Scene represents a Vale in the Desert Island, surrounded by Rocks, Caverns, Grottos, Flowering Shrubs, Exotic Trees, and Plants growing wild. On one side is a Cavern in a Rock; over the entrance of which appears, in large Characters, an Unfinished Inscription. Constantia is discovered at Work at the Inscription, in a romantic Habit of Skins, Leaves, and Flowers; in her Hand she holds a broken Sword, and stands in act to finish the Imperfect Inscription.

After a short pause, she begins.

REST, rest my arm—ye weary sinews, rest—
Awhile forget your office—On this rock
Here sit thee down, and think thyself to stone.

(Sits down.)

—Wou'd Heav'n I could!—*(Rises.)* Ye shrubs, ye
nameless plants,
That wildly gadding 'midst the rifted rocks
Wreathe your fantastic shoots—ye darksome trees,
That spread yon verdant arch above my head,
Shadowing this solemn scene;—ye moss-grown caves,
Romantic grottos,—all ye objects drear;—
Tell me, in pity tell me, have ye seen,
Through the long series of revolving time,
In which you have inclos'd this lonely mansion,
Say, have ye seen another wretch like me?
No, never!—You, in tend'rest sympathy,
Have join'd my complaints—you, at the midnight hour,
When with uprooted hair I've strew'd the earth,
And call'd my husband gone;—have call'd in vain
Perfidious *Ferdinand*!—You, at that hour,
Have waken'd echo in each vocal cell,
Till ev'ry grove, and ev'ry green hill round,
Mourn'd to my griefs responsive—Well, you know
The story of my woes—Ev'n yonder marble
Relenting feels the touch; receives each trace
That forms the melancholy tale—Though rude,
And inexpert my hand;—though all uncouth

The

The instrument—yet there behold my work
Well nigh complete—Let me about it, straight.

(She advances towards the rock.)

Ye deep engraven letters, there remain ;
And if, in future time, resistless fate
Shall throw some Briton on this dismal shore ;
Then speak aloud ;—to his astonish'd sense
Relate my sad, my memorable case—
Alarm his soul, call out——

STOP TRAVELLER.

HERE

CONSTANTIA, .

WITH HER LITTLE INFANT

SYLVIA,

WAS DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE PERFIDIOUS

FERDINAND ;

WHO, PRETENDING TO LAND HER

FOR REFRESHMENT,

FROM THE DANGERS OF A STORMY SEA,

BARBAROUSLY LEFT HER

ON THIS UNHOSPITABLE ISLAND,

WHERE SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

FRIEND !

WHOE'ER THOU ART,

PITY MY WRONGS ;

BUT AGAINST MY HUSBAND

(FOR LOVE LIKE MINE CANNOT FORGET

WHERE ONCE WITH DELIGHT IT FIXED)

I CHARGE YOU NEVER MEDITATE R - - -

Revenge !—the word Revenge is wanting still.

Ye holy pow'rs ! if with one pitying look

You'll deign to view me, grant my earnest pray'r !

Let me but finish this my sad inscription ;

Then let this busy, this afflicted heart,

Be still at once, and beat my breast no more.

(She goes on with her work.)

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. My dearest mother—oh ! quite out of breath.

Const. What is the matter, child ?

Syl. My flutt'ring heart

Beats

Beats wild with joy—Oh ! such an incident !—

Const. What incident, my sweet ?

Syl. My little fawn,

My dear, my loveliest fawn—for many days
Whose loss I've mourn'd ; for whose dear sake I've left
No corner of the isle unsearch'd :—this moment
O'er the dew-spangled lawn, with printless feet,
Came bounding to me ; playful frisk'd about
With inexpressive airs of glad surprise,
With eager signs of transport—Big round tears
Stood trembling in his eye ; and seem'd to speak
His fond regret still mingling with his joy.

Const. And is it that, my love, delights thee so ?—

Syl. And can you wonder, ma'am ?—yes, that delights me,

Transports me, charms me ;—he's my darling care,
My dear companion, my sweet little friend,
That loves me, gambols round me, watches still
With anxious tenderness my ev'ry motion,
Pants on my bosom, leaps into my arms,
And wanders o'er me with a thousand kisses.
Before this time he never once stray'd from me :
—I thought I lost him,—but he's found again !
And can you wonder I'm transported thus !

Const. Oh ! happy state of innocence !—how sweet
Thy joys, simplicity, e'er yet the mind
With artificial passions learns to glow ;
E'er taste has ta'en our senses to her school,
Has given each well-bred appetite her laws,
Taught us to feel imaginary bliss,
Or else expire in elegance of pain.

Syl. Nay, now, again, you're growing grave——'Tis you

Give laws to appetite ;—forbid each sense
To minister delight ; your eyes are dimm'd
With constant tears—the roses on your cheek
Fade like yon vi'lets, when excessive dews
Have bent their drooping melancholy heads :
Soon they repair their graces ; soon recal
Their aromatic lives, and smiling yield
To sighing Zephyr all their balmy sweets.
To grief you're still a prey ; still wan despair

Sits with'ring at your heart, and ev'ry feature
 Has your directions to be fix'd in wo.
 Nay, prithee dry those tears—you make me sad——
 —Will you, at length, forget your cares?——

Const. Forget!——

Oh! sweet oblivion, thy all-healing balm
 To wretches you refuse!—Can I forget
 Perfidious Ferdinand?——His tyrant form
 Is ever present—The deluding looks,
 Endearing accents, and the soft regards
 With which he led me to yon moss-clad cave,
 There to repose awhile—Oh! cruel man!
 And you, ye conscious wilds, I call you false!
 Accomplices in guilt——The Zephyrs bland
 That pant upon each leaf;—the melody
 That warbles through your groves; the falling fountains
 That at each deep'ning cadence lull the mind,
 Were all suborn'd against me; all conspir'd
 To wrap me in the silken folds of sleep.
 Sudden I wake—Where, where is Ferdinand?
 I rave, I shriek—no Ferdinand replies;——
 Frantic I rove through all your winding glades——
 I seek the shore;—no Ferdinand appears—
 I climb yon craggy steeps—I see the ship
 Unfurling all her sails—I call aloud,
 I stamp, cry out;—deaf as the roaring sea
 He catches ev'ry gale that blows from Heav'n,
 And cleaves his liquid way.——

Syl. Why will you thus
 Recal your past afflictions?——

Const. Ah! what then,
 Thou wretched Constance; what were then thy feelings?
 I rend my tresses—beat my breast in vain,
 In vain stretch out these ineffectual arms;
 Pierce with my frantic cries the wounded air,
 Dash my bare bosom on the flinty rock:
 Then rise again, and strain my aching sight,
 To see the ship still less'ning to my view,
 And take the last, last glimpse, as far, far off
 In the horizon's verge she lessens still,
 Grows a dim spect, and mixes with the clouds
 Just vanishing—just lost—ah! seen no more.

Syl.

Syl. I prithee don't talk so—my heart dies in me—
 Why won't you strive a little to forget
 This melancholy theme ?—The twilight grey
 Of morn but faintly streaks the east ; the stars
 Still glimmer through the whit'ning air ; the groves
 Are mute ; yon all devouring deep lies hush'd—
 The tuneful birds, and the whole brute creation
 Still sink, in soft oblivion's slumber wrapp'd,
 Forgetful of their cares ;—all—all but you
 Know some repose.—You pass the dreary night
 In tears, and ceaseless grief ; then rising wild
 Anticipate the dawn, and here resume
 Your doleful task, or else ascend the height
 Of yonder promontory ; there forlorn
 You sit, and hear the brawling waves beneath
 Lash the resounding shore—your brimful eye
 Still fix'd on that sad quarter of the Heav'n's
 Where my hard father disappear'd.

Const. Yes, there

My melancholy loves to dwell ; there loves
 To sit, and pine over its hoard of grief :
 To roll these eyes o'er all the sullen main,
 In hopes some sail may this way shape its course,
 With the glad tidings of the human race !
 Could I behold that dear, that wish'd for sight ;
 Could I but see some vestiges of man,
 Some mark of social life, ev'n though the ship
 Should shun this isle, and court propitious gales
 Beneath some happier clime ; yet still the view
 Would cheer my soul, and my heart bound with joy
 At that faint prospect of my fellow creatures.
 But not for me such transport ;—not for me—
 Dear native land, I now no more must see thee ;
 Condemn'd in ever-during solitude to mourn,
 From thy sweet joys, society, debarr'd !

Syl. But to your happiness what's wanting here ?
 Full many a time I've heard you praise the arts,
 The polish'd manners, and gay scenes of bliss
 Which Europe yields—yet ever and anon
 I from your own discourse can gather too,
 That happiness is all unknown to Europe ;
 That envy there can dwell, and discontent :

The smile, that wakens at another's wo ;
 The heart, that sickens at another's praise ;
 The tongue, that carries the malignant tale ;
 The little spirit, that subverts a friend ;
 Fraud, perfidy, ingratitude, and murder.
 Now sure, with reason I prefer these scenes
 Of innocence, tranquillity, and joy !

Const. Alas ! my child, 'tis easy to forego
 Untasted sweets, pleasures you never knew.

Syl. Are we not here what you yourself have told me
 In Europe sovereigns are ?—Here we have fix'd
 Our little sylvan reign.—The guileless race
 Of animals that roam the lawns and woods,
 Are tractable and willing subjects ;—pay
 Passive obedience to us—and yon sea
 Becomes our tributary ; hither rolls
 In each hoarse-murm'ring tide his various stores
 Of daintiest shell-fish—The unbidden earth,
 Of human toil all ignorant, pours forth
 Whatever to the eye, or taste, can prove
 Rare, exquisite, and good—At once the spring
 Calls forth its green delights, and summer's blush
 Glows on each purple branch. The seasons here
 On the same tree, with glad surprise,
 Behold each other's gifts arise :
 Spontaneous fruits around us grow,
 For ever here the Zephyrs blow ;

Shrubs ever flow'ring,

Shades embow'ring ;

Heav'nly spots,

Cooling grots,

Verdant mountains,

Falling fountains ;

Pure limpid rills,

Adown the hills,

That wind their way,

And o'er the meadows play,

Enamour'd of th' enchanted ground.

Const. What is this waste of beauty, all these charms
 Of cold, inanimate, unconscious nature,
 Without the social sense ?

Syl.

Syl. Those beauteous tracts,
Which you so much regret, are full of men ;
And men, you know, are animals of prey :
I'm sure that you yourself have told me so
A thousand times.—

Const. And if I have, my child,
I told a dismal truth.—Oh ! they are false,
Inexorable, cruel, fell deceivers ;
Their unrelenting hearts no harbour know
For honour, truth, humanity, or love.

Syl. Well then, in this lone isle, this dear retreat,
From them, at least, we're free.—

Const. Poor innocent !
I can't but grieve for her— *(Bursts into tears.)*

Syl. Why fall afresh
Those drops of sorrow ?—pray you, now give o'er.—

Const. My heart will break—I do not grieve, my
child—

I can't conceal my tears—they will have way.—

Syl. Nay, if you love me, sure you will not thus
Make my heart ake within me !—

Const. No, my sweet—
I will not weep—all will be well, my love—

Oh ! misery !—I can't—I can't contain—

The black ingratitude !—

(Weeps.)

Syl. Say, is there aught
Sylvia can do, that may afford you comfort ?
If there is, tell me—Shall I fetch my fawn ?
Dry up your tears, and he is yours this moment.

Const. No, Sylvia, no !—

Syl. He must, he shall be yours.

Refuse me not., I'll run and bring him to you.

(Exit.)

Constantia alone.

Alas ! I fear my brain will turn—The sun
Full sixteen times has made his annual course
Since here I've dragg'd a miserable being,
The victim of despair ; which long e'er now,
To frenzy kindling, must have forc'd me dash
My brain in madness on yon flinty rocks,
And end my pangs at once : if the keen instinct
Of strong maternal love had not restrain'd

My wild disorder'd soul, and bade me live
 To watch her tender infancy ; to rear
 Her blooming years ; with fond delighted care
 To tend each blossom of her growing mind,
 And see light gradual dawning on her soul.
 And yet to see her thus,—to see her here,
 Cut off from ev'ry social bliss ; condemn'd,
 Like some fair flow'r that in a desert blows,
 To breathe its sweets into the passing wind,
 And waste its bloom, all unperceiv'd, away ?
 It is enough to break a mother's heart.
 Let me not think on't—let me shun that thought.

(Sits down and sings.)

I.

What though his guilt my heart hath torn,
 Yet lovely is his mien ;
 His eyes mild op'ning as the morn,
 Round him each grace is seen.
 But oh ! ye nymphs, your loves ne'er let him win,
 For oh ! deceit and falsehood dwell within.

II.

From his red lips his accents stole,
 Soft as kind vernal snows ;
 Melting they came, and in the soul
 Desire and joy arose.
 But oh ! ye nymphs, ne'er listen to his art,
 For oh ! base falsehood rankles in his heart.

III.

He left me in this lonely state !
 He fled, and left me here,
 Another Ariadne's fate,
 To mourn the live-long year.
 He fled—but oh ! what pains the heart must prove,
 When we reveal the crimes of him we love !

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I cannot bring him now—in yonder stream
 That through its pebbled channel glides along
 Soft-murm'ring to the sea, he stands to cool
 His beauteous form in the pure limpid rill.

Const. To thee he causes joy—but joy to me

There's

There's nothing now can bring—Left by my husband !
By the false barb'rous man !——

Syl. And yet this man,
This false, deceitful man, you still regret.
I vow, I can't but think, 'midst all your grief,
All your reproaches, your complaints against him,
That still this false, this cruel fell deceiver,
Has found—I know not why—within your breast
Some tender advocate to plead his cause.

Const. No, Sylvia, no; my love is turn'd to hate !——

Syl. Then dry your sorrows, and this day begin
A happier train of years—and lo ! the sun
Emerges from the sea—he lifts his orb
Above the purpled main, and streams abroad
His golden fluid o'er the world—the birds
Exulting wake their notes—all things rejoice,
And hills, and groves, and rocks, and vallies smile ;
Let me intreat you then forget your cares,
And share the general bliss.——

(The sun is seen to rise at a distance, as it were out of the sea.)

Const. Once more all hail,

Thou radiant power, who in your bright career
Or rising or descending, hast beheld
My never-ceasing wo !—again thou climb'st
In orient glory, and recall'st the cares
And toils of man and beast—but oh ! in all
Your flaming course, your beams will never light
Upon a wretch so lost, so curst as I am.

Syl. And yet, my mother——

Const. Mine are pangs, my child,
Strokes of adversity, no time can cure,
No lenient arts can soften or assuage.
But I'll not grieve thee, Sylvia—I'll retire
To some sequester'd haunt—There, all forlorn,
I'll sit, and wear myself away in thought.

(Exit.)

Sylvia alone.

Alas ! how obstinately bent on grief
Is her whole mind !—the votarist of care !
In vain I try to soften her afflictions,
And with each art beguile her from her wo.
I chide, intreat, caress, yet all in vain.

And what to me seems strange, perverse, and wond'rous,
 The more I strive, the more her sorrows swell :
 Her tears the faster fall, fall down her cheek,
 In streams so copious, and such bitter anguish,
 That I myself, at length, I know not how,
 Catch the soft weakness, and, o'erpower'd with grief,
 Flow all-dissolving in unbidden tears.
 Assist her, Heav'n.—Her heart will break at last—
 I tremble at the thought—I'll follow straight
 And still implore, beseech, try ev'ry way
 To reconcile her to herself and me.
 But see, look yonder ! what a sight is there !
 What can it mean, that huge enormous mass
 That moves upon the bosom of the deep !
 —A floating mountain !—no—a mountain never
 Could change its place—for such a monstrous bulk
 How light it urges on its way—how quick,
 How rapid in its course !—What can it be—
 I'll to the shore, and from the pointed rock
 That juts into the waves, at leisure view
 This wond'rous sight, and what it is explore.

A C T . II.

SCENE, *Another view of the Island, with an Opening to the Sea between several Hills and Rocks.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. STILL I behold it—still it glides along
 Through the tumultuous sea—and lo ! before it
 The waves divide ! and now they close again,
 Leaving a track of angry foam behind.
 It must be, sure, some monster of the deep ;
 And, see !—upon its huge broad back it bears
 Expanded wings, that, spreading to the wind,
 Lie broad incumbent o'er the surge beneath—
 —Ah ! save me, save me ! what new forms appear !
 What shapes of unknown beings rise before me !
 From yon huge monster's side they issue forth,
 And bolt upon the shore !—Behold, they stop ;
 And now with eager disconcerted pace

Precipitate rush forward on the isle,—
 Now 'mongst the rocks they wind their silent way.
 Protect me, Heav'n! defend me! shield me!—ah!
 Hide me, ye woods, within your deep recess;
 Ne'er may these monsters penetrate your haunts,
 Ne'er trace my footsteps through your darksome ways.
 Behind the covert of this woodbine bow'r
 Oh! let me rest conceal'd!—

(*She retires.*)

Enter Ferdinand and Henrico.

Hen. No trace appears,
 No vestige here is seen of human kind.
 'Tis drear, 'tis waste, and unfrequented all.
 And hark!—what noise?—from yonder toiling deep
 How dreadful sounds the pealing roar!—My friend,
 My valued Ferdinand, 'twere best retire.
 This cannot be the place.—

Fer. Oh! My Henrico,
 This is the fatal shore. The well known scene;
 Yon bay, yon rocks, yon mountains, from whose brow
 Th' imbow'ring forest overhangs the deep;
 Each well-remember'd object strikes my view,
 Answers the image in my mind preserv'd,
 Engraven there by loves recording hand,
 And never, but with life, to fade from thence.

Hen. And yet thy love-enslaved soul may form
 Imaginary tokens of resemblance.
 The soil unbeaten seems by mortal step.

Fer. My heart in every pulse confirms it to me.
 This is the place, the dreary spot, where fate
 Began to weave the tissue of my woes.
 Oh! I was curst, Abhorr'd of Heav'n, or else
 I ne'er had trusted the contentious waves,
 But kept my store of happiness at home.

Hen. Repine not for an action that arose
 From filial piety. A father's mandate
 Requir'd obedience from you.

Fer. To his summons
 I paid a glad attention. Yet, good Heav'n!
 Why in that early period of my bliss
 Should then his orders come to dash my joys?
 Oh! I was blest with all that rarest beauty,

With all that ev'ry Venus of the mind,
 The tender heart, and the enliven'd wit,
 Could pour delightful on the raptur'd sense
 Of the young bridegroom ; whose admiring eyes
 Still hung enamour'd on her ev'ry charm,
 And thence drank long inspiring draughts of love,
 Unsat'd still, still kindling at the view.

Hen. Indeed, my Ferdinand, thy fate was hard !

Fer. Each soft desire, each joy refin'd was mine.
 The hours soft glided by, and as they pass'd
 Scattered new blessings from their balmy wings ;
 They saw our ever new delight ; they saw
 A blooming offspring crown our mutual loves ;
 The mother's features, and her ev'ry grace
 In this our daughter exquisitely trac'd.
 But to be torn from that supreme of bliss !
 My wife, Constantia—and my beauteous babe,
 Here to be left on this untravell'd isle,
 To pine in bitterness of want ! their bed
 The cold bare earth, while the inclement winds
 From yonder main came howling round their heads,
 Until at length the friendly hand of death
 In pity threw his shroud upon their woes.

Hen. Too sure, I fear, they're lost.

Fer. Perhaps, my friend,
 Perhaps, when gasping in the pangs of death,
 When ev'ry beauty faded from her cheek,
 And her eye languished motionless and dim,
 Perhaps, ev'n then, in that sad dismal hour,
 My name still hover'd on her quiv'ring lips,
 And nought but death could tear me from her heart.

Hen. Her tend'rest thoughts, no doubt, were fix'd on thee.

Fer. Her tend'rest thoughts ? Oh ! no : her utmost rage.

Who knows, Henrico, but she deem'd me false ;
 Deem'd me a vile deserter from her arms ?
 She did, she must : each strong appearance join'd
 To mark me guilty. Oh ! that thought strikes deep,
 Its scorpion stings into my very heart.
 Could she but think me so refin'd in guilt,
 So exquisite a villain, as to cause
 A moment's anguish in that tender breast,

Where

Where all the loves, where all the virtues dwelt ;
 'Twere misery, 'twere torture in th' extreme !
 And she thought me such ; by Heav'n she did ;
 Accus'd me of the worst, the blackest treason,
 Of treason to my love ! Stung with th' idea
 She roam'd this isle, and to these desert wilds
 Pour'd forth her lamentable tale. Who knows
 But on some craggy cliff whole nights she sat,
 Raving in madness to the moon's pale gleam ;
 Until at length, all kindling into phrenzy,
 Clasp'ing her infant closer to her breast,
 With desperation wild from off the rock
 Headlong she plung'd into the roaring sea,
 And her last accents murmur'd faithless Ferdinand !

Hen. Distract not thus your soul with fancied woes.
 She could not think thee faithless ; thee, whose mind,
 Whose every virtue were so well approv'd.

Fer. Still will I hope she did not. Oh ! she knew
 I made that voyage in duty to a father.
 Awhile we steer'd a happy course, until
 Beneath the burning line, from whence the sun
 In straight direction pours his ardent blaze
 On ev'ry fever'd sense, a storm arose,
 Sudden and wild ; as if a war of nature
 Were thund'ring o'er our heads. Full twenty days
 It drove us headlong on the dashing surge
 Far from our destin'd way, until at length
 In evil hour we landed on this isle.

Sylvia returns, and peeps from behind a hedge.

Syl. Methought I heard a sound as if they both
 Held mutual converse. Yonder, lo ! they stand :
 They do not follow me. What can they be ?

Fer. There is the spot, just where yon aged tree
 Imbrowns the plain beneath, on which the villains,
 The unrelenting band of pirates seiz'd me.
 There I receiv'd my wound, and there I fought
 Till my sword shiver'd in my hand. Worn out,
 Oppress'd by numbers, pow'rless, and disarm'd,
 They bore me headlong to the beach ; in vain
 Piercing the air with horrid cries ; in vain
 Back tow'rd the cave, where poor Constantia slept,
 With her lov'd infant-daughter in her arms,

Straining my ardent eyes ; my eyes alone !
 For oh ! their cruelty had bound my arms,
 And tears and looks were all I then could use.

Syl. The voice but indistinctly strikes my ear.
 Would they would turn this way.

Fer. Fetter'd, ty'd down,
 They dragg'd me to the vessel. Bore me hence.
 In vain our ship pursu'd : in vain gave chase.
 Form'd with detested skill, the guilty bark
 In which they plung'd me, gliding o'er the main,
 Outstripp'd their tardy course. We steer'd away
 Far to the regions of accursed bondage.
 Far from Constantia, far from ev'ry joy
 A doating husband, and delighted father
 Feels in mix'd rapture with his wife and child.
 Oh ! I could pour my complaints—but I'll not wound
 Thy ear, my friend, with further lamentation.

Hen. Would Heaven I could remove the cause.

Fer. Alas !

That cannot be. Thou can'st not bid return
 The irrevocable flight of time ; recal
 The moments of our young delight ; annul
 And render void, what once the hand of fate
 Hath from its stores of wo pour'd down upon me.

Syl. (*Half concealed.*) Why will they stand with looks
 averted thus ?

I long to see their countenance and mien.

Fer. But yet, thou best of friends, grant me this.
 Assist my search ; Oh ! let me roam around
 This fatal shore ! the isles circumference
 Circles a scanty space. We cannot lose
 Each other here. Do thou pursue that path
 That leads due east : this way I'll bend my course.

Hen. By Heav'n there is no task of hardihood,
 Of toil, or danger, but I'll try for thee ;
 For thee, my friend : to thee I owe my life,
 And that more precious boon, my liberty :
 Thou hast releas'd me from the galling chain,
 From slavery's bitter pressure. 'Twas thy skill
 That form'd the plan of freedom, seiz'd the vessel,
 And made your friends the partners of your flight.
 For thee I'll roam around : but oh ! I fear
 Our search will prove in vain.

Fer. Too sure it will.

And yet it is the doom of love like mine
To dwell for ever on the sad idea
Of the dear object lost ; to visit oft
(A lonely pilgrim) ev'ry well known scene,
Each haunted glade, where the lov'd object stray'd ;
To call each circumstance of past delight
Back to the soul : in fond excursions seek
Her dear lamented form. Then, oh ! my friend,
Then let me taste that sad, that pensive comfort.
Range through these wilds ; ascend each craggy steep,
Try in each grotto, in each gloomy cave,
If haply there remain some vestige of Constantia. [*Exit.*]

Hen. On yonder beach we'll meet again. Farewel !

Syl. Conceal thee, Sylvia. Ah !—it comes this way !
Then let me seek the covert of the woods,
Where nods the brownest horror ; there lie safe,
From the unusual sight of these strange beings. [*Exit.*]

Henrico, solus.

How cruel is my friend's condition ! Doom'd
For ever to regret, yet never find
The object of his soul. His early love
He lavish'd all on her ; with her it goes
To the dank grave, and leaves him hapless here
To die a lingering death. Yet still I'll try,
By ev'ry office friendship can perform,
To heal the wound that preys upon his life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Another part of the Island.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. What have my eyes beheld ? My flutt'ring heart
Beats quick in strange emotions. From yon grove
Of tufted trees I saw this nameless being
Walk o'er the russet heath. Its face appear'd
Confess'd to view. It cannot be a man.
No lines of cruelty deform'd his visage.
Were it a man, his untam'd, savage soul,
Would strongly speak in each distorted feature.
This was all pleasing, amiable, and mild :
A gentle sorrow, bright'ning into smiles,
Such as bespoke a calm, yet feeling spirit,
Sat on its peaceful brow, and o'er it threw

A gentle gleam of sweetness and of pain.
 It cannot be a woman neither : no ;
 The dress accords not with that mode which oft
 My mother hath describ'd. Whate'er it be,
 Attraction dwells about it ; winning smiles ;
 Assuasive airs of tenderness and joy.
 I'll seek my mother : she perhaps may know
 These forms, to me unusual. By this row
 Of darksome pines, my steps, all unperceiv'd,
 May gain the place where with assiduous hand
 She works, and teaches the rude rocks to tell
 Her mournful elegy. What mean my feet ?
 Why stand they thus forgetful of their office ?
 Why heaves th' involuntary sigh ? And why
 Thus in quick pulses beats my heart ? My eyes
 A misty dimness covers : in my ears
 Strange murmurs sound ; my very breath is lost.
 What can it be ?—I know thee, Fear !—'tis thou
 That causes this ! And yet it can't be fear.
 Fear cannot thrill with pleasure through the veins ;
 Knows not this dubious joy, these grateful tremblings.
 I cannot guess what these emotions mean,
 Nor what this busy thing my heart would want !
 Let me seek shelter in my mother's arms. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the first View of the Island, where
 Constantia's Inscription is seen.

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. No ; never more shall these fond eyes behold her.
 Lost, lost, my poor Constantia lost ! In vain
 I search these gloomy woods ; in vain call out
 Her honour'd name to every hill and dale.
 My eyes are false, or on the craggy bate
 Of yonder rock some instrument appears,
 The mark of human kind. A broken sword !
 Oh ! all ye Heav'nly pow'rs !—the very same ;
 This once was mine ! Unfaithful to its trust,
 It fail'd me at my utmost need. I see
 The well-known characters ; the very words
 That form'd its motto. 'Tis, it is the same.
 Oh ! were Constantia found ! What do I see ?
 All o'er with hair the flinty rock bestrew'd !

These

These were her decent tresses ; these in anguish
She tore relentless from her beauteous head,
Up by the roots she tore, and scatter'd wild
To all the passing winds. She still may live !
Constantia !—ha !—what mystic characters
Are hewn into the rock ?—My name appears !

(He reads.)

STOP TRAVELLER.

HERE

CONSTANTIA,

WITH HER LITTLE INFANT

SYLVIA,

WAS DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE PERFIDIOUS

FERDINAND ;

WHO, PRETENDING TO LAND HER

FOR REFRESHMENT,

FROM THE DANGERS OF A STORMY SEA,

BARBAROUSLY LEFT HER

ON THIS UNHOSPITABLE ISLAND,

WHERE SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

Support me, Heav'n ! Ah ! no ; with-hold your aid,
Ye unrelenting pow'rs, and let me thus,
Each vital spark subsiding, thus expire.

(Leans against the rock.)

Enter Henrico.

Hen. What, ho ! my Ferdinand ! This way the sound
Struck on my list'ning ear. What means my friend
Thus growing to the rock, transform'd to stone,
A breathing statue, 'midst these shapeless piles ?

Fer. Behold ! read there !

Hen. Letters engrav'd !

(He reads part to himself, and then repeats aloud)

SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

Alas ! my friend—*(They gaze speechless at each other for
some time, then Ferdinand falls.)*

The storm of grief o'erpow'rs his feeble spirits.
Now rouse thy strength, my Ferdinand, and bear
This load of sorrow like a man.

Fer. I do ;

Thou see'st I do. I do not weep, my friend.
These eyes are dry ; their very source is dry.

I am her cruel husband to the last.

Hen. Oh! thou wert ever kind and tender to her.

Fer. Tender and kind!—look there!—there stands the black,

The horrid roll of guilt denounc'd against me.

Lo! the dread characters! let me peruse

The whole sad record; of this bitter wo

Still deeper drink, and gorge me with affliction.

(*He reads.*)

FRIEND!

WHOE'ER THOU ART,

PITY MY WRONGS;

BUT AGAINST MY HUSBAND

(FOR LOVE LIKE MINE CANNOT FORGET
WHERE ONCE WITH DELIGHT IT FIXED)

I CHARGE YOU NEVER MEDITATE R - -

Revenge, she meant to say: the word's begun!

But death untimely stopp'd her hand. Oh! misery!

She thought me false, and yet could love me still.

The wound now pierces deeper. Had she loath'd me,

Abhorr'd me, curs'd me, 'twere not half the torture.

This angel-goodness causes. And to lose her!

To lose a mind like hers, that thus could pour

Such unexampled tenderness and love,

Amidst the keenest anguish! On the earth

Measure thy length, thou wretch accurst! there lie;

For ever lie, and to these woods and wilds.

Howl out thy griefs in madness and despair.

Hen. I feel, I feel thy sorrows. Oh! my friend,

Cruel event! your tears, alas! are just.

Those gushing sorrows may assuage your grief;

This storm of rage attempt'ring into peace.

Fer. Who talks of peace? Let phrenzy seize my brain.

Come, moon-struck madness, with thy glaring eye

And clanking chain; come, shoot thy kindling fire

Into my inmost soul; blast ev'ry pow'r;

Raze each idea out; tear up at once

The seat of memory—no—leave me that;

Still leave me memory, to picture forth

Constantia's lovely form, that I may sit,

With unclad sides, upon some blasted heath,

And

And gloat upon her image ; see her still,
See her whole days with fancy's gushing eye,
And gaze on that alone.

Hen. Arise my friend,
And quit this fatal shore.

Fer. And quit this shore !
But whither turn ? Ah ! whither shall I go ?
Where shelter me from misery ?—this isle
Shall be my journey's bound.

Hen. What can'st thou mean ?

Fer. Never again to draw the vital air
But where my love expir'd ! To feed my soul
With these sad objects, this sepulchral tale,
Ev'n to the height of yet un-heard-of anguish :
To print my pious kisses on the rock ;
To bathe the ground which her dear footsteps press'd,
With the incessant tears of burning anguish ;
To make these wilds all vocal with her name,
Till this cold lifeless tongue shall move no more.

Hen. By Heav'n you must not stay.

Fer. Farewel ! farewel !
Consult thy happiness !—for ever here
By fate I'm doom'd to stay. Alas, Constantia !
To perish with thy infant here ! No friend
To close thy ghastly orbs ! Thy pale remains
On the bare earth expos'd, without the tribute
Of a fond husband's tears o'er thy dead corse ;
Without the last sad obsequies ! Yet here
I still will raise an empty sepulchre.
There shall no cold, unconscious marble form,
In mockery of imitated woe,
Bend o'er the fancy'd urn : myself will be
The sad, the pensive, monumental figure,
Distilling real anguish o'er the tomb ;
Till wasting by degrees I moulder down,
And sink to silent dust.

Hen. What man could do
Already you've perform'd——

Fer. Prithee no more.
I will about it straight. This place affords
Materials for the work. Thither I'll bring
Whate'er can deck the scene. Constantia, yes ;

I will.

I will appease thy discontented shade,
Then follow thee to yonder realms of bliss. [Exit.

Hen. His vehemence of grief bears down his reason.
He must not linger here. His stay were fatal.
Force will be necessary ; to our vessel
I'll hasten back, and call some trusty friends
To bear him from this melancholy shore.

A C T - III.

The same Scene continues.

Enter Sylvia.

THROUGH the thick-woven shade of arching bow'rs,
Through walks, where never sun-beam pierc'd, at length
I've gain'd this deep-encircled vale. Ah, me !
I feel strange tremors still. She is not here !
Constantia !—no reply : her mournful task
Waits for her ling'ring hand.—What noise is that ?
I heard some steps advancing. 'Tis my fawn
That rustles through the forest glade : he stops
And looks, then runs, and stops again, to take
A fearful gaze ! He too perhaps has seen
These unknown beings. Yonder lo ! he stands
In mute expressive wonder. Heav'n protect me !
Through this close path, that gradual winding up
Leads on to plains, to woods, to verdant lawns,
Embosom'd in the rock, I'll journey up.
The day now glows intense, but by the rills,
That through embow'ring groves come purling down,
I oft can lay me, and enjoy each breeze
That plays amid those craggy scenes. A noise
From yonder interwoven branches. Ha !
Ye guarding angels, save me !—see, see there !
It comes again !

Enter Henrico.

Hen. What beauteous form in these forlorn abodes
Attracts my wond'ring eyes ?

Syl. Ye heav'nly pow'rs !

[Retiring from him.

Hen. It swims before my sight. Whate'er thou art,

Virgin

Virginia or goddess—Oh ! a goddess sure !
Thou goddess of these mansions ! for thy looks
Beam heav'nly radiance, with propitious ears
Accept my supplication.

Syl. Ha ! it speaks ;
It speaks ! What dost thou mean ?

Hen. Oh ! say what place,
What clime is this ? And what art thou that thus
Adorn'st this lone retreat ?

Syl. Will you first
Promise to come no nearer ?

Hen. With devotion
As true as ever pilgrim offer'd up
In holy fervor to his saint, I promise.

Syl. How gentle its demeanor ! Tell me now,
Who and what art thou ?

Hen. I am born to misery ;
A man, whom fate——

Syl. A man ?—art thou a man ?
Defend me Heav'n ! ye guardian pow'rs protect me !

[Running away.]

Hen. Nay, fly me not : a sudden impulse here
Bids me pursue. Forgive, thou unknown fair,
That with soft violence I thus presume
To force thee measure back thy steps again.

[He brings her back.]

Syl. Force me not thus, inhuman, barb'rous man !
What have I said—Oh ! worthy gen'rous man !
Thus on my knees I beg ; have mercy on me.
I never did you harm ; indeed I did not.

Hen. Arise, (*raises her.*) thou lovely tenant of these
woods,

And let me thus, thus as befits the man
Whose mind runs o'er with rapture and surprize,
Whose heart throbs wild with mingled doubt and joy ;
Thus let me worship this celestial form,
This heav'nly brightness, to my wond'ring eyes
That sheds such influence, as when an angel
Breaks through a flood of glory to the sight
Of some expiring saint, and cheers his soul
With visions of disclosing heav'n.

Syl. He kneels !

He

He kneels to me ! How mild his ev'ry look !
How soft each word !—Can man be tender thus,
Of gentle mien, compassionate and kind !

Hen. In me thou see'st a wretch, whose heart is prone
To melt at each idea beauty prints
On his delighted sense ; and sure such beauty,
Touch'd by the hand of harmony, adorn'd
With inexpressive graces, well may claim
My lowliest adoration and my love.

Syl. This language all is new ; but still it has
I know not what of charming in't, that gains
Upon the list'ning ear. If this be falsehood,
Then falsehood can assume a pleasing look.

Hen. Oh ! if thou art as gracious as thou'rt fair,
Say have you seen Constantia ? when and where,
And how did she expire ?

Syl. Constantia lives.
Why did'st thou say expire ? My mother lives,
Lives in these blest abodes.

Hen. Oh ! gentle Sylvia,
So I will call thee, daughter of Constantia,
Oh ! fly and find her out. Mean time I'll seek
Th' afflicted Ferdinand.—

Syl. What dost thou say ?
Can he, can Ferdinand be here ? That false,
Perfidious, barb'rous man ; can he be here ?

Hen. He is, my fair ; nor barbarous nor false.
Fortune, that made him wretched, could no more.
Anon you'll know the whole ; to waste a moment
In conference now, and longer to suspend
The meeting of this pair, who now in agony
Bemoan their lot, were barbarous indeed.

Syl. But may I trust him ? Won't he do her harm ?

Hen. He won't, my beauteous fair.

Syl. Is he like you ?

Hen. His goodness far transcends me.

Syl. Then I think,

I'll venture to comply. Let's go together.

Hen. Oh ! I could tend thy steps for ever ; hear
Soft accents warbling from thy vermeil lip ;
Watch thy mild-glaucing eye ; behold how grace,
Whate'er you do, which ever way you bend,

Guides each harmonious movement : But this hour
Is friendship's due. Then let us instant fly
Through different windings ; thou to seek Constantia,
And I to find her husband : hap'ly so,
Their meeting will be soon. Meantime farewell !
I'll bring him to this very spot. Adieu !
For a short interval, adieu, my love !

Syl. Farewell !—Another word : pray what's your name ?

Hen. Fair excellence, Henrico I am call'd.

Syl. Pray don't tarry long, Henrico.

Hen. Why

That pleasing charge, my sweet ?

Syl. I cannot tell ;

But as you're leaving me, each step you move
My spirits sink, a melancholy gloom
Darkens the scene around, and I, methinks,
Helpless in solitude, am left again,
To wander all alone a dreary way.

Hen. Thou angel sweetness ! I'll return anon ;
Yes, I will come, and at that lovely shrine
Pour out my adoration and my vows.
Yes, I will come, to part from thee no more.
A moment now farewell !

[*Exit.*]

Sylvia. (alone.)

Farewell ! be sure you keep your word. He's gone,
And yet he is with me still. Absent I hear
And see him in his absence : still his looks
Beam with mild dignity, and still his voice
Sounds in my ear delightful. What it means,
This new-born sense, this wonderful emotion,
Unfelt till now, and mix'd of pain and joy,
I cannot guess. How my heart flutters in me !
I'll not perplex myself with vain conjecture.
Whate'er the cause, th' effect, I feel, is pleasing.

(*Constantia is heard singing within the scenes.*)

Ah me ! what noise is that ? My mother's voice !
Again she pours her melancholy forth,
As sweetly plaintive, as when Philomel,
Beneath some poplar shade bemoans her young,
And sitting pensive on the lonely bough,

Her

Her eye with sorrow dim'd, she tunes her dirge,
 Warbling the night away ; while all around
 The vocal woodland, and each hill and dale,
 Ring with her griefs harmonious. Hark ! that way
 It sounds. All gracious powers direct me to her.

[*Exit.*

Enter Constantia.

Const. From walk to walk, from glade to glade, o'er all,
 The sea girt isle, o'er ev'ry mountain's top,
 I roam from place to place ; but, oh ! no place
 Affords relief to me. The sun now leads
 The sultry hours, and from his burning ray
 Each living thing retires ; yet I endure
 His fiercest rage. The fever in my mind
 Heeds not external circumstance : each day
 Sees this sad heart fresh bleeding as at first.
 Delay not thus, ye cruel fates, but come
 And wrap me in eternal rest. Till then
 Let me pursue my melancholy task.

[*Works at the inscription.*

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. Away with their ill-tim'd officious care,
 I'll none of it. 'Tis cruelty, not friendship :
 'Tis misery protracted ; 'tis with art,
 Inhuman art to lengthen out the life
 Of him who groans in torment. No ; they never shall
 Compel me back to a base world again !
 I've liv'd enough, my course is ended here :
 For here Constantia lies, Ye heavenly pow'rs !
 What means upon yon consecrated ground
 That visionary form, with lifted arm
 And gleaming steel, that seems in act to carve
 The rugged stone ?

Const. What is't I hear ? a voice !

A groan ! from whence—Ha ! [Seeing Ferdinand.

Fer. 'Tis Constantia's form !

Her discontented shade, that hover's still
 About this place.

Const. Delusive, air-drawn shape
 Of that perfidious—ah !

[*He faints away.*

Fer. Leave me not thus,
 Oh ! ever gracious, ever gentle, say—

'Tis

'Tis gone ; in fullen silence gone !

Enter Henrico.

Hen. Quick let me find him, to his raptur'd ear
Give the delightful tidings—Ha !

Fer. And thus
I sink at once and follow my belov'd.

[Falls into Henrico's arms.]

Hen. He faints, he faints ; the chilling dews of death
Distil through every pore. My Ferdinand,
Awake, arise, and hear the joyful sounds
Of happiness restor'd. His eyes unfold
To seek fair day-light, and now close again
As if they sicken'd at the view.

Fer. Forbear,
And let me die !

Hen. Constantia lives ! she lives
Once more to fold thee in her warm embrace.

Fer. I saw her fleeting form : fullen and pale,
It vanish'd from my sight.

Const. Alas ! no help !
Oh ! death, where art thou ? *[Coming to herself.]*

Hen. Whence that voice ?
Constantia there ! behold ! she too entranc'd
Lies stretch'd upon the ground.

Fer. Where is Constantia ?
Oh ! let me catch the fleeting shade. 'Tis she !
It is my wife ! it is Constantia still !
Oh ! ecstasy of bliss ! She still survives !

Const. 'Tis mere illusion all ; the false creation
Of some deceitful dream,

Fer. 'Tis real all.
Again I fold her thus ! the known embrace
Hath thrill'd its wonted transport to my heart.
My life, my soul, thy Ferdinand is come.

Const. And com'st thou then, inhuman as thou art,
Com'st thou again to wreak thy malice on me ?

Fer. By heav'n I ne'er was false. Dash not my joys
With thy unkind suspicion of my love,
While thus transported far above the lot
Of human bliss, I press my lips to thine,
Inhaling balmy sweets, and all my soul
Runs o'er with bliss, with wonder and delight.

Const.

Const. Did'st thou not meanly leave me here a prey—

Fer. And can Constantia deem me then so base?

Can she believe me such a vile betrayer?

Can'st thou——

Const. On this unhospitable shore
Left as I was——

Fer. Oh, misery! thou wert!

While I was dragg'd by an insidious band

Of pirates, savage blood-hounds! into bondage.

But witness heav'n, witness ye midnight hours

That heard my ceaseless groans, how dear thy image
Grew to my very heart!

Const. And hast thou then
Been doom'd to slavery?

Fer. I have.

Const. And groan'd
This long, long time beneath oppression's rod?

Fer. E'er since these eyes have gaz'd delighted on
thee,

The bitter draught of misery was mine.

Const. And wert thou true indeed?

Fer. By Heav'n I was.

Const. And have I then accus'd thee? Have I pour'd
A thousand strong complaints against thee? Call'd
High judging Heav'n to witness to my wrongs?
Told all these wilds, these rocks, these wood-crown'd
hills

Of injur'd truth and violated love?

Falsely I talk'd, unjustly I complain'd

Of injur'd truth and violated love;

My Ferdinand was true! again 'tis giv'n

With his lov'd form to glad these eyes, to rush

With eager transport to his fond embrace,

To cling around his neck, and growing to him,

Pour the warm tears of rapture and of love.

[*They embrace.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I heard my mother's voice. What do I see?
In a man's arms! embracing and embrac'd!

Fer. Is that my Sylvia? Oh! it must be so.
My child, my child survives! survives to take
A raptur'd father's blessing, and o'erpay

His

His suff'rings past by this excess of joy,
This interview of mingled tears and kisses.

Syl. How gentle his deportment too ! I feel
A soft attraction bind my soul to his,
Are these the men whom you so oft describ'd
Inexorable, cruel, fell deceivers ?

Const. I was deceiv'd myself, my child ; for truth,
Honour, and love, and constancy, are theirs.
I now have proof of unexampled goodness.

Syl. Indeed I strongly thought you wrong'd 'em much,
When first Henrico met my wond'ring eyes.

Fer. Henrico is my friend, my best Constantia,
And thou hereafter shalt know all his virtues.

Syl. And shall I know him too ?

Hen. Thou shalt ; and I
Will live thy slave, if thou wilt deign to love me.

Syl. Love you ! I know not what you mean by love ;
But if with pleasure to behold thee ; if
To hang upon thy words ; to mourn thy absence ;
With joy to meet again, and feel my heart
Form new desires, and wish it knows not what ;
If that be love, I do already love you.

Hen. Then am I bless'd indeed ! Yes, thou shalt be—
My friend will smile consent—yes, thou, fair nymph,
Shalt be my bride.

Syl. Your bride ! what's that ?

Hen. My wife.

Syl. No, Sir, not that. I crave your pardon there.
To be left helpless on a desert island !

Const. Thy father did not leave me, Sylvia ; no ;
He could not prove deliberately false.
His heart was unsusceptible of fraud.
Anon you'll know it all.

Hen. Mean time, my fair,
Banish thy fears ; and let me with this kiss,
On the white softness of this lovely hand,
For ever dedicate my heart.

Syl. Oh, Heav'ns !
What must I do, Mamma ?

Const. Requite his love
With fair return of thine.

Syl. Must I do so ?

The task appears not undelightful. Yes,
To thee I can resign myself. But tell me,
Wilt thou ne'er leave me? Wilt thou ever here
Fix thy abode?

Hen. No; we'll convey thee hence,
To the soft influence of a milder clime:
There, like a flow'r transplanted, thou shalt flourish,
And ne'er regret this warmer southern sky,
But thrive and ripen, to the wond'ring world
Unfolding all thy sweets to higher bloom.

Syl. What place is that? And whither will ye bear
me?

Fer. To thy dear native soil; to England; love.

Syl. To England!

Hen. Yes! the land of beauteous dames:
'Mongst whom thy matchless excellence shall shine
With undiminish'd radiance, and exert
Its gentle pow'r; by innocence endear'd,
By virtue heighten'd, and by modest truth
Attemper'd to such sweetness, that each fair,
With unrepining heart and glad consent,
Shall own thy rival claim; and ev'ry youth,
Touch'd by the graces of thy native beauty,
Shall join to make thy form the public care.

Syl. I cannot quit this island; cannot leave
These woods, these lawns, these hills and deep'ning vales,
These streams oft-visited, each well-known haunt,
Where hand in hand with innocence I've stray'd,
And tasted joys serene, as is the air
That pants upon yon trembling leaves.

Fer. Such joys
For thee shall blossom in thy native land,
And new delights arise. There cultur'd fields,
Wave with the golden harvest; commerce pours
Each delicacy forth; there stately domes
Attract the wond'ring eye; there cities swarm
With busy throngs intense, and smiles around
A scene of active, cheerful, social life.
Thither I'll lead thee, sweet.

Syl. And yet my heart
Misgives me much. Does not contention there,
And civil discord, render life a scene

Of care, and toil, and struggle ? Does not war
From foreign nations oft invade the land,
With all his train of misery and death ?

Fer. Thy lovely fears are groundless. Ours the land
Where inward peace diffuses smiles around,
And scatters wide her blessings : there a king,
(My friend comes later thence, and tells me all)
There reigns a happy venerable king,
Dispensing justice, and maintaining laws,
That bind alike his people and himself.
From that source liberty, and ev'ry claim
A free-born people boast, flow equal on,
And harmonize the state ; while in the eve,
And calm decline of life our monarch sees
A royal grandson still to higher lustre
Each day expanding ; emulous to trace
His grandfire's steps, to copy out his actions ;
And bid the ray of freedom onward stretch
To ages yet unborn.

Syl. And do the people
Know their own happiness ?

Fer. They do, my sweet :
Pleas'd, they behold their native rights secur'd ;
Their commerce guarded, and the useful arts,
That raise, that soften, and embellish life,
All to perfection rising. With a sense
Of their own blessing touch'd, with one consent
They pour their treasures, and exhaust their blood
In their king's righteous cause. Fair Albion thus
Raises her envied head ; thus ev'ry threat
Of foreign force, each menace of invasion,
From a vain, vanquish'd, disappointed foe,
Like broken billows on her craggy cliffs,
Shall murmur at her feet in vain.

Syl. Methinks
I long to see this place.

Fer. My Sylvia, yes,
Thou shalt return : propitious gales invite.
Come, my Constantia——Oh ! what mix'd emotions
Heave in this bosom at the sight of thee !

Const. My heart runs o'er with ecstasy of joy,
And tears must speak my happiness. I long

To utter all my fond, fond thoughts ; to tell
The story of my woes, and hear of thine ;
While at each word our hearts shall melt within us,
And thrill with grief, with tenderness, and love.

Fer. The tale shall serve us in our future hours
Of tender intercourse, to sweeten pain,
To calm adversity, and teach our souls
To bend in love, in gratitude, and praise,
To the All-good on high, who thus befriends
The cause of innocence ; who thus rewards
Our suff'ring constancy ; whose hand, though slow,
Thus leads to rapture through a train of woe.

HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D:

OR,

AN OLD FOOL WORSE THAN ANY.

A BURLETTA.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Goosecap,
Simon,

Drury-Lane.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Vernon.

WOMEN.

Betty,
Old Lady,

Mrs. Baddeley.
Mr. Dibdin.

SCENE, A Village.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber : Goosecap is discover'd seated at a Table, leaning upon his Arm, in a penfive Manner.

SURE never mortal, at my age,
Was such a buzzard, such a calf :
A man whom years should render sage !
I know not which, to cry or laugh.
In love at sixty-six !
Oons ! infamy should fix
A brand on the crime :
Is threescore a time
For beginning boyish tricks ?

VOL. V.

N

Betty !

Betty !—This is wond'rous civil.
 Betty !—How now ! What the devil !
 Will she come, or will she not ?
 No ; she never heads a jot
 When I call, how long I wait :
 Well, I must submit to fate :
 I took her for my maid, but she
 Resolves she will my mistress be.

SCENE II.

Goosecap, Betty.

Betty. Mercy upon us ! here's a stir ;
 Sure you have lost your senses, Sir.

Goose. My breakfast, huffey.

Betty. Time enough.

Goose. You've let me bawl,—

Betty. 'Twill cure your cough.

Goose. You might have said you did not hear me.

Betty. Why, was I deaf ?

Goose. Then don't you fear me ?

Betty. For what ? to fear me you were made.

Goose. Plague, fury, 'sdeath, you slut ! you jade !

Betty. Nay, hush, good master, hush ;

I vow and swear, I blush

To hear you make this riot :

Be quiet, Sir, be quiet ;

Submit, obey ;

'Tis the wisest way :

My word is your law,

And should you with awe,

Like Jove's imperial fiat :

You surely grow forgetful ;

You're ugly, old, and fretful ;

And for what should I catch

Such a fright, such a wretch,

When of young, gay, and brave,

If I would, I might have,

With half a look, my net-full ?

SCENE III.

Goosecap, Betty, Simon.

Goose. Here, Simon, fetch my hat and cane.

Betty. What now, Sir!

Goose. Simon!

Betty. 'Tis in vain;

You must not go abroad to-day;

You are not well, Sir.

Goose. Give me way.

Betty. I will not let you budge from hence.

Goose. Must I then bear this insolence?

Tell me, thou devil, whence it springs?

Betty. Simon, take back your master's things.

Simon. He bid me fetch them.

Betty. That may be;

But now he stays at home with me;

He thought to go abroad.

Goose. And will;

I'm your, and my own master still.

Simon, my hat, my cane, my cloak.

Betty. Well, come, dear Sir, I did but joke;

Since you're resolv'd, you shall go out;

But must not leave me in a pout.

Goose. I'll leave you in what way I please;

And to do that your heart shall tease;

For, mistress vixen, hear but this,

I'll marry.

Betty. No.

Goose. I will.

Betty. No.

Goose. Yes.

Betty. If proper for the married life,

I would myself become your wife.

Goose. You!

Betty. Yes, I.

Goose. Dare you further urge

Your boldness?

Betty. Yes.

Goose. I vow to George,
She has a most alluring eye.

Yet I will marry.

Betty. Fye, fye, fye.

Goose. I will, I will, by all that's bad,
If there's a female to be had :
Though her face be like a vizard,
And she's crooked as an izard ;
Curs'd as curs, and old as Poles,
I will marry her, by goles.
There's my neighbour, Lady Blinker,
Some a homely woman think her ;
She, 'tis true, has but one eye,
And's a little thought awry ;
Yet with her I'll make a shift,
To turn you, impudence, adrift.

SCENE IV.

Betty, Simon.

Betty. Well, Simon, what's the best with you ?

Simon. Sir's in a passion.

Betty. That's not new ;
I think he's in one ev'ry day :
Come, have you nothing else to say ?

Simon. What should I say ?

Betty. Nothing to me ?

Simon. What !

Betty. Nay, you best know that.

Simon. (*Laughing.*) He, he !

Betty. You might have wanted to unfold
Your heart.

Simon. I dare not be so bold.

Betty. You love me, Simon, no disguise.

Simon. Lord, who could tell you that ?

Betty. Your eyes.

Simon. Well, since they've told you so, I do.

Betty. You would be glad to kiss me too !
Say, am I right or am I wrong ?
Come, kiss me, Simon.

Simon. Get along :

You're making game of me, I know.

Betty. Not I ; come, kiss.

Simon. But may I though ?

Betty. Try.

Simon. That I will ; she breathes, I vow,

For all the world like any cow.

I'll try again, if you desire.

Betty. And welcome.

Simon. Lord, I'm all on fire.

Betty. Now, Simon, these delights are sweet ;

But let's be cautious and discreet :

Th' old gentleman, you know, loves me ;

However, I love you, d'ye see,

And mean to leave him in the lurch.

Simon. And when shall us be ax'd in church ?

Betty. Next week, perhaps.

Simon. And not before ?

Betty. Have patience ; what would you have more ?

I say I'll marry you.

Simon. Good Lord !

One kiss.——

Betty. But mum now.

Simon. Not a word.

I am, 'tis true, but a servant boy,

And small the wages I get ;

But more than riches she shall enjoy,

If I can prevail upon Bet :

I'll make up for wealth

With youth and with health,

And love a precious store ;

Despise then the life

Of a gentleman's wife,

And choose to be happy and poor.

SCENE V.

Betty.

To marry master are you bent,

You first shall stay for my consent :

I have not taken all this pains

To let another count my gains :

But, how to frustrate the old fool !

I'll make this bumpkin here my tool,

Pretend with him to drive a match ;

My master will, like wild-fire, catch

The tidings, and be strait in flame ;

And then leave me to play my game.

Men are wily, men are cunning,
 Still in wait our sex to catch ;
 But, their subtle mazes running,
 Now and then they meet their match.
 Shame, dear girls, those vile undoers,
 Schemes with deeper schemes o'er-reach ;
 Boldly turn on your pursuers,
 And foil them with the arts they teach.

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a Street ; on one Side, the Old Lady's House ;
 on the other Side, Goofecap's. Goofecap enters with
 the Old Lady.*

Goofe. In short, this, Madam, is my plan ;
 Would you a husband, I'm your man :
 You are not handsome, nor yet young,
 But on that theme I hold my tongue ;
 And, if you take me, you shall find
 I'll prove a help-mate true and kind.

O. Lady. Are you in earnest, Sir ?

Goofe. In troth.

O. Lady. Nay, I'll believe, without your oath ;
 And, since you make so fair an offer,
 I will not vainly slight the proffer :
 I am not over young, 'tis true ;
 And, let me say, no more are you ;
 And, if I have no charms to spare,
 Your beauty, Sir, is nothing rare.

Goofe. Men's years and features are no matter ;
 And mine may pass, or some folks flatter.
 Say, will you have me, ay or no ?

O. Lady. I will, Sir ; I have told you so.

Goofe. Then, Madam, yield to my request ;
 Yonder's my house ; few words are best
 When folks are fix'd in their design.
 Come with me there to-day and dine ;
 A bit of mutton, en famille,
 And afterwards we'll sign and seal.

O. Lady. But are you not too much in haste ?

Goofe. Why should we time in courtship waste ?

O. Lady. Nay, as you please ; but then, I must
 Step in, my head-dress to adjust.

Goofe.

Goose. I'll wait your coming, Madam, here :
But let me lead you, pray.

O. Lady. O dear !

You gentlemen are so polite !
But, pray, no farther stir ;
You shan't, I vow ; you shame me quite ;
Your humble servant, Sir.
But, Mister Goosecap, hark'e ;
Pray, did I rightly mark you ?
To-morrow, did you say,
Should be your wedding-day ?
Well, let it if you will ;
In all that's just and right,
You'll find me day and night
Your most obedient still.

SCENE VII.

Goosecap; Betty and Simon enter behind; and afterwards the Old Lady.

Goose. Well, after all, now, by this light,
That which my neighbour says is right !
Gad, she's a woman of good sense ;
Virtuous, and not without the pence ;
And as for beauty, 'tis a dream ;
All women soon become the same.

Betty. Here, Simon, we must both stand ready ;
I saw him talking with my lady ;
But he's as cunning as old Nick,
And I suspect some mummer's trick.

Simon. Let us go nearer.

Betty. Hold ! take heed !

Goose. Beauty is but a dream, indeed !
And youth a flow'r that soon decays.

Betty. He's talking.

Simon. Hark !

Betty. What is't he says ?

Simon. Something I could not hear ; could you ?

Betty. No ; listen, and observe your cue.

Goose. I never was half so well pleas'd in my life.

How came I before not to think of a wife ?

Odds rabbits and niggers, the more I reflect,

It is the best measure,
For profit and pleasure,
I could have adopted, in every respect.

Betty. And so you shall find in effect.

Goose. Mistress Betty shall see,
And that to her sorrow,
By this time to-morrow,
I can be as headstrong as she.

Simon. Odds my life this is no mumming,
Here's the gentlewoman coming,
Dress'd as fine as fine can be,

Betty. All bedizen'd,
Perfum'd, poison'd !

A. 2. O, she is a fine lady.

O. Lady. My confusion is so great, Sir ;
I'm afraid I've made you wait, Sir.

Goose. Not at all, Ma'am ;
Take the wall, ma'am,
And oblige me with your hand.

O. Lady. Sir, I'm all at your command.

Betty. Hold, Sir, if you please, permit me,
In my office, to acquit me.
Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, loo.
By your leave, and stand aside there ;
Room for Mister Goosecap's bride there.

O. Lady. Who are these ? Do you know who ?

Goose. Betty, I've a mind to beat you.

A. 2. Both your servants come to meet you.

Betty. With low curtsies, ma'am, I greet you.

Goose. Get you gone, you devils, do.

O. Lady. Mister Goosecap, maid or wife,
Never was I, in my life,
Treated with so much ill manners.

A. 2. Cupid, Hymen, spread your banners ;
March before this happy pair.
Love and beauty,
'Tis our duty.

Goose. Slut ! Dog ! Tell me how you dare—

O. Lady. Use this freedom ?

Goose. Never heed them ;
I'll chastise them, you may swear.

A. 2. Husband rare !
Charming fair.

Betty.

Betty. Fa, ra, la, ra, la, ra, la !

Simon. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

O. Lady. Don't you see me made their scorn ?
Were your offers t' amuse me ?
Did you bring me to abuse me ?
Had I thought
I was brought—

Goose. Oh, that ever I was born !
Stay, my lady,
I am ready.

O. Lady. Laugh'd at, banter'd !

Goose. Is't my fault ?

Simon. Master yonder quite astonish'd.

O. Lady. For that slut, I'll have her punish'd ;
Laid in Bridewell as she ought.

Betty. Fa, ral, la, ra, la, ra, la !

Simon. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

A. 4. Such a scene,
As this has been,
Sure no mortal ever saw.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Goosecap's House.

Goosecap enters, driving Simon in before him with his Cane.

Simon. HELP ! help ! here, hold, Sir, go no further ;
Icod you'll make me cry out murder ;
And if I do—

Goose. What then ?

Simon. Why, then,
You may repent.

Goose. Take that again ;
A stroke or two will never kill you.

Simon. Once more, I say, be easy, will you ?
What have I done ?

Goose. You dog, you knave,
What have you done ! you ought to have
Your ears cut off for your assurance ;
And then at least a twelve-months durance.

Simon. Why so ?

Goose. To laugh and make your sport
Of your superiors in such sort ;
A lady too of wealth and fashion :
But let me not give way to passion.
Come, firrah, strip yourself with speed,
And quit my house.

Simon. I shan't, indeed.

Goose. No ; instantly, I say, depart.

Simon. Well, then, I will, with all my heart.
But is not Betty to go too ?

Goose. You jackanapes, what's that to you ?
However, let her too be gone ;
Two plagues I'm rid off 'stead of one.
Dost hear ; tell Betty she may go :
It will be ten times better so.
But one thing still is to be settled :
I know my lady is high mettled ;
And her resentment, I'm afraid,
Will not be easily allayed :
But what of that, though hard the task,
When I forgiveness humbly ask ?
Yes, yes, success my mind presages ;
Call Betty down, to take her wages.

A bear that has been long confin'd,
And hamper'd in a chain,
If freedom he should gain,
From his den comes out,
Unmuzzles his snout,
Ope's wide his jaws,
Extends his paws,
With pleasure growls,
And jumps and rolls,
In ecstasy about.

I am myself the bear ;
Odds bobs I could tread in air ;
Since liberty I've got,
I could dance a rigadoon,
Leap over the moon,
And do, I know not what.

SCENE II.

Simon, Betty.

Betty. Is that my master there gone out ?

Simon. Your master ! here has been a rout.

Betty. Pooh, blockhead, never mind what he says.

Simon. Cod, I've been almost lick'd to pieces

For what we said to that old cat ;

And there's still worser news than that ;

He has turn'd off both you and I ;

'Fore George it aint a word o' lie.

He bid me tell you to get ready ;

And now he's gone to seek my lady,

To try to make it up with her :

I'm sad and serious, never stir.

Betty. Simon, come hither.

Simon. Here am I.

Betty. Some other method I must try :

Storming, I find, will fruitless be.

Simon. Did mistress Betty speak to me ?

Betty. I did.

Simon. I thought so ; pray what is it ?

Betty. Master is gone again to visit

The wither'd beldame, o'er the way.

Simon. To kiss and friends, I heard him say :

I warrant they'll be here anon.

Betty. Then, Simon, you and I'll be gone.

Simon. Gone ! Where ?

Betty. From hence.

Simon. Together, eh !

Betty. Just as you please.

Simon. As I please ?

Betty. Nay,

When folks are married, there's no harm.

Simon. No, to be sure.

Betty. Well, don't alarm

The family about it now.

Simon. But tell me where, and when, and how ?

Betty. Within this hour we'll settle all ;

Only be ready, at my call,

To come and claim your better half.

Simon. Icod, I cannot choose but laugh,

To think how mad old Sir will be.
To see us wed as well as he.
At the same church too, the same day ;
Shan't us ?

Betty. Why, ay ; perhaps we may.

Simon. In the morning, what a dinging,
With the parish-bells a-ringing,
And the rattling of the drums :
Then 'before the music comes ;
Fiddles, bass, and sweet hautboy ;
All to wish the bridle-folks joy.

But plague o' your horn,
'Tis not not to be borne ;
Oh, silence that ominous sound :
Play, instruments play ;
Drums rattle away,
And let it for ever be drown'd.

SCENE III.

Betty, Goosecap.

Goose. So, mistress Betty, are you there ?
I really wonder how you dare
Look in my face ; have you forgot ?
Say, were you mad, bewitch'd, or what ;
That you behav'd so ill just now ?
Answer me.

Betty. Sir, I don't know how ;
My silence may explain my terror :
I can but blush, and own my error.

Goose. It really was a horrid shame.

Betty. No doubt, Sir, I was much to blame ;
But cannot you the cause unriddle ?

Goose. What cause ?

Betty. Love, jealousy.

Goose. A fiddle !

Betty. My conduct might be out of season ;
But passion quite o'erpower'd my reason.

Goose. You should have kept it more confin'd ;
Howe'er, her ladyship's so kind,
She pardons the slights were thrown upon her :
And, shortly, I expect the honour,

To have her company within.
We quickly too shall be a kin;
The happy words, to have and hold,
One flesh will make us.

Betty. Sir, I'm told,
You're pleas'd that I should go away.

Goose. No, Betty, you are free to stay
Till we are married.

Betty. That's enough.

Goose. She faints! here take a pinch of snuff:
A glass of water!

Betty. There's no need.
Your hand, Sir, pray.

Goose. She's ill, indeed;
But if she sees I'm touch'd, she'll make
Advantage of it.

Betty. Thus, I take
My last farewell; a tear, a sigh,
You must permit.

Goose. (*Half crying.*) Betty, good bye.
Betty. I go to die, with grief o'erladen;

If you my grave should chance to see,
Look on't, and say, here lies a maiden,
Who died, alas! for love of me.

Tears force their way: forgive my sobbing;
I scarce have power my words to speak.
If I stay longer, sure, with throbbing,
My heart will here before you break.

Aha! old codger, is it so? [*Aside.*]
He squeez'd my hand, the sign I know;
He still is fast within my pen.
What silly animals are men!

SCENE IV.

Goosecap, Betty, Old Lady.

O. Lady. Bless me, what's this! upon my word,
Here are delightful doings t'ward!
Lock'd hand in hand and both in tears,
A pair of tender parting dears:
You said you had discharg'd that mix;
You might have done so, Sir, methinks.

Before

Before you had persuaded me.—

Goose. Madam, she goes, as you shall see.
Betty, about your business strait.

Leave me, do'st hear?

O. Lady. You need not wait
For packing up your trinkums, child;
We'll send them after you.

Betty. (*Aside.*) All's spoil'd:
My hopeful scheme's at once destroy'd
By her intrusion.

O. Lady. Wench, avoid
Our presence quickly.

Goose. Betty, do.

Betty. Yes, Sir; but first a word with you.

Goose. With me!

O. Lady. Speak out then.

Betty. So I meant:
I only would ask your consent,
In duty bound.—

O. Lady. For what?

Goose. Nay, tarry.

Have patience; my consent!

Betty. To marry!

Goose. Marry! it must not be.

O. Lady. Why not?

Goose. Nay, not that I'm concern'd a jot:
But who is the deluding cur?

Betty. A footman, at your service, Sir.
He's in the kitchen; shall I call him?

Goose. Do, instantly, that I may maul him;
But, Betty, I'm agham'd to think
You so below yourself should sink.

Betty. Alas! in vain I try'd, Sir,
To quench a flame so tender;
So artfully he ply'd, Sir,
I only blush'd and sigh'd, Sir,
And languish'd to surrender.

A thousand matchless graces
His person are a lorning;
More beautiful his face is
Than dawn of summer's morning.

SCENE V.

Goosecap, Old Lady, and afterwards Betty, introducing Simon.

Goose. Who can this be she means to wed ?
I think she loves him too, she said :
The false ungrateful——

O. Lady. Tell me, Sir,
What do you mean by all this stir ?
Indeed, so mov'd !

Goose. I will, I swear,
Come to the bottom of th' affair.

O. Lady. You think me, then, not worth an answer ?
You are a very ill-bred man, Sir.

Goose. Madam, pray ; I find
Myself, just now, disturb'd in mind.
Hey-day ! What's here ? Who's this I see ?

Betty. My husband, Sir, that is to be.
How do you like him ?

Simon Sir, I'm yours.

Goose. Mine, dog ! This instant out of doors !
Betty, is he your choice ?

Betty. I hope
You find him worthy——

Goose. Of a rope !
Rascal, I say, let go her hand !

Simon. For what ?

O. Lady. I am able to command
My rage no longer.

Goose. Let her go.

O. Lady. Sir, Mr. Goosecap, do you know
How you're behaving to me here ?

Goose. Betty ! my life ! my soul ! my dear !
Turn that young jackanapes away :
I'll marry you.

O. Lady. Hum !

Betty. When ?

Goose. To day.

Try, Madam, to prevail upon her.

O. Lady. I !

Betty. Will you tho' ?

Goose. Upon my honour.

Betty.

Betty. Then, Simon, by your leave.

Simon. Hey ! how !

Are you false-hearted ? Where's your vow ?

Betty. Gone.

Simon. Then, by Jove, I've well got shot.

Betty. But here's a wife.

O. Lady. You saucy slut !

Pray, Mr. Goosecap, tell me this ;

Are you resolv'd to wed her ?

Goose. Yes——

O. Lady. And is't behaving as you ought ?

Goose. 'Tis my misfortune, not my fault ;
I cannot help it.

Betty. Will you stay,

And be a bride-maid ?

Goose. Do. Ma'am, pray.

O. Lady. You numscull, you ideot, you grey-headed
afs,

Who is she ? who are you ? who am I ? do you
know ?

At this time of day, men are come to pass,
They're vainer and fillier the older they grow.

At your time of life,

Is this a fit wife ?

To a dark room and straw, thou poor lunatic go.

A word too in your ear,

She'll horn her dearest dear ;

She will, Sir, indeed,

Believ't as your creed :

I can your fortune tell :

And to-morrow you'll see

A lawyer from me ;

And so, Sir, fare you well.

SCENE VI.

Goosecap, Simon, Betty.

Simon. And, Mistress Betty, now we're cool,
Is't thus you serve me——

Goose. Out you fool.

Simon. I'll be reveng'd for't, never stir.

Betty. Come, you must raise his wages, Sir.—
A better mistress than a wife

You'll find me, Simon.

Goose. Here, my life,

Receive my hand,

Betty. And take you mine.

A. 2. Darts, flames, joy, ecstacy divine !

Goose. My heart's a forge where Beauty's son,

Young Cupid and his mam are ;

There his darts she moulds,

And the anvil holds ;

The little urcheon beats them on,

Ton, ton, ton, ton.

Hark ! don't you hear his hammer ?

Betty. We always find our parish clock

To the same motion sticking.

So my hearts to you

In its motion true :

First at my breast you made it knock,

Toc, toc, toc, toc :

Hark ! don't you hear it clicking ?

Goose. My love !

Betty. My dove !

Goose. My chicken,

Do you love me now ?

Betty. So well, I vow,

Words are too weak to tell you how.

Goose. Good luck !

Betty. I'fack !

A. 2. What is it ails me ?

Somewhat affails me,

That thrills and disorders ;

'Tis pleasure that borders

On pain.

Yet I swear by this kiss,

And by this, and by this,

I'd rather endure it,

Than soften or cure it,

And cherish it while I complain.

Goose. Now I'll go buy the wedding-ring.

A. 2. And there we'll love, and dance, and sing,

And frisk and play,

Both night and day,

Like any thing.

SCENE VII.

Goosecap, Betty, Simon, Old Lady.

Betty. Bless me, her ladyship comes back.

Goose,

Goose. No matter, 'tis some new attack.
Well, Madam, your commands speak out.

O. Lady. I hope I'm welcome.

Betty. Without doubt.

O. Lady. I'm reconcil'd to our miscarriage.
And came to laugh, Sir, at your marriage.

Goose. Laugh, Ma'am ?

Betty. 'Tis neither shame nor sin.

O. Lady. No, no ; and when you please, begin.

Goose. O mighty love, who can controul
Thy influence o'er the human soul ;
Thy power is felt from pole to pole,
By victims great and many.
You turn at will all people's wits,
And make them mad and fools by fits ;
But still where'er the arrow hits,
The old fool's worse than any.

O. Lady. Love is, in youth, a pleasing fruit,
Does with the season aptly shoot ;
And where its fertile branches shoot,
With health and joy we're feasted :
But love with age will never chime,
'Tis a tree bearing out of time,
The fruit nor wholesome is nor prime,
But sickens where 'tis tasted.

Simon. In ancient fable we are told,
Alcides of immortal mould,
Did for a wench a distaff hold,
And gravely sat to spinning.
Think when a fool the master plays,
And weds his maid, although he strays,
He is no worse than Hercules ;
And pray, Sirs, spare your grinning.

Betty. Folks may find fault with this and that,
Say love with youth comes only pat,
That youthful pairs give tit for tat,
And all goes fine and clever ;
That age should prudent be and cold ;
But if men love not e'er they're old,
Thus much to say I will be bold,
'Tis better late than never,

THE
ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY HUGH KELLY ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Covent-Garden.

MEN.

Sir Hector Strangeways,
Colonel Ormsby,
Brownlow,
Orson,
Buffora,
Pillage,
James,

Mr. Shutter.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Quick.
Mr. Lee Lewis.
Mr. Dunstall.
Mr. Bates.

WOMEN.

Zelida,
Lady Di Strangeways,
Jenny,

Mrs. Bulkley.
Mrs. Green.
Miss Pearse.

SCENE, London.

Time, the Time of Representation.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment at Sir HECTOR STRANGEWAYS.

Enter Sir Hector and Lady Di.

Sir Hector. An impudent puppy, to pester me with his fees of honour; I thought that at court it was not honourable to pay any thing.

Lady Di. But, Sir Hector Strangeways—

Sir Hec. But, Lady Di Strangeways, I tell you again, that if I had all the wealth of the Spanish galleons, I
would

would not part with a single piece-of-eight upon this occasion.—I did not ask them to knight me, and they may unknigh me again if they like it ; for I value the broad pendant on the Dreadnought mast-head above any title which they can splice to all the red, or green, or blue rags in Christendom.

Lady Di. Well, my dear, but though an admiral's uniform is a very pretty thing, there is something inexpressibly attracting in a star ; and if I could only persuade you to wear a bag-wig, that red ribbon would give a world of brilliancy to your complexion.

Sir Hec. My complexion ! Zounds, wife, don't make me mad ! A weather-beaten sailor of fifty ought to be mightily concerned about the brilliancy of his complexion.

Lady Di. Lord, Sir Hector, you are not so old by half a year—and if you would follow my advice about the bag, you'd look as young as Billy Brownlow——

Sir Hec. Avaft, Di—Avaft—I have already suffered you to crowd too much canvass, and to make a puppy of me sufficiently.

Lady Di. I beg, Sir Hector, that you will soften the coarseness of your phraseology, and use a little less of the quarter-deck dialect.

Sir Hec. Zounds, Madam, 'tis your own fault, if the gale blows in your teeth—I might have been out with a squadron in the Mediterranean, hadn't I humoured your fancy, and foolishly staid to be pip'd in at the installation—However, there's some chance yet,—the admiral appointed is attended by three doctors ; and if they heave him over, I have a promise of succeeding in the command.—There's a cable of comfort for you to snatch at, Lady Di.

Lady Di. Yes, you cruel ! and, for fear bad news should not reach me soon enough, you have ordered an express to be sent up directly from Portsmouth, the moment the poor admiral is gathered to his progenitors.

Sir Hec. Yes, the moment his anchor is a-peak ; and I'll take your son Orson with me too ; for I shall have him turn'd into a monkey if he stays much longer ashore.

Lady

Lady Di. Surely you won't be such a brute, my love—the boy is quite a sea-monster already—and I must keep him close under my own eye, to give him some little touches of humanity.

Sir Hec. Orson is wild, I grant, but he is well-meaning; and therefore I forbid all lessons of good-breeding that are likely to make a heel in his principles.

Enter Orson.

Orf. Huzza, father, huzza!

Sir Hec. What do you cheer at, lad?

Orf. Here's an advice-boat, that Colonel Ormsby has just made London, and will take a birth with us before the evening gun is fir'd!

Lady Di. How often must I tell you, child, that it is exceedingly vulgar to appear either surpris'd or overjoyed at any thing.

Sir Hec. Don't desire the boy to slacken his sails in a chase of good nature.

Lady Di. Why, what is the fool in raptures for? He never saw Colonel Ormsby since the moment of his existence.

Orf. No, mother—but I know that he is my uncle Brownlow's friend—that he has weathered my uncle from many a bitter blast, and is to be married to the sweet young lady my uncle lately brought us home from Bengal.

Sir Hec. And has any body carried the news to Zelida?

Lady Di. The Lady Zelida, my dear—you know that her father was an Indian Omrah, or nobleman of great authority.

Orf. I sent Buffora aloft with the news; and the poor fellow was as much rejoic'd as a man of war at short allowance would be in sight of the Downs.

Sir Hec. I do love that Buffora; he's so faithful a creature, and has a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Lady Di. I don't wonder that he's so great a favourite with his lady; for he's extremely intelligent, and would, I dare say, readily hazard his life in her service.

Orf. Zounds, I'd stand a broad-side for her myself at any time.

Sir Hec. Damn you, firrah, do you swear? one would think

think that your ship was sinking, and that you expected every moment to be launched into the next world, you young rascal !

Lady Di. Ay, this is your blessed system of sea-education.

Sir Hec. Hark'ee, 'scapegrace, mind your hits, if you'd avoid a rope's end ; and remember to keep your wickedness under hatches 'till you come to years of discretion, you puppy.

Lady Di. Mercy upon us ! and is he then to let it appear above board.—Fine doctrine, truly, that our vices are to be excus'd, in proportion as we acquire a consciousness of their enormity.—You shou'd study my mode of expression, Sir Hector.

Orf. Why, I meant no harm, though I've rais'd such a squall. Every body loves Miss Zelida, and many a heavy heart has it given me, since she cast anchor in this house, to see her so melancholy, poor soul !

Sir Hec. She's a delightful girl, that's the truth of it.—And I hope that the arrival of Ormsby will prevent the worms of her sorrow from eating into the planks of her constitution.

Lady Di. Lord, my dear, do you think that a mind so delicate as hers, can be destitute of gratitude, or indifferent about a man, who not only repeatedly saved her father's life in the commotions of the East, but what was still more, preserv'd the ladies of his family from violation.

Sir Hec. Come, come, Ormsby is a noble fellow.

Orf. As ever stept from stem to stern, my uncle Brownlow says.

Sir Hec. And Zelida's father behav'd nobly to him when his dead lights were hung out.

Lady Di. I suppose you mean by bequeathing him this only daughter in his last moments, who is mistress of so large a fortune.

Sir Hec. Why, is not she an Acapulco vessel in herself, to say nothing of her being ballasted with rupees and pagodas ?

Lady Di. And could her father, who lov'd the English extremely, who married her mother, an Englishwoman, and who knew the Colonel's worth so well, act
more

more prudently, in the distracted state of his country, than in giving his child to a man who was not only able to protect her against all dangers, but calculated, besides, to make her an admirable husband ?

Sir Hec. Why, your brother tells me that Abdallah had none of his country superstition on board his mind.

Orf. Wasn't he a heathen, father ?

Sir Hec. Yes, lad ; but for all that he steer'd his course very sensibly, and knew that the chart of a good conscience would bring a ship of any nation to safe moorings, in what our methodist boatswain calls the river of Jordan.

Orf. Lord, father, boatswain says that river runs by some town called the New Jerusalem ; but I never cou'd find either of them in the map.

Lady Di. You may easily judge the liberality of Abdallah's mind by the accomplishments of Zelida.

Sir Hec. Why, she speaks English, French, and Italian.

Lady Di. Like her vernacular tongue.

Orf. Yes, she has a rare knack at her tongue ; and I don't believe that there's ever a foreign merchantman in the whole Thames but she's able to hail in her own lingo.

Sir Hec. Then she sings so sweetly.

Orf. Yes, father ; but she sings always mournful, like the mad negro that died in love for the ale-house girl at Portsmouth.

Lady Di. Like the mad negro ! Mercy upon me, what a thing am I a mother to !

Sir Hec. Doesn't she dance charmingly, Di ?

Lady Di. Divinely—I know but one woman in England who is her superior in that accomplishment.

Sir Hec. And she is no more to be compar'd to that woman in any thing, than one of the royal yachts to a bum-boat upon the Thames.

Lady Di. I am always certain of a compliment from you, Sir Hector.

Orf. Lord, mother, sure it wasn't yourself that you were weighing up with Miss Zelida.

Lady Di. You odious sea-calf—quit the room. Quit the room, you detestable porpoise !

Sir

Sir Hec. Who runs foul of politeness now, Di ?

Orf. We have best cut and run, father.

Lady Di. And you, Sir Hector, to stand by and see me treated in this manner.

Sir Hec. Slip the cables, lad ; this is damnable weather, and will speedily blow an hurricane.

(Exeunt Sir Hector and Orson.)

Lady Di. The brutes—the abominable brutes ! No woman, surely, had ever such a husband or such a son. But I deserve it all, for having the least connection with an element, where the utmost the very best can arrive at, is to be so many respectable Hottentots ! My sufferings should teach ladies of beauty and birth not to throw their persons away.—Yet I should not have been thrown away myself, if any lover had offered, of a more eligible character than this barbarian here. *[Exit.]*

The Scene changes to a Library.

Brownlow and Buffora discovered.

Brown. Your lady burst into tears, Buffora, on hearing of Colonel Ormsby's arrival ?

Buf. Yes, and not the tears of joy neither, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. I am sorry for it.

Buf. Ah ! me wish she have never leave Bengal !—For though she have no yet learn to teach the lie to her feelings, still me fear that she has learn some other of the no good fashions of this country.

Brown. What do you mean ?

Buf. Me mean, that she is going to marry Colonel Ormsby without having, in my tink, any regard for him.

Brown. You were born in her father's service, Buffora, are the only attendant she has of her own country, and she confides, I know, with great reason, in your attachment to her.

Buf. Me can die with pleasure for her good—me must die with grief if her do wrong ting.

Brown. And would it be a wrong thing to fulfil her father's last commands by marrying Colonel Ormsby ?

Buf. Ah ! Mr. Brownlow, wrong ting one place, right ting another. Wrong ting in India lady no to love husband ;

band ; very right ting for English lady to hate a husband heartily.

Brown. Why, indeed, Buffora, we never have any ladies here desirous of burning themselves at the funeral of a husband : But has your lady given you any reasonable cause to suspect an aversion to the marriage with Colonel Ormsby ?

Buf. Oh, if she love Colonel, why weep at him come to England ?

Brown. (aside.) 'Tis as I feared.

Buf. Now for heaven love, Mr. Brownlow, as she regard you much, advise her. You was all care, all goodness to her in passage to Bengal, and soon dried her tears for father and for country.

Brown. I think you said she means to see me here in a few minutes.

Buf. Yes, yes ; and pray tell, since her must marry Colonel, that though no love husband is very well among Christians, him is very wicked among Gentoos.

Brown. But you forgot all this time that I am a Christian, Buffora.

Buf. Ah, no, you be too good ; me saw you save black man's life, and no plunder in India. Besides, you have behaved like brother to my lady, place he with your own sister, and said oftener than a thousand times, that there was no sin in have copper complexion. [*Exit.*

Brown. Into what a distressing situation am I plung'd ! Ormsby come, and Zelida, as I dreaded, upon my account averse to ratify her engagements. Little did I conceive that my very desire to discharge my trust like a true friend to poor Ormsby, would prove the source of his mortification ; or that my endeavours, during the course of our passage from Bengal, to soften the anxiety of Zelida's mind at the death of her father, would be attended with such unlucky consequences. Let my sentiments, however, in favour of this lovely infidel, be what they may, the obligations I owe my friend, as well as the trust he has reposed in my honour, would render it not only cruel, but infamous in me, to indulge a hope repugnant to his wishes. Since, therefore, she can never be mine, I shall shew my regard for her in the best manner, by prevailing upon her to accept the only man on earth who

is most entitled to her affections; and who, if I had not unfortunately interven'd, would certainly have possess'd it.

Enter Zelida.

Zel. So, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Something has offended you, my dearest Zelida.

Zel. I am not satisfied with myself, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Then I am afraid that you are not just to yourself; for when have you once committed an impropriety? You have heard that Colonel Ormsby is arrived?

Zel. It was upon this very business that I wanted to consult you, Brownlow.

Brown. As your engagements with Colonel Ormsby are no secret, there can be no impropriety in speaking upon the subject to his friend.

Zel. Engagements!—I am under no engagements.

Brown. No, Madam!

Zel. (*With emphasis.*) No, Sir! My father could not engage me to do an impossibility. I esteem, I reverence Colonel Ormsby; but my very gratitude for the services which he has rendered my family, obliges me to deny him a hand which is not accompanied by a heart.

Brown. My dearest creature, the Colonel's merit and your principles will be sufficient foundation for happiness after marriage, though at the performance of the ceremony there should not be as much passion as might be wish'd on your side.

Zel. The Colonel, as a man of merit, should not be deceiv'd with an alienated heart—as a man of honour, he would despise it.

Brown. And have you no pity for the Colonel?

Zel. You have no pity for me, and indeed very little for your friend, when you want to give him a wife who cannot be his without a falsehood.

Brown. Poor Ormsby, what must he feel?

Zel. He will feel like a man of honour; otherwise, what he feels is below consideration.—In one word, therefore, I never will be his.

Brown. Consider your father's last commands.

Zel.

Zel. I consider the spirit of his intention, not the mere form of his words; he wanted to make me happy, and I will not disappoint him, if I can help it.

Brown. Excuse me for pressing this matter so strongly.

Zel. I do excuse you. I know that you have obligations to Ormsby as well as myself; but it is a false gratitude, a false generosity, which requires us to forego our happiness; and, if we must repay a favour with our honour, or our peace of mind, it may often be the kindest thing imaginable to leave us sinking under our misfortunes.

Brown. O, Zelida!

Zel. You tremble, Brownlow, a tear is standing in your eye; what's the matter with you?

Brown. Nothing. (Sighs.)

Zel. And that sigh springs from nothing too, does it? Why do you torture me, Brownlow?

Brown. Torture you! I wish you to be happy; I implore you to marry Ormsby.

Zel. And do you, Brownlow, *really*, do you *sincerely*, do you *indeed* wish that I should marry the Colonel?

Brown. Why do you ask such a question?

Zel. Why should you hesitate to answer it?

Brown. It is already answered in the advice I have given you.

Zel. Is it?

Brown. O, Zelida! you are as dear to me as—

Zel. As what, Brownlow?

Brown. What would I say? As if you were actually my sister.

Zel. However, if I *must* be your sister, where is the necessity of being married at all? I can live with you and Lady Di.

Brown. I must relinquish you to the guardianship of Ormsby.—My sister, besides, though a worthy woman, is a whimsical one, and my family is importunate with me—

Zel. To marry, too—And perhaps your heart is already engag'd.

Brown. Spare me on this subject, dear Zelida!

Zel. Why, you may tell me, you know, since I am your sister.

Brown. If I must speak, it is too deeply——

Zel. Ah! (*Aside.*) And is the lady very handsome, Brownlow?

Brown. How she wrings my heart! (*Aside.*) An angel!

Zel. But why do you sigh? You don't despair of obtaining her?

Brown. I find it so, indeed, Zelida—but there is a fatality in love. Few, I fear, are happy enough to marry where they really bestow their affections. Your case, my dearest girl, is far from singular; let me therefore again conjure you, for all our sakes, to give Ormsby the reception he expects at your hands: I will not trespass any longer on your patience. To see you thus agitated, overwhelms me with affliction! Summon up your fortitude, my sweet sister; and be assur'd, that if my life could purchase your tranquillity, I should cheerfully resign it. [Exit.

(*Zelida sits and muses some time, then rings a bell.*)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Did you ring, Madam?

Zel. Yes, James, send Buffora to me.

Ser. I will, Madam.

[Exit.

Zel. (*Walking about some time in disorder.*) Where can this Buffora be?

Enter Buffora.

You have been a long time coming,

Buf. O dear lady, when mind is no easy—the lightning himself walk on crutches.

Zel. I have news that will rejoice you, Buffora, (*Sighs.*) I mean to leave England immediately.

Buf. And go again to the land of our fathers, lady!

Zel. I do.

Buf. How came him blessing about, lady?

Zel. Not liking Colonel Ormsby,—I am resolved never to marry him.

Buf. Heav'n be tank, lady.

Zel. We must, however, get away by stealth, Buffora, for this is a nation of contradictions; and as the peopl

are

are mighty lovers of liberty, we may not be suffered to follow our own inclinations.

Buf. Me thot that in this house you have all friends, lady.

Zel. Ah, Buffora, there is no living in this unaccountable place.—A father, here, will break his daughter's heart to make her happy; and a woman may be a very excellent wife who has no regard whatever for her husband!

Buf. O dear!—Law too lady, him very vile here, of which 'em boast so much!—Poor starving devil he hang up, if he steal rupee for dinner—but him good enough to be a lord, if he rob a hundred thousand pounds.

Zel. Well, Buffora, we'll stay no longer in a place where the kindness of the best friends is as dangerous as the malice of the worst enemies—Yet as I quit this house clandestinely, it will be proper to leave such little presents as I have accepted, behind me; together with a letter accounting for my conduct, and making proper acknowledgments for the civilities I have received.

Buf. To be sure, lady; ungrateful him only belong to Christian.

Zel. Here's a watch set with diamonds, given me by Colonel Ormsby—This brilliant, (*Heigh ho!*) I had from Mr. Brownlow—and this is Lady Di's picture.

Buf. Yes, lady; me wonder how painter can make like of the ladies in England—um have so many complexion.—In morning um is yellow—in noon um is red—in evening um is red and white—and when um go to bed, um faces have fifty colours, just so as back of alligator upon Ganges.

Zel. I think I have recollected every thing.

Buf. No, lady; here is a little paint of Mr. Brownlow for lady his sifter—You bid me borrow him this morning from limner, and me forgot him in other business.

Zel. This!—O—this I'll take with me.

Buf. Ah! lady—white man, him cou'd do no more worfe as take what no his.

Zel. Why, to be sure it is not mine, Buffora, nor is it of any intrinsic value.

Buf. So much less reason for take him, lady—
Then he flatter Mr. Brownlow so much, that he no
like at all.

Zel. Nay, now I don't think it flatters him in the
least.

Buf. Here is a mout so pretty.

Zel. Why, does not Mr. Brownlow smile in this de-
lightful manner?

Buf. Mr. Brownlow very good man—and grin very
handsome—but——

Zel. Then observe these eyes.

Buf. Mr. Brownlow very good man—and stare very
well—but——

Zel. Here take the picture——I see you know nothing
of the matter—And yet, Buffora, I have a strange fancy
for the picture too—it will remind me of many interest-
ing occurrences, and I would gladly give ten times its
real value to take it along with me.

Buf. O then, lady leave him ten times his worth, and
take him away—for greatest man in country here, he
never quarrel with good bargain.

Zel. I'll follow your advice, my good Buffora—so
get a coach ready in the next street, while I prepare a
letter for lady Di—I'm quite delighted that you have
taught me a way of taking this trifle so properly.

Buf. O lady, 'tis by do what him should not, in little-
ting, that Europe man learn trick of committing biggest
wickedness—but we shall soon again see land of fore-
fathers—and tank de kind Heav'n, that have no let our
minds be worsened by live in England.

[*Exit exultingly.*]

Zel. Heigh ho!—Now Buffora is gone, my spirits
sink, and I tremble at the thought of executing my own
resolution——This house is very dear to me, though I
am preparing to bid it an eternal farewell—How tender-
ly did Brownlow look at me!—And must I never see
him again?—But why should I desire to see him; his
heart is another's, and mine shall break before it enter-
tains a wish that is either mean or criminal.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Orson and Pillage.

Orf. Well, Master Pillage, I am heartily glad to lie along-side of you once more.—And how have you left all our old shipmates at Portsmouth?

Pil. Pure and well as to health, Master Orson, but cursedly down in the mouth that there is no war.—Trade is damn'd dead in Portsmouth—half the public-houses shut up—little or no playing at cards.

Orf. And I suppose not a quarter of the girls at the back of the Point that there used to be?

Pil. Nothing like it, Master Orson—We did hope that the death of the French king would have kick'd up a dust. But, damn it, there's no spunk left in the nation now.

Orf. No more there is, purser—for even when they pipe all hands at the parliament-house, they do nothing but rest the coin, or give a larger tier of cable to the Papishes—Our ships are now rotting in peace, and we may as well have no navy at all, as not be at war with somebody, you know!

Pil. And I warrant, now, you have not half the pleasure here that you have when you are down with the Dreadnought?

Orf. Pleasure! Lord help your head—I lead ten times a worse life than a cabin-boy.

Pil. I feared as much.

Orf. Mother is wanting me for ever to read fine books; and father, if I'm not at home before it's dark, is for ever threatening me with the bilboes—Then I'm oblig'd to go to church twice every Sunday.

Pil. You don't say so?

Orf. Ay, but I do—Father thinks me too young to be wicked—If I swear an oath, or get drunk now and then, he storms as if a candle was left in the powder-room.

Pil. Why, that's damn'd hard.

Orf. (*Half crying.*) Is'nt it?—If there was a war, I could sit up all night sometimes at cards, and grapple now and then with a girl—Father loves a girl himself, though he is married.

Pil. Why, I thought you had girls in plenty here.

Orf. Yes, there's enough of 'em cruising in every corner at night—and, for that matter, in the day-time too. But they can't produce bills of health—And there's no making 'em perform quarantine, you know.

Pil. Well, I am come up post to London, to ask your father a favour, and I'll beg of him to let you sup with me this evening.

Orf. Egad, and if you do, I'll take you on a little trip to Bagnigge Wells, where you'll see some tight sloops very prettily rigg'd, though they mostly sail under Jew commanders.

Pil. And if the admiral—I beg his pardon, Sir Hector, stands my friend—you shan't want money to keep a little pleasure-boat of your own, Master Orson.

Orf. Zounds, you are the best friend I ever sail'd with in all my life; and, if I can help to tow you to your wishes, you need only make a signal.

Pil. Thank you, kindly, Master Orson—but where's your father?

Orf. Asleep in his great chair.

Pil. What, he got a little rocky or so after dinner?

Orf. Yes, he shipp'd a good deal of grog—but he left strict orders with me to wake him if any came from Portsmouth.

Pil. Zounds, that's lucky, for my business requires haste—You must know the purser of the *Rising Sun* died last night.

Orf. I wish you had his birth—She's a first rate.

Pil. And my present ship is only a seventy-four—I want a letter, therefore, from your father, to a certain great man—Sir Hector's interest is very good—and he promised to serve me at any time—Besides, I am a freeholder in five different counties.

Orf. Ah! that wont do you much good now, as the elections are all over; though father says that above fifty thousand pair of jaws have been wagging away these three last months for the good of the kingdom. But come along with me to the shrouds, and I'll wake him directly.

Pil. He's above stairs, then?

Orf.

Orf. Yes, mother and he had a tight engagement a while ago; and so to shew that he wan't afraid to keep the sea, he ordered his pipe and his grog to be haul'd aloft into her dressing room.

Pil. Up with you then, I follow.

Orf. Well, a good voyage to you, and then hey for the little pleasure boat, Mr. Pillage. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes, and discovers Sir Hector asleep in a dressing-room. A punch-bowl, with pipes and tobacco on a toilet table.

Enter Orson.

Orf. Hip, father, holloa!

Sir Hec. Hey, what noise is all that? Can't you change the watch quietly and be damned to you? The timbers of my head are splitting.

Orf. Master Pillage, the purser, is come at the rate of nine knots an hour from Portsmouth, father, and so I waked you according to orders.

Sir Hec. And how is the admiral? Has he struck the flag of life?

Orf. I did'nt ask, father.

Sir Hec. You blockhead—you are a fine one to keep a look out at the top-mast—Where is Pillage?

Orf. Close a-stern in the next room.

Sir Hec. Bid him come a-board here instantly.

Orf. I will, father—Father lays a little gunnel-to-yet, he'll be right upon his keel quickly—Zounds, if a match was set to him, now he's so hot, he'd go off like a sky-rocket. [*Exit.*]

Sir Hec. My friend, the resident commissioner, has certainly dispatched Pillage to me express, with an account of the admiral's striking—Well, there's a brave officer laid up for ever in dock—But death will yellow us all in turn, and so I shall only think of succeeding to the command.

Enter Pillage.

Pil. Sir Hector, your most obedient.

Sir Hec. Ha! honest Pillage—my old Heart of Oak, as I us'd to call you.

Pil. Ah! Sir Hector, you were always my good friend.

Sir Hec. And I always will be your friend, Pillage.

Pil. I know you never forgot your word, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Never fail'd in the teeth of a promise, since I was first rated able in the books of creation, damn me—And so he's dead, Pillage!

Pil. Yes, Sir Hector, he's gone.

Sir Hec. And a worthy fellow he was!

Pil. As ever sold a puncheon of rum, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Sold a puncheon of rum!—But what time did you leave Portsmouth, my good Pillage?

Pil. Within an hour after he died.

Sir Hec. And all the sails in the harbour were lower'd.

Pil. Not one, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Was'nt that behaving with too little respect to the service, my dear friend?

Pil. He was not of rank enough, Sir Hector, though an excellent officer, and scarcely to be equalled in his station by any in the navy.

Sir Hec. You are mistaken, Pillage, 'tis a compliment always paid to an officer of his rank—However, if my interest carries the weight of metal, I expect the navy will not suffer very much by the accident.

Pil. O you are too good, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Too good, man—for what? why 'tis the top-gallant object of my heart.

Pil. O Sir Hector—But as there may be other people pushing, when shall I hope that you'll mention the matter at the Admiralty?

Sir Hec. I'll stretch for Charing-cross this very hour—The pinnacle out there—Poh! I mean the chariot, you rascals.

Pil. A thousand thanks to you, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. And a thousand thanks to you for flying the streamers of your satisfaction.—Here's a little mark of friendship, I must beg you to wear as a keep-sake.

(Giving him a ring.)

Pil. Dear Sir Hector, you quite distress me—Then you think there's no danger of refusal?

Sir Hec. Refuse me, Pillage?

Pil. Why, Sir Hector, I don't believe they'd venture to do that—your consequence is too well known.

Sir

Sir Hec. Let me see which of them would open a port-hole of denial upon Hector Strangeways.

Pil. If they shou'd boggle, however, Sir Hector, you know I have some pretensions.

Sir Hec. I don't understand you.

Pil. I have been thirty years in the navy, you know.

Sir Hec. And what then, my dear friend?

Pil. Was wounded at Martinico.

Sir Hec. I know your merit, my good Pillage—But what then?

Pil. Though I was not obliged to be on deck.

Sir Hec. Zounds, and what then?

Pil. Nay, Sir Hector, I don't suppose that more regard will be paid to service than usual.

Sir Hec. Why, which way does the wind blow?

Pil. Yet, if I should have the good fortune to be appointed.

Sir Hec. You appointed, man! Why, you have lost the rudder of your understanding.

Pil. Why not, Sir Hector? For though a seventy-four is the largest ship I have serv'd in——

Sir Hec. We are sailing here without compass.

Pil. Dear Sir Hector, didn't you say you'd be so good as to speak for me at the admiralty?

Sir Hec. Zounds, for you! I couldn't be such a mad-man.

Pil. O Sir Hector!

Sir Hec. Speak for you to succeed vice-admiral Grampus?

Pil. Vice-admiral Grampus! Why, Sir Hector, I'm not quite fit for Bedlam yet—I thought Master Orson had told you——

Sir Hec. What?

Pil. That I came to beg your interest to succeed honest Ralph Rapine.

Sir Hec. Who?

Pil. The purser of the Rising Sun.

Sir Hec. Damn Orson—and damn you—and damn the purser of the Rising Sun.

Pil. Sir Hector!

Sir Hec. Why, harkee, firrah—Weren't you disappointed?

patched by the commissioner, to acquaint me with the death of vice-admiral Grampus?

Pil. Not I indeed, Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Not you indeed!—

Pil. For I left the admiral out of danger.

Sir Hec. You did?

Pil. Yes, Sir Hector, and never spoke to the commissioner in my life.

Sir Hec. Why, then you are a most impudent rascal, for suffering me to be disturbed on your account, when I had turn'd in with a fire between decks, and a damnable smash in my round-top.

Pil. Sir Hector.—

Sir Hec. Get out of my house this moment, you puppy.

Pil. Sir Hector—

Sir Hec. You deserve a keel-hauling, you dog—or, damn me, if I was a despotic prince, I'd instantly hang you up at the yard arm.

[*Exit Pillage driven off by Sir Hector.*]

A C T II.

The Scene an Apartment.

Enter Lady Di and Orson.

Lady Di. PART of Colonel Ormsby's baggage come already?

Orf. Yes, mother, and he'll be here himself in a few minutes

Lady Di. Well, and where's your father, child?

Orf. Lighting a fresh pipe, I believe, mother, over a little gin-grog, in the cabin above.

Lady Di. Go, child, and tell him I wish to speak to him this instant; this instant; do you hear, booby?—Mercy upon me, I am quite weary of this world.

Orf. I wish you were landed upon a better, with all my heart then.

Lady Di. Why, you wicked, unnatural reprobate.

Orf. Lord, mother, is it wicked to wish you riding safe

safe in the other world, if you are afraid of foundering in this ?

[Exit.

Lady Di. Lighting a fresh pipe over a little gin-grog in the cabin above ! A pretty employment for a Knight of the Bath, and my husband. He'll breathe in flame and speak in sulphur ; yet I must throw myself into his atmosphere, if he was as dangerous as an eruption from Vesuvius ; for unless the bear is stroak'd into some conditions about behaviour, we shall appear downright savages to Colonel Ormsby.

Enter Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Well, Di—I have bad news for you. The doctors have new-sheath'd Admiral Grampus—and I am to continue land-lock'd upon your hands, perhaps till the nation is indulg'd with another war.

Lady Di. How can you, Sir Hector, do so much injustice to my feelings, as to think I shall consider that bad news ?

Sir Hec. Why, how's this, Di ?—The sky's cleared up, and your temper as smooth as the Pacific in a trade-wind !

Lady Di. I have been thinking, my dear, how very ridiculous it is for us ever to have the smallest disagreement.

Sir Hec. So it is, Di—The quarrel of a man and wife is like a fight between two privateers, where there is nothing but hard knocks to be got on either side.

Enter Orson and Ormsby.

Orf. Here he is, father, here's Colonel Ormsby.

Lady Di. What a bawling the blockhead keeps. Dear Colonel——

Ormsf. I rejoice to see your Ladyship.

Sir Hec. What, my old boy ! Here we are all, Hector, Aftyanax, and Andromache !

Ormsf. You are too good to me in this kind reception, and I am already too much obliged in the protection which you have extended to my poor East Indian.

Orf. Lord, father, neither she nor Buffora is come back yet.

Sir Hec. Come back ! I didn't know they were out of the house.

Ormsf.

Ormsf. It was not altogether so kind of Zelida to be absent on this occasion, as your brother informed me he had acquainted her with my arrival.

Sir Hec. That fellow there might have kept an eye upon the harbour,

Orf. Lord, father, as she was not an enemy, what right had I to watch her sailing in or out of port?

Lady Di. She was our guest, not our prisoner, my dear Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. And therefore you should have watch'd all her signals, my love.

Ormsf. Nay, Sir Hector, if Zelida would go out privately, how could Lady Di prevent it?

Lady Di. I hope, my love, that I am not altogether destitute of breeding.

Sir Hec. My dear, you are the best bred woman alive; but, Zounds! what signifies your breeding, if this accident shou'd make us spring a leak.

Lady Di. My dear, don't lose your temper—'tis so underbred, you know.

Ormsf. I am quite unhappy that so trifling a circumstance should occasion the smallest difference between your ladyship and Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. You are very good, Colonel, and will make allowance for the manners of the fore-castle.

Orf. Now, father——

Sir Hec. If he makes allowance for your manners, he'll be very good, indeed, Di.

Lady Di. This is too much! Excuse me, Colonel Ormsby—Stand out of the way, you impudent puppy, (To Orson.) you seem quite delighted with your father's brutality! [Exit.

Ormsf. Sir Hector, let me request that you will follow Lady Di, and make up this little difference.

Sir Hec. What, chace for the purpose of striking to the enemy?

Ormsf. For my sake do it, or I shall consider myself a disturber of the family-union.

Sir Hec. Well, for your sake, Colonel—Tho' damme, this begging a defeat is very strange service for an English admiral. [Exit. Sir Hector.

Orf. Lord, Colonel, don't be concerned at this little brush

brush between father and mother ; they engage in the same manner twenty times a-day.

Ormsf. I am sorry for it, young gentleman.

Orf. Why yesterday it rained very hard, and father going out for a little pleasure in an open boat—you must know—O here's my uncle—I'll sheer off ; for two old messmates parted so long, may want some private jaw together. [Exit.]

Enter Brownlow.

Brown. My dear Ormsby ! I ask your pardon for not being immediately in the way to receive you ; but after we parted at the India House, I was unexpectedly detain'd on a very particular business.

Ormsf. Once more, Brownlow, let me express my happiness at seeing you, and my hopes that we are both now securely fix'd for life in our country. We have each of us acquired a splendid fortune in the East, without incurring a stain upon our humanity.

Enter Jenny with a letter.

Jenny. (To Brownlow) Sir, my lady ordered me to deliver you this letter, which she found directed to herself in the young East India lady's dressing room.

Brown. Give it to me, Jenny. (Exit. Jenny.)

Ormsf. My dear Brownlow, excuse my impertinence, but may I ask if any thing in that letter relates to Zehda ?

Brown. There it is——'tis from herself—she has absolutely elop'd, and even says that my advice has determin'd her to pursue so extraordinary a measure.

Ormsf. (Reads) " To Lady Di-Strangeways.

" Madam,

" Though it is with infinite pain I tear myself from a family which has treated me with such peculiar civility, neither my happiness nor my honour will allow me to receive the protection of your hospitable roof any longer. 'Tis impossible for me to act as your brother wishes ; and his advice, join'd to some other reasons, determine me to leave England as speedily as possible. In return for a miniature I have robb'd you of. I beg you will condescendingly accept the diamond which lies on the toilet, and believe me, with the most perfect

"perfect gratitude for all your goodness, your ever de-
 "voted
 ZELIDA."

"Postscript.

"The agitation of mind under which I write, is so
 "great, that I have forgot to beg you will present
 "my best wishes, my best acknowledgments, to Colo-
 "nel Ormsby; your brother too has my warmest re-
 "gards, though he wants to make me miserable, and
 "drives me from a country in which I hop'd to end my
 "days."

—Brownlow! —————

Brown. Ormsby!

Ormsf. For heaven's sake explain this mystery!

Brown. You know as much of it, my dear friend, as I do.

Ormsf. Why, she says positively here, that you wanted to make her miserable, and have driven her from the kingdom.

Brown. Simply, Ormsby, you must either think that I am a man of honour, or that I am not.

Ormsf. I have ever found you a man of the nicest honour; and as such, I have priz'd your friendship among the peculiar blessings of my life. But, Brownlow, Zelida has exquisite beauty, and you have a susceptible heart.—What did you want her to do which would have made her miserable?

Brown. Nothing injurious to the friendship I profess'd for you, Ormsby.

Ormsf. Come, come, Brownlow, in the fulness of a generous friendship, I trusted you with the woman of my heart, and I must have a satisfactory account of her.

Brown. That menace, Ormsby, is very little calculated to answer your purpose; yet, as I sincerely sympathize in your distress, and have no view but to rescue you from farther anxiety, I again conjure you, not to insist upon an explanation.

Ormsf. Don't insult me, Mr. Brownlow, with your pity, while you are deliberately binding me upon the rack: but if you ever valued my peace, or regarded your own honour, be explicit and tell me.

Brown. You shall be obey'd, Ormsby—however reluctantly—

luctantly—What has driven Zelida from this house, was my advising her to marry you.

Ormsf. Advising her to marry me ! Why should you advise her to marry me ?—Where was the necessity of such an advice ?—She came from India for the purpose ; and your intercession in my favour was a friendly super-erogation.

Brown. This sneer, Mr. Ormsby, you will one day be sorry for, because you will one day know that it was not merited. However, instead of losing our time in this fruitless altercation, let us exert ourselves to recover the fair fugitive, and you will then know from her own lips, whether my conduct is entitled to your resentment or your approbation.

Ormsf. O, doubtless, to my deepest gratitude—But, Sir, what right had you to tamper with her affections ?—What right had you to think yourself of more importance to her than I was ? You fancied, perhaps, that she was smitten with that irresistible form, and therefore coolly took snuff, with a request that she would not quite kill the miserable Ormsby.

Brown. Colonel, don't let us make this affair a war of words——You have more than once sav'd my life, but you now attempt a murder on my honour. Let me ring for a servant to attend you to your apartment.

Ormsf. Will you be at leisure at eight ?

Brown. I shall certainly.

Ormsf. I'll beg to speak with you.

Brown. You will particularly oblige me.

Ormsf. Your servant, Mr. Brownlow.

Brown. Yours, Colonel Ormsby. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to an Apartment.

Enter Pillage.

Pil. How lucky it was that so delicious a girl should come, at this time, to lodge in my sister's house.——She desires to be very private—and I dare say she has good reason for her desire.—Yet demure as she seems to be, it shall go hard if I do not get the purser-ship of the Rising Sun by her means. That hot-headed old fool, Sir Hector, will do any thing to obtain a pretty wench ; and notwithstanding he was lately in such a pas-
sion

sion with me, has, for answer to my note about the new-comer here, promised to call upon me immediately. I can't say, indeed, that this way of gaining preferment is the most honourable; yet my betters are every day practising ways as bad, and not one of them is, in his own opinion, disqualified for the first employment in the kingdom.

Sir Hector, *behind*.

In this cabin, child, is he?

Pil. Here he comes——

Enter Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. Honest Pillage, I have a thousand pardons to ask for my late behaviour—but you are a true sailor, and forget a friend's faults, where you can do him a favour.

Pil. O Sir Hector, it was a mistake on both sides.

Sir Hec. So it was—but I'll make amends.—And now tell me, is the frigate you have brought me to look at well built? Is she likely to come to in a little time? or do you think she'll stand out to sea in expectation of a settlement?

Pil. Look at her first, Sir Hector, and see how you like her.

Sir Hec. I should have made more way to you, but we are all in a damn'd bustle about a wench at my own house—A wench that I should have thought of myself, if she had not claimed the protection of my own fort, and been brought in by my brother Brownlow.

Pil. In that case, the laws of honour, Sir Hector—

Sir Hec. O! entitled her to quarter, damme——Straight as a main mast—none of your clumsy Dutch sterns—her lanthorns bright as the sun—and then something divine about her bowsprit, (*feeling his nose*.) But where's your girl all this time?

Pil. In the dining room—My sister's unluckily gone out—But if you'll walk into the next parlour a moment, Sir Hector, you'll find a new chart of Otaheite, which will amuse you, while I step up stairs myself, to see how the land lies. (*Exit.*)

Sir Hec. Otaheite!—O that's Queen Oberea's country, heaven bless her, who sent the sailors in distress the supply of women and hogs—Zounds, if ever I should be sta-

station'd there, I'll have a tender loaded with large nails, to prevent the honest Johns from endangering his Majesty's fleet a second time, in their presents to the ladies.

[Exit.

Scene changes to a Stair-Case, a Dining-Room in view, with a Landing-Place.

Enter Pillage.

Pil. Here's the door—The lady has been kept by one of the India captains, I suppose, and designs to enter herself in the cargo of damag'd virginity ; which, for the honour of English delicacy now-a-days, makes so considerable an article in our exports to Bengal.

[Knocks at the Door.

Enter Buffora from the Door.

Buf. What you want, gentleman ?

Pil. I am brother to the mistress of the house.

Buf. And why no stay below with your sister ?

Pil. Come, don't be surly, my honest friend, here's half a crown for you.

Buf. Scorn your money, gentleman ;—Buffora do no bad ting.

Pil. Why shou'd you suppose I want you to do a bad thing ?

Buf. Because white man him never part with money but for some to do—and good ting want no pay for.

Pil. That's not foolishly thought for an Indian.

Buf. O, Indian him no quite fool—though he no tink Englishman right, when he choose to take him life, or him fortune.

Pil. My sister was telling me that your mistress wanted to know the proper method of taking a passage to India.

Buf. Very true.

Pil. Now there's a friend of mine below, who knows every thing about it, and will be happy to tell her, if she will only give him leave to wait upon her.

Buf. Many tank in my lady name—me go ask if you only stay one minute, gentleman. [Exit.

Pil. If the gentlewoman here condescends to receive a visit, I'll send Sir Hector up by himself, that he may have no interruption.

Enter.

Enter Buffora from the Door.

Buf. Lady will be very glad to see you friend, gentleman.

Pil. I thought as much !

Buf. O you may depend—Indian man him always speak truth.

Pil. Indeed !

Buf. O indeed.

Pil. Well, I'll send my friend—Who wou'd have thought this tawny rascal so well qualified to be either a pimp or a puritan. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Buf. He surprise at me for speak truth—me sure truth is all de treasure left to poor Gentoo—and no left poor Gentoo that, if truth he was worth any thing in England. [*Exit through the door.*]

Scene changes to an Apartment

Enter Zelida.

Zel. This stranger's coming so opportunely is very fortunate, as Buffora with all his fidelity might be unable to obtain the necessary information about our passage, without hazarding a discovery—Colonel Ormsby possibly has emissaries in search of me—or possibly Brownlow.—No, Brownlow's heart is occupied by other objects, and I must never expect to engage a moment of his recollection.

Enter Sir Hector.

Sir Hec. There she is—a fine figure—and clear decks too.—Madam, I am your most—

Zel. (*Turns about.*) Sir Hector Strangeways !

Sir Hec. (*Aside.*) Zounds, is it she I have borne down upon ?

Zel. For heaven's sake, Sir Hector, how did you know of my being here ?

Sir Hec. 'Sdeath ! I must tack about !

Zel. Speak, Sir.

Enter Buffora.

O Buffora we are discover'd.

Buf. Well, lady, we have do no harm.

Zel. True—but in a country where consistency is absurd, to be innocent may be criminal.

Sir Hec. Don't be alarm'd, Madam.

Buf. No lady—don't fear—me am come to protect you, or no live (*drawing his dagger—*) White man, Gen.

Gentoo he die more soon as spill blood—But Buffora he die two times more soon, as see danger offer him lady—Go from room——

Sir Hec. Why you damn'd idiot !——I'd die myself sooner than do your lady the smallest hurt.

Zel. Put up your dagger, Buffora, or I shall sink with terror.

Buf. There he stay 'till him wanted, lady.

Sir Hec. Dear madam, why should you suppose me an enemy ? you have hoisted sail from my house, and I am sorry you did not like your moorings better, but I don't come to press you back ; though quitting your former anchorage, let me tell you, may perhaps endanger the lives of Ormsby and Brownlow.

Zel. Endanger the life of Brownlow !

Buf. And Colonel Ormsby, him life too lady—*Sir Hector* he say.

Zel. But why shou'd they fight about me ?

Sir Hec. I am afraid, Madam, that nothing but your marrying the Colonel can prevent them from shattering one another's rigging a little.

Zel. Surely, Sir, the Colonel will hear reason.

Buf. O Lady——English gentleman when him in passion, scandalous for he to hear reason.

Zel. Heavens!—and can Ormsby, after the strictest intimacy of years with Brownlow, after receiving a thousand proofs of his honour, believe him in a moment capable of being a villain ?

Sir Hec. He must take care of his honour.

Buf. And honour in here country, lady, oblige gentleman to kill friend without cause——Poor man, he only give friend a black eye, or break him bones—It too grand for any but gentleman to make murder.

Zel. What shall I do ?

Sir Hec. Sling in the same hammock with the Colonel, if you wish to prevent mischief, Madam.

Zel. I'd do any thing to rescue Mr. Brownlow from danger.

Buf. (*Aside.*) Mr. Brownlow ! I me begin suspect.

Sir Hec. Whatever you determine, Madam, must be determined speedily, for they will not be long drawing up in a line of battle.

Zel.

Zel. Then, Sir, I have determined, that Mr. Brownlow shall not lose his life on my account—I am ready to marry Colonel Ormsby.

Sir Hec. Generously resolv'd, and I'll steer you immediately to my house for the purpose, if you please.

Zel. I attend you, Sir Hector—Balfora, follow me immediately.

Sir Hec. And be assur'd, my lad, you shan't have the worse cheer for drawing your cutlafs in defence of your mistress—Come, Madam. *(Sings.*

“ O the very next morning our engagement prov'd hot,

“ And admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot.

[Exit with Zelida.

Buf. O what fool me was, not to see lady how her love Mr. Brownlow!—she take paint away—Yet I so tick in head, I no suspect—But love him strange ting! When I was love at Tanjapour, me was ready to do thousand mad action for Balfora—O she was heaven handsome—Fine high cheek bone—little grey eye—mout wide from ear to ear—and teeth more beautiful as brick dust—Then—Yet me am encourage fond idle thought—when lady bid me follow at Sir Hector Strangeways—And must she marry him she no love after all—I have a tunk!

The SCENE changes to an Apartment at Brownlow's.

Enter Brownlow and Ormsby.

Brown. Colonel Ormsby, you are very punctual; yet if reflection, since I last saw you, has made the same impression upon your heart that it has upon mine, I shall hope that this call is less hostile than you originally intended it.

Ormsf. Mr. Brownlow, you desired that we should have no war of words: I am not, therefore, come here to talk, but to request your company a few miles out of town.

Brown. Why should I betray your confidence, when you see that I have deriv'd no advantage from the perfidy? Zelinda is lost to me as well as to you; and unless you meant that I should be her jailor, you have no just cause to be offended with me for her flight.

Ormsf. Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Brownlow! It is plain by the

the charge in Zelida's letter, of your having driven her away ; it is plain by your own confession of advising her to marry me, that she has been tamper'd with : perhaps you have not in direct, in positive words, solicited her affection ; but there is an insidious smoothness of behaviour, a cunning male coquetry, which is more persuasive with an innocent mind than all the studied modes of verbal solicitation.

Brown. Yet hear me.

Ormsf. I'll hear no more, Sir ; come along with me.

Brown. When you consider my obligations to you—

Ormsf. They aggravate the injury.

Brown. But they prevent me from drawing my sword against you, and I will not attend you.

Ormsf. I'll brand you as a coward to the whole world.

Brown. What will the good opinion of the whole world signify, if I lose my own ?

Ormsf. Draw here, Sir.

Brown. Nay, to defend my life—— (Draws.

Enter Sir Hector, Zelida, Lady Di, and Orson.

Sir Hec. Hey ! what the devil latitude are we in here ?

Ormsf. My dearest Zelida !

Zel. O, there's my hand, Colonel Ormsby—You must not kill your best, your truest friend.

Brown. To what are we indebted for this happy revolution ?

Lady Di. Sir Hector will tell you, brother, when you are reconcil'd to the Colonel.

Brown. That, Madam, is easily done.—I sincerely give you joy, my dear Ormsby.

Ormsf. Brownlow, I feel most sensibly the unworthiness of my conduct. I feel also how wretched I must have been to lose your friendship ; can you, indeed, forgive me, and impute all my madness to the excess of my love ?

Sir Hec. Poh man, of what use is friendship, if it does not teach us to forgive one another's tumbling on the sea of absurdity ?

Zel. Mr. Brownlow, besides, knows what it is to be himself in love.

Brown. I do, indeed, madam—know it despairingly.

Lady.

Lady Di. Lord, brother, and never consult me ?

Orf. Nor me, uncle ?

Sir Hec. You, you puppy.—Well, Madam. (*To Zelida*) I hope you will now give me leave to salute you as Mrs. Ormsby.

Enter Buffora abruptly.

Buf. O, heaven he forbid !

Brown. Why so, my honest fellow ?

Ormsf. Buffora, what's the matter ?

Buf. Matter him enough. Lady no like—

Zel. Buffora, retire this moment.

Ormsf. Permit him, Madam, to stay ; for his intelligence leads to a subject, upon which I was going to request your explanation.

Brown. Why, Buffora, you are out of your senses.

Sir Hec. Zounds, no interruption—We seem doubling the cape of a discovery here.

Ormsf. Buffora, your lady, I much fear, has, from motives of generosity, honour'd me with her hand against the inclination of her heart.

Buf. O, fool so great as I see that—or why she run away from you ?

Zel. This madman will betray all !

Brown. But you see your lady is come back, you blockhead.

Buf. Yes, she come for fear of you fight with Colonel.

Sir Hec. The wind is shifted here with a witness.

Orf. And blows fresh against the Colonel, father.

Ormsf. My happiness, no less than my honour, is concerned in this information.

Buf. O, if one of two, he must be unhappy—me rather you unhappy great deal than lady.

Ormsf. Zelida, you are sincerity itself, and you don't contradict Buffora.

Zel. One cannot force one's inclinations.

Ormsf. I know it too sensibly.

Lady Di. But if a lady is ready to marry, what more can a gentleman require ?

Zel. O ! I am ready to marry Colonel Ormsby.

Ormsf. Ah, Zelida ! passionately as I admire you, neither

ther my pride nor my reason can allow me to accept of your hand, if I am not in possession of your heart.

Zel. How happy do you make me—O, Mr. Brownlow, did I not say, when you advis'd me this morning to marry the Colonel, that he wou'd nobly despise a reluctant heart?

Ormsf. My dear Brownlow, this is an unexpected stroke.

Ors. Never mind it, Colonel; I'll marry her myself, with father's consent, if she'll lie up in harbour till I come of age.

Sir Hec. Damme, so you shall boy, if she'll only turn Protestant.

Buf. Dear lady, make uneasiness him all end here.

Zel. What do you mean?

Buf. I mean that you should no blush to be happy Christian, if him can make lady happy; here him is you know. [Pointing to Brownlow.]

Zel. Buffora never see me more—O Lady Di!

Lady Di. My own feelings to a title, at the first discovery of my affections for that dear deluder there.

Sir Hec. Me a deluder?

Ormsf. Then we have sustain'd a fresh misfortune, Brownlow—It would have been some comfort to have seen Zelida yours, since I must resign her for ever: but you are pre-engag'd, and my poor girl, like myself, is disappointed in the first search of her heart.

Brown. No, Ormsby, we have sustained no new misfortune, if Buffora is right in his conjectures; for after such uncommon generosity on your part, I need not hesitate to own that this angelic creature is the only object of my affections.

Zel. Heavens! is it possible!

Sir Hec. Zounds, will the wind never have done shifting?

Ormsf. I wou'd offer no violence to Zelida's inclination—Speak, my sweetest girl.

Zel. I cannot speak.

Buf. Oh lady, do not fear to tell true.

Brown. My lovely Zelida, look up.

Zel. Your affections are plac'd upon another.

Brown. It was necessary to make you think so, before I knew the peculiar nobleness of Ormsby's sentiments.

Sir Hec. Come, come, don't let us waste powder in idle salutes.

Zel. I am overwhelm'd with distress.

Brown. and you still persist in saying *no* to my solicitation?

Zel. What would you have me say?

Brown. I'd have you say *yes*.

Zel. Why, *no* often means *yes* among the ladies of England, does it not?

Brown. Bewitching creature? thus let me thank you. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Ormsf. 'Tis my turn to wish you joy, Brownlow; and I do it most heartily.

Sir Hec. So do we all—This is a glorious voyage, indeed.

Orf. And the ship may be paid off, father, for there seems to be end on the service.

Lady Di. My dearest sister! (*Salutes Zelida.*) this is a superlative blessing—and I believe there are not two such women as ourselves in any one house of this kingdom.

Zel. O, madam, I am too happy—But, Buffora, my faithful Buffora.

Buf. will you never see me more now, lady?

Zel. Mr. Brownlow, Colonel Ormsby, we are all indebted to my good Buffora, and must all think of methods to reward him.

Buf. I am too reward in see you happy, lady. And Gentoo, you know, he scorn any other reward than his own feelings, for behave like honest man.

Zel. What must I feel on this occasion, then? My joy is so excessive, I think the whole a dream; yet if this company is but pleased, my dream will last for ever.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

BARNABY BRITTLE;

OR,

A WIFE AT HER WIT'S END.

IN TWO ACTS.

Altered from MOLIERE and BETTERTON'S

WANTON WIFE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Covent-Garden, 1782.

<i>Barnaby Brittle,</i>	Mr. Quick.
<i>Sir Peter Pride,</i>	Mr. Booth.
<i>Clodpole, -</i>	Mr. Wilfon.
<i>Jeremy, -</i>	Mr. Edwin.
<i>Lovemore, -</i>	Mr. Whitefield.
<i>Jeffery, -</i>	Mr. Stevens.

Edinburgh, 1788.

Mr. Wilfon.
Mr. Sparks.
Mr. Charteris.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Bell.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Brittle,</i>	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Lady Pride,</i>	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Damaris, -</i>	Mrs. Wilfon.

Mrs. Sparks.
Mrs. Charteris.
Mrs. Villars.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Lovemore and Jeffery.

Love. 'Tis love, Jeffery; I have an intrigue here.

Jeff. An intrigue! With whom, Sir?

Love. With pretty Mrs. Brittle, the glafsman's wife, the landlord of yonder houfe.

Jeff. Give you good fortune, Sir!

Love. Damaris, her chambermaid, I have already won, who gives me all the encouragement I can wish for: she says the husband's jealous to distraction, and that his wife loves company and courtship most extremely.

Jef. You have ground enough to work on, I think, Sir.

Love. I have a letter ready, which I must get conveyed to Damaris; she'll give it to her mistress, and send me an answer instantly: thou can'st convey it very privately?

Jef. Do you think this life will last for ever, Sir? Shall no condition 'scape you?

Love. Good wife Jeffery, spare your counsel, and deliver my letter for me—Take it.

Jef. Do not trust me, Sir; I say, do not trust me, I have a very squeamish stomach, and I shall spoil this business; therefore, do not trust me.

Love. What ails the fellow?

Jef. I have a mind to marry myself, and have no mind to be a cuckold, Sir.

Love. Why, thou a cuckold, fool?

Jef. If I carry this letter, Sir, and you dishonour this honest citizen, then I am partly the occasion on't; and ought not I in conscience to expect the same return when I am marry'd, Sir? If I, by accident, should see a brisk young gallant with my wife, I should presently conclude that he has done the same for me; therefore, I say again, do not trust me. *(Exit Jeffery.)*

Love. What's to be done now? Which way shall I get this letter convey'd to Damaris? Eh! is not that Clodpole my tenant? Egad, a lucky thought; he's a simple, honest fellow, and will be glad to serve me.

Enter Clodpole.

He shall do it.—Ha! Clodpole, how dost thou?

Clod. Pratty well, and thank your worship.

Love. Well, Clodpole, and what brings thee to town?

Clod. Why, you must know, Sir, I came only to see a sweetheart of mine, one Damaris, that lives there at that house, whom I have had a kindness for some time; but she's plaguy cross and ill-natur'd to me.

Love. And does she live there, at that house?

Clod. Yes, Sir.

Love.

Love. Then, honest Clodpole, I must beg you to do me a small kindness.

Clod. That I will, measter—What is it?

Love. Only to deliver this letter to Damaris your mistress—she knows what to do with it.

Clod. Troth will I, and that directly.

Love. But be sure to keep this secret, and don't let any one know you have brought any letter or message from me.

Clod. O measter, never fear Clodpole. Icod I'm no fool—they must be devilish cunning that's gets any thing out of me—I can tell un that.

Love. Well, go then—and if you perform this discreetly, I shall have a couple of guineas with my servant for you.

Clod. Thank you kindly, measter; I warrant you. Icod this is a good morning's work.

(Exit into the house.)

Love. Well, success to you—Egad here's Old Barnaby.

(Exit.)

Enter Brittle.

Brit. These gallants flock so about my house, that it is grown as common as the exchange or the play-houses, where all sorts of company meet to laugh and talk nonsense; it makes me mad, stark mad, to think on't: I must marry a gentlewoman, with a murrain to me; and fill my house with her proud, vain kindred. Well, Barnaby Brittle, you have nobody to thank but yourself for this: you must marry above your quality, and now you see the effect on't.

Enter Mrs. Brittle.

How now, wife, whither away so fast?

Wife. I am going to Ranelagh Gardens with my cousin Philadelphia.

Brit. To Ranelagh Gardens!

Wife. Yes; and thence to the play, where we shall have such sport!

Brit. How sport, wife!

Wife. 'Tis the pleafantest thing in the whole world, to have a flock of wild gallants fluttering about two or three ladies. 'Tis a better entertainment than any part of the play can be.

Brit. Pray stay a little: Why, now, is this a dress for Barnaby Brittle's wife?

Wife. No; but it is a dress for a gentlewoman, for Sir Peter Pride's daughter, Sir.

Brit. O citizens! citizens! How are the times alter'd since your wives wore high crown'd hats, Farendin gowns, red cloth petticoats, good leather shoes, and troop'd the streets in pattens!—Now your feet must be furnish'd at one pound one a pair—Your silks must be bought in Pall-Mall: Ludgate-hill and the Minories have no choice. Well may we decay, when our wives, like French mistresses, send our money abroad.

Wife. If the times are alter'd with the wives, so they are with the husbands, since they wore their own thin lank hair, that look'd like the fringe of a blanket, or the strings of a bunch of leeks: you can now wear the best and richest cloaths. The times are chang'd since I was married too: Did not you promise me that I should keep my coach, and live like what I was.

Brit. Yes, a beggar.

(*Aside.*)

Wife. Did not I marry you when I could have had—

Brit. Nobody else!

(*Aside.*)

Wife. The best of quality—but that my parents prefer'd you.—You said you were able to keep a coach, and you wou'd do it, that I might outshine the best of all the city.—Every tradesman keeps his wife a carriage, even though he break at the year's end for't.

Brit. No coach—exercise is wholesome—ever go on foot, wife.

Wife. Why, Pestle the apothecary keeps his wife a coach, and is not worth half so much as you are; besides, hav'nt you fin'd for alderman?

Brit. Ay, and if I had not fin'd for fool, in giving your relations a thousand pounds, you might have had a coach.

Wife. Well, let me have it, and I'll save it in other things. I'll catch cold else every winter, and it shall cost you more in slops. But I must not stay any longer, my cousin waits.

(*Going.*)

Brit. Hold wife, if you please, you shall not go.

Wife. Indeed, husband, if you please, I will go.

Brit.

Brit. Truly, my prettyfac'd wife, I shall make you tarry.

Wife. Truly, my sweetfac'd husband, you cannot; nor you shall not. I will go, and stay me if you can or dare.

Brit. Hast thou the impudence to say this to my face! Do not provoke me, do not.

Wife. Where's the danger, pray?

Brit. Do not force me to use you worse than I intended.

Wife. The worst you cou'd do, you have done already; you marry'd me against my will; and do you think I will not be reveng'd for't?

Brit. Hold that damnable tongue of yours, thou island crocodile, or I shall do you a mischief; the devil tempts me to it strangely: I have a mind to claw thee much.

Wife. Do your worst, I defy you: I am a gentleman on both sides, by father and mother, and shall I suffer an under-citizen, a pitiful glassman, to make a slave of me? I might have wedded a nobleman, and have mov'd in my proper sphere. And did I lose this, and marry a sneaking glassman that will not allow me Christian liberty? My comfort is, I have parents who will not see me wrong'd—I'll send for them directly, and let them know how I am us'd by you. (*Exit into the house.*)

Brit. What shall I do? I shall be damnably torment'd with this father and mother of hers—Well, gentle folks of birth and quality may be fine people for aught I know; but I wish it had been high treason to marry any body but one another.—My own house is a hell to me; I never come home, but the devil, in the shape of some vexation or other, is got hither before me—Why, look, there he is now.

Enter Clodpole out of Brittle's House.

What the devil has that fellow been doing there?

Clod. How that man eyes me! Is he not a spy set to watch me? He saw me come forth from the glassman's house, and may discover me.

Brit. I'll speak to him.—A good day to you friend.

Clod. The like to you, Sir.

Brit. You do not live at that house, friend, do you?

Clod. No, Sir, no; I only come to prepare an entertainment for to-morrow.

Brit. For to-morrow! Tell me who makes it, will you?

Clod. Mum!

Brit. Who?

Clod. Peace.

Brit. What dost thou mean? You came out of that house.

Clod. You must not tell it, though.

Brit. Why?

Clod. Softly—I am afraid we shall be overheard.

Brit. No, never fear it, man.

Clod. The business I came about was to deliver a letter to the mistress of that house, in the behalf of a fine young gentleman; but nobody must know of this—you understand me?

Brit. Yes, yes.

Clod. For, look you, I was charged not to be seen when I came forth; therefore do not discover me.

Brit. I warrant you.

Clod. I can be very secret when I am commanded, Sir.

Brit. Yes, yes, I find you can.

Clod. Her husband, they say, is the jealousdest old coxcomb in the whole city; so ill-natur'd a fellow, that he deserves not to have love made to his wife. If this thou'd come to his knowledge, Sir, he'd play the devil—you understand me?

Brit. Yes, yes, very well.

Clod. He must know nothing of all this.

Brit. No, no.

Clod. They'll cozen him, and do it privately—you understand me?

Brit. Nobody better: but what's the gentleman's name, friend?

Clod. I can never remember these hard names—I think he is call'd Mr. Love——I, I, Mr. Lovemore. He has a brave estate in our country, Sir.

Brit. O, I know him very well; he lodges at——

Clod. The drapers over the way.

Brit. The very same.

Clod.

Clod. I assure you he is the honestest gentleman I ever was acquainted with; he gave me a piece of gold only to carry the letter to this gentlewoman.

Brit. Well, have you delivered it?

Clod. Yes, yes; and there's one Damaris, a notable girl, I warrant her; she knew my business before I spake to her: she carry'd me to her mistress instantly.

Brit. Ah! damn'd witch!

Clod. In troth that Damaris is a very pretty wench: the match between us is half made up, for I have got my own consent: there wants nothing but hers.

Brit. You'll soon have that, to be sure. Well, and what answer made the gentlewoman to the young gallant's letter?

Clod. She bid me tell him—stay, can I remember it? That she was very much oblig'd to him for his kindness to her, and desir'd him to appoint some place where they might safely meet, and be very careful that her husband did not discover 'em.

Brit. O vile woman! (*Aside.*)

Clod. Then he will be fitted for his jealousy.—Will it not be very pleasant?

Brit. Yes, certainly.

Clod. Farewell—mum!—not a word of this: be sure you keep this secret—you understand me?

Brit. Never doubt me.

Clod. For my part, I'll make as if I knew nothing of it! I can be cunning when I have a mind to it: They shall get nothing out of me, I warrant 'em: you understand me? Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Brit. Good by,——Well, Barnaby Brittle, now you find how your wife uses you! This 'tis to marry a gentlewoman: had she been a good honest tradesman's daughter, I might have taken the liberties of the city, and have drubb'd her from Wapping to Westminster. A wicked jade! to promise a meeting to a wild young fellow, oh!——I'll not endure it: I'll complain to her parents instantly: now they shall see I have reason for my jealousy—and here they come most opportunely for't.

Enter Sir Peter and Lady.

Sir Peter. You seem disorder'd, son! Pray, what's the matter now?

Brit. I am mad, stark mad !

Lady. Good lord, son, where were you bred, that you use us with no more respect ! Is that hat of yours nail'd on ? Is not possible, son, to teach you how to behave yourself to persons of our quality ?

Brit. Pray, mother-in-law, forbear your instructions now.

Lady. Again ! Will you never leave that ill-bred trick of calling me mother-in-law ? Is it not as easy for you to say madam ?

Brit. 'Slife, if you call me son-in-law, I know no reason why I may not call you mother-in-law.

Lady. Yes, there are many reasons ; if you do not know 'em, I'll instruct you, son : tho'—I am your mother-in-law, yet 'tis not fit for you to use that name to a person of my quality : there's a great difference 'tween you and me : pray know yourself, and keep your distance too.

Sir Peter. Enough, love. Son-in-law, proceed methodically ; tell me the business.

Brit. Well, since I must, I'll tell you methodically—
Sir Peter—

Sir Peter. Softly, son-in-law ; know 'tis ill-breeding to call persons of my birth and education by their names : to those above us we should say, to the ladies, Madam ; to the men, Sir, short.

Brit. Why then, Sir, short (if you'll have it so) my wife makes me—

Sir Peter. Nay, but son know you must not say your wife, when you speak of our daughter, son.

Brit. Lord ! will you make me still madder ? Is not my wife, my wife ?

Sir Peter. Yes, son-in-law she is your wife ; but 'tis not fit you shou'd call her so : you cou'd do no more if you were married to your equal.

Brit. Puh ! what a rout and a fuss is here ! the devil take all ceremonies ; for the love of goodness lay your gentility aside, and give me leave to speak what I have a mind to :—I tell you I am ill-satisfy'd with my marriage.

Sir Peter. Your reason, son-in-law ?—Do you think
it

it no advantage then to be ally'd to the honourable family of the Prides?

Lady. A noble family that will make all your children gentlemen?

Brit. Yes, yes, I believe my children may be gentlemen, for they're like to be of a gentleman's getting; but I shall be a cuckold, Madam, unless I take great care.

Sir Peter. Pray, son, explain yourself: we will not maintain her in ill actions: we'll be the first shall do you justice on her.

Brit. There's a young gentleman makes love to her, and she receives his courtship—This gallant, under pretence of visiting your kinswoman, who lodges in my house, watches for all occasions to corrupt her, Madam.

Lady. By this good day, I had rather strangle her with my own hands than she shou'd stain the honour of her family.

Sir Peter. And I'll run my sword through her and her gallant too, if she forfeits her reputation.—But are you sure all this is true?

Brit. Ay, ay, too sure on't.

Sir Peter. Have a care, son, for these are ticklish points, and ought not to be dally'd with.

Brit. All I have told you is a certain truth.

Sir Peter. Go you, love, and talk with your daughter, while my son-in-law and I seek out this amorous gallant. [*Exit Lady.*] Follow me, son, and you shall see how vigourously I'll manage this affair.

Enter Lovemore.

Brit. Here he comes, Sir, to save you the trouble of seeking him.

Sir Peter. Do you know me, Sir?

Love. No, Sir, not that I well remember.

Sir Peter. I am call'd Sir Peter Pride, Sir.

Love. I am glad to hear it, Sir.

Sir Peter. I am known at court; I had the honour in my youth to behave myself gallantly in the late civil wars; I was in every battle that was fought in the kingdom, from Edgehill to Naseby.

Love. Very good, Sir.

Sir Peter. My grandfather, Sir Alexander Pride, was

so considerable in his time, that he had permission granted him by the parliament to sell his land, and follow Captain Drake to the West Indies.

Love. Sir, I believe all this.

Sir Peter. Now, know, Sir, I am inform'd that you make love to a young gentlewoman for whom I am concern'd, because she is my daughter, Sir; and this man you see here has the honour to be marry'd to her: I am glad I have found you, to know of you the bottom of this business.

Love. Pray, Sir, who told you this?

Sir Peter. One that knows it to be true, Sir.

Love. Whoe'er reported this of me is a rascal: tell me his name—I'll cut the villain's tongue out.

Brit. O lud! what will become of me now!

Love. This, Sir, you say, is the gentlewoman's husband?

Sir Peter. Yes, Sir, 'twas he made this complaint to me.

Love. You! Sir; did you?—'Tis well you have the honour to be related to Sir Peter Pride, else I shou'd teach you what it were to raise such reports of me.

Enter Lady Pride, Wife, and Damaris.

Lady Pride. Well, jealousy's a very troublesome thing: I bring my daughter to clear herself in the face of the whole world.

Love. Was it you, Madam, that told your husband I made love to you?

Wife. I! Sir—pray how shou'd I tell him so? you never spoke to me before, that I remember.

Lady Pride. Look you there, I knew she was abused.

Love. Madam, I have more respect, and more reverence for your brave father, and your honourable mother, to have the least thought of affronting you.

Lady Pride. Now, son, do you hear this?

Sir Peter. Are you yet satisfied? What say you now?

Brit. I say it is all damn'd cunning: and since I must speak, 'tis not half an hour since she received a letter from him.

Wife. Did I receive a letter from him?—Damaris, on your oath now?

Dam.

Dam. O, Sir, I never heard a falser thing in my life.

Brit. Hold your peace, carrion ; I know your tricks too well : you were to have introduc'd this gallant.

Dam. Who, I ?

Brit. Yes, huffy, you.

Dam. How full of malice is this wicked world ! To suspect me who am innocence itself !

Brit. Hold your tongue, baggage, or I shall cudgel your hide for you—You are not a gentleman's daughter—I may do what I will with you.

Wife. This is such an abuse I have not power to answer him. Alas ! if I'm to be blam'd for any thing, 'tis for loving him too well.

Dam. So it is, Madam.

Wife. Ay, Damaris, that's my greatest misfortune. And to be thus wrongfully accus'd, Oh ! oh ! Who can endure it ? I will not stay to be thus abus'd. [*Exit.*

Lady Pride. Go, jealous coxcomb, go ; thou do'st not deserve to have such an honest woman to thy wife.

Dam. No, Madam, he deserves to be made what he fears to be. Truly, Sir, I think you ought to make love to my mistress, if 'twere for nothing but to punish him : do it, Sir ; I promise you, you shall have my assistance. [*Exit Dam.*

Brit. There's the flower of brimstone and cream of tartar !

Sir Peter. Truly son, you deserve all this they threaten you with : your ridiculous behaviour sets all the world against you.

Lady Pride. Go, clown, and learn to use a gentleman better ; I'll follow her, my dear, and comfort her. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter. Do, my lady.

Brit. Why, this is the devil, to be in the wrong when a man's in the right ; but can I get nobody to believe me ?

Love. You see how unjustly I have been accus'd, Sir : you are a man of honour : I demand satisfaction for this affront I have receiv'd.

Sir Peter. 'Tis but just, and you shall have it, Sir. Come, son, give the gentleman satisfaction.

Brit.

Brit. Satisfaction, Sir, for what ?

Sir Peter. For accusing him thus falsely.

Brit. I don't believe I have accus'd him falsely.

Sir Peter. That's all one ; he denies it ; and 'tis enough if a gentleman unsays what he has said.

Brit. Very pretty truly !

Sir Peter. No more delays, but do as I command you.

Brit. Um ! What will you have me do ?

Sir Peter. Trust me, you shall not do too much. First take of your hat, for he's a gentleman, and you are none—Do it, I say—that's well—say after me. Sir——

Brit. Sir——

Sir Peter. I ask your pardon——

Brit. I ask your pardon——

Sir Peter. For the ill thoughts I had of you.

Brit. For the ill thoughts I had of you.

Sir Peter. But now, Sir, I beseech you to believe——

Brit. But now, Sir, I beseech you to believe——

Sir Peter. That I am for ever, Sir, your humble servant.

Brit. How ! Your humble servant to him who wou'd make me a cuckold, Sir ?

Sir Peter. How's this !

Love. 'Tis enough, Sir——I am satisfy'd.

Sir Peter. No, Sir, he shall say it in form——that I am for ever your humble servant——

Brit. Then the devil take me if I will say it——

Love. Sir, I have troubled you too much.——Your servant, Sir. [Exit.

Sir Peter. Sir, your humble servant——Now I hope you see my son is match'd in a family that will not see him wrong'd. Come along, Barnaby.

[*Exeunt into the house.*

SCENE, a Chamber in Brittle's House.

Enter Clodpole and Damaris.

Dam. I guest at first this business came from you.

Clod. In good faith, Damaris, I only spoke two or three words to a man that saw me come out of your house, to desire him not to speak of it, and he betrayed me. Your neighbours are horribly given to prating.

Dam.

Dam. Mr. Lovemore made an excellent choice when he pick'd you out for an ambassador ; he's like to make a successful treaty on't.

Clod. Hereafter I'll be more cunninger, and take more care. Hear me a little.

Dam. What shou'd I hear ?

Clod. Turn thy face towards me.

Dam. Well, Sir, what now ?

Clod. Damaris, mistress Damaris.

Dam. What ail'st thou ?

Clod. Canst thou not guess what I wou'd say to thee ?

Dam. No, by my troth, not I.

Clod. Why, then, I love thee, Damaris.

Dam. Indeed !

Clod. Yes, indeed, do I, or the devil take me.—I hope you'll believe me when I swear ?—I never look upon thee but my heart jolts in my stomach like a cart in an uneven way.—You understand me ?

Dam. An excellent simile !

Clod. What do'st thou do to make thyself look so prettily ?

Dam. What should I do ?

Clod. We won't make much ado about this business ; but if thou wilt marry me— *(Goes to kiss her.)*

Dam. Stand off, or I shall box you, depend on't.

Clod. Cruel, savage, barbarous, inhuman creature !

Dam. Be gone, and tell your master, the old man at home.

Clod. Farewel flint, pebble, rock, marble, or any thing that's harder.

Dam. Here comes my mistress.

[Exit.

Enter Mrs. Brittle.

Mrs. Brit. Lud ! I look like a fright to-day, Damaris—I am dress'd intolerably—this gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me. When was Thieveskirt the mantua-maker here ?

Dam. Yesterday, Ma'am with her bill.

Mrs. Brit. Her bill ?

Dam. She says, Ma'am, you bid her bring it, and left word with Jeremy it was the seventh bill for the same work, and that she is in great distress for her money.

Mrs. Brit. No doubt she is—every body is in distress now,

now, and a mantua-maker shou'd not be out of the fashion.

Dam. What shall I do when she comes again?

Mrs. Brit. You must—you must send her away again, I think: plague a gentlewoman indeed with her bill! I wonder in a civiliz'd nation, there are no laws against duns.

Enter Jeremy.

Well, have you deliver'd my messages?

Jer. Why, I think so—how many did you give me forsooth?

Dam. Madam—always say.

Jer. Mrs. Thingumbob, at the Hog's-head, was gone out chud seem.

Dam. Madam—

Jer. Madam.

Mrs. Brit. Well, and how is Mrs. Squabble—Mrs. Lockup—Mrs. Loveit—Mrs. Set-up—Mrs. Costly, and sister Mrs. —

Jer. Waun's! Mistress's tongue goes like the mill at my father's orchard end, that scares crows from the cherry tree.

Dam. Hold your audacious tongue.

Mrs. Brit. Well, Mrs. Set-up at the Boar's head, which you call the Hog's-head, was gone out you say, Clumsey?

Jer. So she was—yes they are well, Madam, and hope you are well; and they'll all, or some of them, come to see you—so they gives their loves—no sarvices—an—Madam, that's all, Madam—there's Madam enough for you I think, if you know when you have enough.

Mrs. Brit. This boy must be sent about his business—he will disgrace me before company—I have been teaching him the distinguishing *rap* these three days, and yet he'll knock with the sneaking tap of a tradesman—Damaris, bring tea. D'ye hear, when you wait, firrah, don't bring the bread and butter dangling in your hand as you did yesterday, you filthy brute you—remember to bring nothing without a plate.

Jer. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit Jer.*]

Mrs. Brit. I declare I am perfectly fatigued for want of

of something to do ; I wish Lovemore was here to squire me to the Park——O dear me, where's Missha ? Pretty thing, I han't seen her these two hours. Call Missha.

(Calling out without.

Dam. Jeremy.

Jer. Well now, what's wanted ?

Dam. Bring Missha up to mistress.

Mrs. Brit. I hope the sweet creature will have pretty pups. I am determined to keep them all.

Enter Jeremy.

Mrs. Brit. Well, where's Missha ?

Jer. By the mefs I can't bring her, not I.

Mrs. Brit. Why not, pray is she so heavy ?

Jer. No, Madam, 'tis not for that, but I can't make her lie upon a pleat for the blood o' me, though I cuff'd and thump'd her never so much.

Mrs. Brit. A plate ! Did you ever see a dog brought on a plate ; did you, monster ?

Jer. Why, no. But how do I know your London fashion. You tould me just now to bring naught without a pleat——so you did.

Mrs. Brit. What, living things ? Did I say living things ?
(Pursuing Jeremy.)

Jer. Living things ! 'Sblood, the devil wou'd not live with you. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Brit. My patience is quite exhausted with such dolts of servants, Damaris, I'll take a walk in the garden ; fetch my clogs hither.

Dam. Yes, Ma'am : Jeremy !

Jer. Well now, what want ye ?

Dam. Bring mistress's clogs directly ?

Mrs. Brit. I'll take a turn or two, and then go with my cousin for the evening.

Enter Jeremy with the Clogs on a Plate.

Jer. Here they be, Madam.

Mrs. Brit. Mercy be good unto me——I am quite in an agony——Why, thou senseless idiot, was ever a pair of dirty clogs brought on a plate ? *(Strikes him.)*

Jer. Why, the clogs ben't living things, be they ?

Mrs. Brit. Out of my sight, thou stupid log.

(Throwing the Clogs and Plate at him.)
Enter

Enter Brittle.

Brit. What the murrain is the matter now—Are you not aſham'd, wife, to deſtroy things wilfully thus—when thou knoweſt how chargeable neceſſaries are—Begone Jeremy, and mind the ſhop. *[Exit Jer.]*

[Mrs. Brittle beats off the boy.]

Brit. I ſee I might as well hold my tongue—I had as good ſit down and comfort myſelf, that when 'tis at the worſt it may mend—Come, who knows—I may have the luck to ſhew the quean in her true colours; then, I think ſhe'll be out of countenance—Ah, dear madam Fortune! let me but live to prove myſelf a cuckold—then I ſhall diè contented. *[Exit.]*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter Damaris to Mrs. Brittle.

Wife. WELL, Damaris, have you given the ſignal?

Dam. There was no need of a ſignal; I found Mr. Lovemore in your cloſet, Madam.

Enter Lovemore.

Love. My dear Mrs. Brittle, I have taken the opportunity of old Argus's going out; and the moment I ſaw him hobble over the kennel, came upon the wings of—I was going to ſay Love—to meet thee.

Wife. I hope you don't flatter yourſelf with ſuppoſing I entertain any unlawful inclinations—I endure your company, indeed, only to lighten the hours which my old tyrant makes otherwiſe inſupportable. He's gone for the whole evening to his club of ſits like himſelf.—Get the cards, Damaris. *[Exit Damaris.]*—I'll have my revenge.

Love. That you ſhall with all my heart. We will employ the time much better than at cards—my life—my ſoul. *(Catching hold of her.)*

Wife. Bleſs me what do you mean?

Enter Damaris.

Dam. O, Ma'am, my maſter's come in.

Love. The devil! which way ſhall I go out then?

Wife.

Wife. What shall we do?—Here, here, quick, get behind the closet-door, and don't even breathe for your like. (*Retires.*) I hear him coming—(*Falls down.*) Oh! oh!

Enter Brittle.

Brit. What's the matter?

Dam. Oh, my poor mistress—Help, Sir—Where have you put him, Ma'am? (*Aside.*)

Wife. Oh, my leg!—my leg!—Into the closet. (*Aside.*)

Brit. What is the matter, deary?

Wife. I fear I have broke my leg.

Brit. Heaven forbid! (Though I wish it may be so, then she can't stir abroad these two months). Whereabouts have you hurt it, love?

Wife. Just in my instep—Oh! oh!

Brit. Help, Damaris, and set your mistress in a chair. How camest thou to fall, Pudsey?

Wife. Why, hearing you were come in unexpectedly—I ran to meet my own dear, and my heel caught hold of my cloaths, and down I fell—I shall be better if you will lead me to the sofa, that I may lie down a little.

Brit. No, no, let me rub it a little—I don't find any thing broke.

Dam. I wish your neck was broke. (*Aside.*)

Brit. Its only a sprain—I have some camphorated spirits of wine in the closet—I'll fetch it, and bathe it with that; its very good for you. What's in the closet?

Wife. O dear numps, don't leave me—let Damaris get the spirit out of the closet.

Dam. Ay, I'll fetch it directly.

Brit. No, no, she'll do some mischief—I'll go myself.

Wife. Oh!—I shall swoon—Hold me, numps—I shall, I shall—Have you any hartshorn, deary?

Brit. Yes, my dear, plenty—How is your leg now?

Wife. Oh rub it gently.

(*He rubs, she beckons Lovemore to go.*)

Dam. Here, Sir, here's the bottle.

(*Squats down to hide Lovemore.*)

Brit. What, is the devil in you, huffy; have you a mind

mind to lame *me* too?—Why don't you pull out the cork?

Wife. Hang the cork—Do rub on, dear numps.

Dam. Now, now! (*Aside to Lovemore.*)

Brit. What's now, now?

Dam. Why, now the cork's out—Lord, you don't mind my mistress's foot.

Brit. Where lies the pain now?

Wife. Just where you are.

Brit. Come, try to stand up.

Wife. (*Rising.*) Gently!—Ah! my dear life—I cannot bear it.

(*Catches Brittle round the neck to prevent his seeing Lovemore.*)

Brit. Why, you will smother me—Damaris, call for more help—(*Turns, and sees Lovemore.*) Hey! who the devil are you, pray?

Wife. What will become of us? (*Aside.*)

Love. I am amaz'd, Sir, you shou'd leave your doors open; no servant in the way to take a message?

Brit. Had you any to send up, Sir?—Pray, Sir, who are you, and what do you want here?

Love. My business is with you, Sir.

Wife. Impudence assist him! (*Aside.*)

Love. The affair I came upon requires privacy.

Brit. (*Very likely.*) Sir, I keep my private ears for my public friends—therefore your business I insist upon knowing.

Love. Sir, your reputation is concern'd in what I have to say.

Brit. My reputation does not depend upon your tongue, I'm sure, and I'll not stir a foot.

Love. But, Sir, my regard for the lady prevents—Pray, is not she your wife?

Brit. Yes, Sir; and what then?—What have you to say against my wife?

Love. Sir, I have nothing to say against your wife—'tis only against you.

Brit. Speak out, Sir.

Love. Nay, then, know, Sir, I am employ'd by Sir Andrew Gudgeon.

Brit.

Brit. Gudgeon! I believe you have mistaken your fish. I know no man of that name.

Love. Harkee, Sir, a word, you know his wife, I suppose?—Sir Andrew will have satisfaction before he and you have done.

Brit. Satisfaction! for what pray?

Love. (*Loud.*) For dishonouring him with his wife, since you must know.

Wife. How! Oh mercy!

Brit. What the devil do you mean? You must not think to make a gudgeon of *me*, Sir.

Love. Nor you must not think to make a cuckold of Sir Andrew, Sir; I don't value your high words, nor your big looks—I am a proctor in the bishop's court, and employed by Sir Andrew to exhibit a libel against you for *crim. con.*

Wife. Oh! Barnaby! I wonder you have the assurance to look your honest wife in the face—ungrateful man——Have I hugg'd and kiss'd you for this?

(*Crying.*)

Dam. Oh! what a rogue you must be—you who have so tender and loving a wife of your own! Oh, I shall break my heart.

Love. To say nothing of the sin, the shame of it at your advanced time of life——

Brit. Was ever poor man thus baited?

Wife. Ah, numps, I never thought you wou'd have used me thus.

Brit. This is a trick—Zounds, you dog, get out of my house.

Love. Get you out with your bail. You must undergo the sentence usual in these cases, to stand in a white sheet.

Brit. I'll white sheet you, you dog—Go, Damaris; fetch my barber, he's a constable—Why don't you go, huffy?

Dam. I'll not stir a step, you wicked old wretch?

Love. Sir, I am not afraid of a constable; but the less noise you make in this affair the better, Sir Nicholas.

Wife. Sir Nicholas! Here must be some mistake. Sir, my husband is no Sir Nicholas.

Love.

Love. What say you, Madam, is not this Sir Nicholas Widgeon ?

Brit. No, nor Woodcock neither—you affassinating dog, as you shall find.

Love. Bless me, what a mistake ? I ask pardon, Sir, but I was directed next door to the Sun.

Wife. Sir Nicholas lives the next house but one, and I am happy at the mistake.

Brit. A very pretty mistake, truly, to come into a man's house and abuse him, and threaten him with a white sheet, and then think it recompence to ask pardon, and say 'tis a mistake.

Love. I assure you I am griev'd at the accident, I wish I knew how to make you satisfaction.

Brit. You may know directly, by walking out at that door.

Love. Madam, can you forgive the error I have committed ?

Wife. Freely, Sir ; the pleasure of finding my husband innocent, inclines me to pardon the mistake.

Love. You are too good, Madam. Your servant, Madam : I assure you I am quite out of countenance.

Brit. Thank, Sir, thank ye, enough said—Your servant.

Love. If you should ever have any business in Doctor's Commons, I am yours entirely.

Brit. I'll see the gentleman out, love—your servant.

[*Exeunt, and returns.*]

Wife. Egad, Damaris, this was well manag'd—a troublesome old—well, is the proctor gone, deary ?

Brit. Yes, truly, the rogue is on the right side of the door at last, which is well barr'd and bolted for the night—Go, wife, go to your chamber.

Wife. Yes, dearest. You won't stay long, I hope.

[*Exit.*]

Brit. No, sweet one. I don't know how it is—I firmly believe my wife plays me a trick—but I can't prove it. What to do I know not—beat her I can't, I believe ; turn her away, I dare not—aded it is a very hard circumstance, that a man shall be sure he is a cuckold, and can make nobody believe it but himself—'tis not so with my neighbours. If you step into 'Change Alley, you'll

you'll see a thousand honest fellows that every one believes to be cuckolds but themselves.—Well, I'll say no more, but eat my mess of sugar-sops, and to bed. Let all take warning by me, and never marry a *poor gentlewoman*, for you wed their whole family, and entail a plague upon your posterity.

SCENE, *Outside of Brittle's House.*

Enter Clodpole and Lovemore.

Clod. Sir, Mrs. Damaris bid me tell you her mistress would come hither to you instantly. Is not the night very unkind, Sir, to be so dark?

Love. Quite contrary; it hinders me, Clodpole, from being seen. Hush! I hear 'em coming, Clodpole.

Enter Wife and Damaris from the House.

Wife. Damaris.

Dam. Madam.

Wife. Leave the door half open.

Dam. I have so, Madam.

Love. Where are you, my fair mistress?

Wife. Here, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. Let me kiss this pretty hand of yours.

Wife. Now we are safe; my husband is asleep, Sir.

Love. Let us retire and walk; the night is pleasant.

Wife. Lead me, Sir—Come, Damaris.

[Exeunt Wife, Lovemore, and Damaris.]

Clod. Damaris, where art thou, Damaris?

Enter Brittle out of the House.

Brit. I heard my wife steal softly down stairs, and got my clothes on as fast as I could, and follow'd her. Where can the baggage be?

Clod. Why, Damaris, I say—O! art thou there? Thy mistress says her husband is very safe; he snores like any devil; he little thinks his wife and Mr. Lovemore are together now; I'd give a crown to hear what the cuckold dreams of; certainly it would be worth laughing at. Why do'st thou not speak to me, Damaris? Let's follow 'em; and give me thy pretty little fist, that I may kiss it. Ah, how sweet it is! Methinks I am eating sugar-plumbs.—*(Brittle gives him a slap on the Face.)*—O fie! what do'st thou mean by that? I do not take this for a favour.

Brit. Who's there?

Clod.

Clod. Nobody, Sir, nobody.

[*Exit.*

Brit. He's gone, but has informed me who my treacherous wife is with. Once more I'll send for her parents; I hope I shall convince 'em now.—Ho, Jeremy—
Jeremy—

Jer. Did you call, Sir?

[*Within.*

Brit. Yes; come down quickly, firrah.

Enter Jeremy with a high Night-cap, yawning.

Jer. Here I am, Sir.

Brit. Sirrah, look you, go to my father and mother-in-law, and tell 'em I desire they'd come hither instantly—D'ye hear, Jeremy?—Jeremy? Jeremy?

(*While Brittle speaks, Jeremy stands half asleep and nodding.*)

Jer. Sir.

(*Snoring.*

Brit. Why, where are you, firrah?

Jer. Here, Sir—

(*Groping.*

Brit. O, that's well; I say, go immediately to my father and mother-in-law, and give 'em my humble service, and tell 'em that something has happen'd—(d'ye hear) and desire 'em to come hither instantly. (*As Brittle is speaking, he takes hold of Jeremy's cap, who falls down, and leaves his cap in Brittle's hand.*) Ha! Why don't you answer, firrah? (*Strikes under the cap at his ear.*) Jeremy? Why, what, is the devil run away with him! Jeremy?

Jer. Here, Sir.

(*On the Ground.*

Brit. Here, you rascal! If I come to you, I'll—firrah, come hither. or I'll beat you to death.

Jer. Ay, but won't you beat me if I do?

Brit. Come hither; I tell you, I won't beat you.

Jer. Ah! but won't you, indeed?

Brit. I won't, indeed—Come nearer, booby—Go to my father and mother-in-law, and pray 'em to come hither instantly; tell 'em it is a business of the greatest importance to me in the world: if you find them unwilling, desire 'em to come this once, and I'll ne'er trouble 'em more—D'ye hear?

Jer. Yes, Sir, I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lovemore, Wife, Clodpole, and Damaris.

Brit. Who comes here? O! 'tis my hopeful wife! I hear

hear her voice and her gallant. I'll make use of the darkness of the night; and hear what 'tis they say.

Wife. I must be gone; my husband may miss me.

Love. Will you leave me so soon?

Wife. We have had discourse enough for the first time.

Love. I have not told you half I had to say.

Wife. Farewell: another time you shall tell me: my husband will——

Love. He is not worthy to be your husband, Madam! 'Twas cruelty to marry you to so mean a fellow: Heaven never meant you for a citizen's wife.

Brit. I have heard enough—I'll in.

[Exit, and shuts the door.]

Dam. If you have any more to say of your husband, Madam, dispatch, for 'tis late.

Wife. I must begone: farewell, Sir.

Love. Since you will have it so, I must obey; but I beseech you, Madam, consider what torments I endure that I must leave you. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Wife. Is he gone, Damaris?

Dam. Yes, Madam.

Wife. Let us go in again, and make no noise.

Dam. O heavens! What shall we do? The door's lock'd, Madam.

Wife. Lock'd! Call Jeremy to open it—call softly.

Dam. Jeremy—Jeremy.

Brit. (*above.*) Jeremy—Jeremy——Ah ha! have I caught you, my fine lady wife? I am glad to see you abroad at this time of the night, sweet madam.

Wife. What shall we do?—I am now at my wits end.—What hurt is it to take the fresh air of the evening?

Brit. Alas! none in the world; 'tis the properest time you could have chosen for't—you witch you: I know your whole plot, gentlewoman: I heard how sweetly you and your impudent gallant sung out my praise; I shall now convince your father and mother that my complaints were just: now they shall see what a disorderly life you lead; they'll be here presently.

Wife. What shall we do now, Damaris?

Brit. A ha! what, is your prompter to wickedness struck dumb! This was an accident you did not look

for : now (thanks to my stars) all your plots will be laid open, to your lasting shame.

Wife. Pray, husband, let the door be opened for me.

Brit. No, no ; you shall e'en stay there till your parents come ; they shall see what hours you keep : in the mean time—can't you think of some trick now to deliver you from this damnable adventure ?

Wife. No, indeed, husband ; I'll disguise nothing from you ; I'll not defend myself, or deny any thing.

Brit. Ah ! 'tis because you have no hope to invent any thing that will be now believed.

Wife. I confess I'm to blame ; you have cause to be angry with me ; but I beseech you do not expose me to my parents fury. Dear husband, I beseech you.

Brit. Ah ! Now you are caught ; I am your dear husband, am I ? You never us'd such kind words to me before.

Wife. Trust me, I'll never give you cause to complain of me again.

Brit. You'd as good say nothing—Farewell.

Wife. Pray stay ; hear me but one word before you go.

Brit. Well—and pray what have you to say now ?

Wife. I confess I have been to blame ; I only pray you to forget a fault I heartily repent of, and ask your pardon for.—I protest, dear, 'tis you, and only you, I love.

Brit. Ah ! wheedling crocodile.

Wife. Will you not believe me, then ?

Brit. No.

Wife. Let me intreat you.

Brit. No ; I'll have the world see what you are.

Wife. If you make me desperate, know a woman in that condition is capable of doing any thing.

Brit. Ha, ha, ha ! What will your sweet ladyship do ?

Wife. That which you may repent of ; I'll kill myself with this knife, if you deny me.

(*Holding her fan like a dagger.*)

Brit. Very good——

Wife. 'Twill not be so good as you imagine neither : when I am dead, no one will doubt but that you were my murderer ; I am not the first wife that has kill'd herself to be reveng'd of a cruel hard-hearted husband.

Brit. O ! your servan t; killing one's self has been long out of fashion, Madam.

Wife. If you 'scape the law, my ghost shall haunt you for it.

Brit. Ah ! If I were but rid of your person now, I should not much fear your ghost hereafter.

Wife. I am just doing it.

Dam. Hold, Madam, you cannot be in earnest.

Wife. Stand off, I'll kill thee else—there.—

Dam. Oh, she has don't—she has don't—oh !

Wife. So, now you find it too late I did not jest. You can witness, Damaris, who was my murderer Commend me to my parents; tell 'em my last request is, that they will see my death reveng'd upon my cruel husband.

Dam. She's gone! She's gone ! O jealous monster ! To murder so sweet a creature ! I'll to her father and mother instantly ; my witness will be enough to hang you ; you were the cause of her death ; and I may with a safe conscience swear 'twas you that did it.

(They retire.)

Brit. All's very still. Is it possible she can be so malicious to kill herself only to have me hang'd ?——I'll light a candle, and come down immediately.

(Comes down.)

Wife. Damaris.

Dam. Madam.

Wife. Come hither, and stand up close by me.

Enter Brittle with a Light.

(As he enters, they slip in and shut the door.)

Brit. Can a woman's wickedness extend so far to murder herself, only to be reveng'd on me ? Ah ! here's nobody : wife ! wife ! I might have believ'd this at first ; when the cunning quean found neither prayers nor threats would work upon me, she ran away ; better and better still ; this will convince her parents with a vengeance, and render her odious to the whole world—Ha ! how the deuce came this door lock'd ? Open the door there quickly.

Wife and Damaris above.

Wife. Away, you drunken sot ; get you to the tavern from whence you came. Is this an hour to come home in ? Is this a life for an honest man to lead ?

Dam. Shame on you, master! to stay abroad with your harlots and jades solate, and use your good wife in this scandalous manner.

Wife. Go, go, base man; I'll endure it no longer; I'll complain to my father and mother on't.

Brit. Have you the impudence to say all this to my very face?

Enter Jeremy with a Lanthorn; Sir Peter and Lady under an Umbrella.

Wife. I beseech you, Sir, and you, dear Madam, to come hither, and do me justice on a husband whom jealousy and wine have quite distracted; he has sent for you himself, to witness the greatest piece of extravagance that ever yet was heard of. There he stands, just now come from the tavern, Madam—How many nights do I sit up for him!

Brit. Was there ever such a devil!

Wife. If you hearken to him, he'll tell you, that whilst he slept, I stole away from him, and a thousand idle stories of the same nature, Sir.

Lady. 'Tis the strangest impudence in the whole world, to call us out of our beds at this time of the night.

Sir Peter. I must confess I never saw so much impudence before—What is your meaning, son, to use us thus?

Wife. O! my dear father, I'm weary of my life, and can no longer endure such a wicked husband; my patience is tir'd; he has said a thousand injurious things to me beside.

Sir Peter. Troth, son, you're a very unworthy fellow. Do not anger me any more—do not, I say, 'tis not safe.

Brit. Can I endure all this! Pray, Sir, hear me but speak two words.

Sir Peter. Stand farther off—you smell of wine most intolerably.

Lady. Out upon him; 'tis enough to make one sick.

Brit. Well then, if you'll hear me, I'll stand farther off—I swear to you I have not been out of my house to night, nor three minutes out of my bed: 'twas she that was abroad.

Wife. Now, madam, did not I tell you he'd say this before?

Brit. I call all the stars to witness.

Sir Peter. Come, trouble us no more, but ask her pardon.

Brit. I ask her pardon!—What, she offends, and I must ask——

Sir Peter. Do not expostulate with me, lest you repent it.

Brit. Ah! Barnaby Brittle, what hast thou brought thyself to!

Lady. Daughter, come down.

Sir Peter. Make haste, that your husband may ask your pardon before we go.

Lady. I'll pull down your stubborn heart—I'll teach you what it is to abuse a gentlewoman so.

Enter Wife and Damaris.

Come, clown, and ask your wife forgiveness quickly.

Wife. Shall I forgive him, madam? No; 'tis impossible! I desire to be divorc'd from him.

Sir Peter. Daughter, such separations are scandalous: though he's so foolish to deserve it, yet you ought to be wiser, child: have patience, and try him once again.

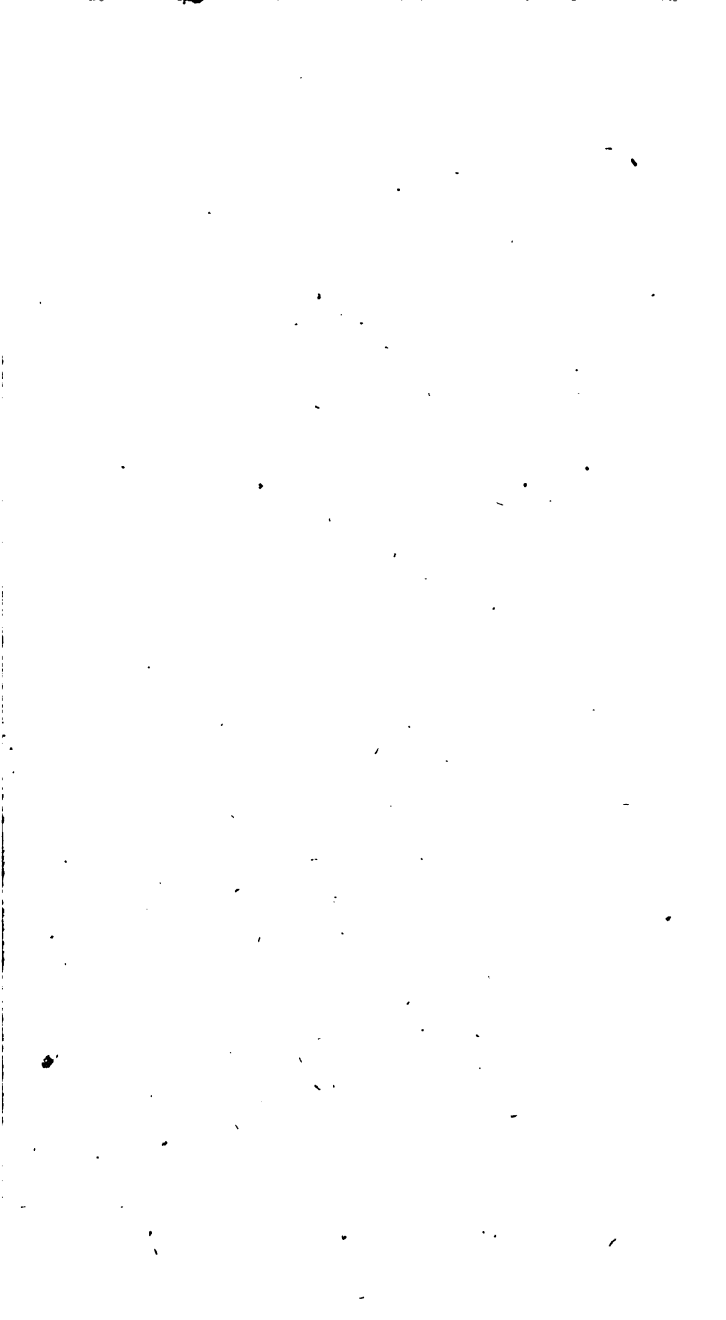
Wife. After so many affronts, I can't endure him longer.

Sir Peter. You must: I command you to do it.

Wife. That stops my mouth: your power is absolute—Come, dear, give me your hand;—we will be friends. I ask your pardon.

Sure I was mad with a kind spouse like this,
To think of wronging such a lovely piece;
Behold his eyes so bright, his skin so sleek,
His winning love, and dimple in his cheek.
Well, 'tis resolv'd: I'll strive with Hymen's grace
To doat upon this venerable face.

Brit. Patience long time has been the husband's cure,
For what we cannot mend we must endure;
Wives, at the best, they say, are but an evil,
But an unequal match is sure the devil.



DAPHNE AND AMINTOR.

A COMIC OPERA.

*Altered from the ORACLE of Monsieur St. Foix and
MRS. CIBBER.*

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Mindora</i> , a Magician,	-	-	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Amintor</i> , her Son,	-	-	<i>Miss Young.</i>
<i>Daphne</i> , a young Princess,	-	-	<i>Mr. Vernon.</i>
			<i>Mrs. Arne.</i>

SCENE, Mindora's Palace.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers a Vestibule of white Marble, with a Gate supposed to belong to some Building near the Garden to Mindora's Palace. Mindora enters with her Wand, followed by Amintor seemingly in a Passion.

Mindora, Amintor.

Min. PRITHEE, son——

Amin. Nay, prithee, mother.

Min. Was there ever such another !

Amin. Cruel :

Min. Silly ! Hear but reason !

Only wait a proper season.

Amin. This is now the proper season.

What has love to do with reason ?

Min. Once more, Amintor, I desire you will go a-
bout

bout your business. How dare you venture here, when I have so often, and so solemnly forbid you? And what have you been doing? The thing on earth which I have told you would prove your destruction: you have seen Daphne.

Amin. I confess it. Overcome by the heat of the day, she slept upon a bank of flowers.

Min. And did she see you?

Amin. Nay, madam, don't I tell you she was asleep? No, she did not see me. Transported at the sight of so charming an object, I seized one of her snowy hands, and kissed it as she lay; but she stirred; and, fearing she might awake, I retired: however, madam, 'tis in vain you command me any longer to keep out of her sight; I cannot obey you; I have a passion for her; I will see her again, and positively tell her so.

Min. My art is great; I can, in an instant, build palaces, raise tempests, and change a place, the most charming, into a frightful desert; but I see it is beyond my ability to govern a young fool, whose head is turned with love. Well, son, go on; and, by your own imprudence, lose Daphne.

Amin. But what reasons can you have for insisting she should not see me?

Min. You will know them? be attentive then. At your birth, I consulted the oracle about your destiny; and this was its answer: "The son of Mindora, the magician is threatened with great misfortunes; but shall avoid them, and even be happy, if he can make himself beloved by a young princess, who believes him deaf, dumb, and insensible."

Amin. Deaf, dumb, and insensible!

Min. Judge, Amintor, by the tenderness I have for you, how I was shocked at so dreadful a sentence. At length, however, after much reflection, I hoped, by taking certain measures, not only to overcome the dangers with which you were menaced, but even to bring about the accomplishment of the oracle.

Amin. Dear madam, impossible!

Min. Hear me. When you were about two years old, there was born a princess, the daughter of a neighbouring king; 'twas your Daphne: I instantly conveyed her
away;

away ; and, transporting her to this palace, inaccessible to all human beings, she has been here educated, and served only by statues, to which, by my art, I gave motion. In short, I have taken every method to persuade her, that she and I are the only two creatures that speak, think, and reason ; and that all others, formed merely for our use and amusement, are absolutely insensible, and incapable alike of love and hatred, pain and pleasure.

Amin. And to what purpose, I beseech you, have you filled her mind with all these strange prejudices ?

Min. To make her believe, when I present you to her—

Amin. Oh ! I understand you ; that I also am some uninformed being, some puppet, but better organized than the rest. The thought pleases me, and may succeed. Psyche, before she saw Cupid, believed him a monster ; yet she loved him : and Daphne, full of the notions you have prepossessed her with, will believe me what the oracle requires she should ; and, notwithstanding, love me. Yes, madam, nature will instruct her ; that intellectual intelligence, that sympathetic force of hearts, will work ! and I shall be the happiest of mortals ! Come, dear mother, let us go this instant and find her out : I will be a statue, a piece of insensible marble.

Min. Hold ; it is not time for you to appear yet. I see Daphne crossing the gallery yonder : leave us ; and, in the conversation we have together, depend upon it I will endeavour to prepare things so as to bring them to your satisfaction.

Amin. Must I go ? Well then—But remember, in leaving you, how much I trust to your care : my fate is in your hands ; on you it depends whether I shall be happy or miserable.

Think, oh ! think, within my breast,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;
And, in pity, ease my pain.

To a lover thus distressed,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Every moment, till he's blest,
Is a thousand, thousand years.

SCENE II. *Mindora, Daphne.*

Min. Here comes Daphne ; she appears thoughtful :
I'll stand aside a little and observe her.

Daphne.

Ye zephyrs that fan the calm air,
Ye fountains that stream around,
Oh ! cease my heart to wound.

Your gentle blowing,
Your murmurs flowing,
But waken my care :

Lack-a-day,
Well-a-day,
Ah, me !

Must I die in despair.

It was not an allusion—it was not a dream—he had his
lips pressed upon my hand.

Min. What do you say, Daphne ?

Daph. Oh ! Lord, madam, I did not see you.

Min. He had his lips pressed upon your hand ! Who
had ?

Daph. I don't know ; he disappeared like lightning ;
but I believe he has done something to me, for my part ;
he breathed some fire upon my hand when he kissed it,
that went to my heart. I have never been myself since ;
so restless, so thoughtful, I want—I don't know what
I want—I have been just admiring two little birds—
they were perched upon the same branch—they sung,
they look'd at one another—but with such looks !—
You and I never look at one another so—They were
silent a few moments, and then began to sing again, or
rather to answer one another with a tenderness, a—
Nay, you laugh at me.

Min. Without doubt. To answer one another, my
dear Daphne, they must understand.

Daph. Well, and I really believe they did.

Min. Ridiculous ! Do you believe that your guitar
and your harpsichord understand you when they accord
so justly with your voice ?

Daph. A pretty comparison ! They are machines.

Min. And have not I told you, an hundred and an
hundred times, that your birds are mere machines ; only
with.

with springs better regulated, being the work of Nature herself?

Daph. And you may repeat it to me a thousand and a thousand times, my dear, but I shall not believe it: a secret sensation I felt at the sight of these two little birds refutes all you can say.

Min. I must surprise her with a new stroke of my art.

SCENE III.

Mindora waving her Wand; the Scene changes to a Garden ornamented with Vases and Flower-pots. Four white Marble Statues, representing two Men and two Women, the former with Flutes, the latter with Guitars, who afterwards descend and dance.

Mindora, Daphne, Dancers.

Daphne, look at these statues; examine them; they are marble, and you can not believe them sensible; yet, by touching certain springs, I will give them motions as extraordinary as those you admired in your birds, which made you believe they felt and thought.—How now, Daphne; you are sad of a sudden; does this little entertainment displease you?

Daph. It does indeed. Ah! my poor pretty birds! Are you then but machines! I thought you sensible, and that you tasted infinite satisfaction in sitting upon the same bough in the day, and resting together in some hollow tree at night. Nature, said I to myself, has inspired those birds with such tender sentiments to make them happy. She certainly has not been less kind to me.—But tell me, my dear Mindora, for you know, who could have come to kiss my hand while I was asleep?

Min. Why, I suspect it was a young man, whose footsteps I have to-day traced about the palace. He took you, at first, I suppose, for a being of his own kind; but finding his mistake when you waked, he ran away.

Daph. A young man!—Are men machines too?

Min. Yes; but more perfect, and better finished, than even your monkey, whose wit you entertain so high an opinion of: they are generally white, and shaped something,

think like us. I kept some of them here formerly ; but they had so many faults, that I took a dislike to them.

Daph. Birds sing, statues dance, my harpsichord gives me music——What is it men do ?

Min. Oh ! there are several sorts of them. Those who are called soldiers, and are generally the handsomest to look at, meet, sometimes, in great plains, twenty or thirty thousand of them together ; and there, with swords and other instruments, cut one another to pieces.

Daph. Fye ! that's horrid. They are certainly machines ; there can be no sense in all that bloodshed ; and yet I should not be sorry to see a man neither—for I don't think he would kill me.

Min. No, you have nothing to fear, Daphne. We are women ; the fiercest of them all think it a glory to submit to us.

Daph. I do long vastly to see a man——Pray, my dear, try to get me a sight of him that kissed my hand in the garden.

Min. If you did not scare him too much, he may, perhaps, still be somewhere hereabouts ; I think I'll go look for him before he gets farther off.

Daph. Will you ? Oh ! my dear sweet——Pray run then as fast as ever you can, for I am the most impatient mortal alive.

Min. So it seems, indeed ; but I beg you will mitigate your impatience at present, for it is what I by no means approve of.

Such riot and romping, such wildness and fury,

As if folks were just running out of their wits ;

No man shall come near us, of that I assure ye,

Unless you restrain these extravagant fits.

Remember your strict, philosophical breeding ;

Fye, fye ! I'm asham'd of a girl at your age :

Are these the effects of our study and reading,

That every trifle your mind should engage ?

SCENE IV.

Daph. I observed her smile as she went out ; she certainly makes a jest of me ; I don't wonder at it ; my curiosity

rosity is so great, that really it appears ridiculous to myself—A man!—Well; a man!—I'll go and play a tune upon my harpsichord,

In vain, in search of quiet,
From place to place I range;
My restless care augmenting,
No med'cine find in change.
Delights, so lately charming,
Have lost their power to please:
Yet something, could I find it,
Methinks would give me ease.

SCENE V. Daphne, Mindora.

Daph. Oh! are you come back?—Well, is he catch'd?

Min. Yes, and I had not much difficulty to bring him.

Daph. Where is he then?

Min. He followed me.

Daph. Oh! you have let him run away. [*Running to the bottom of the stage, sees Amintor.*] Ah! my dear, dear, good—But how—Indeed—Yes.

Min. What do you mean?

Daph. Why, he's taller than I am?—How he looks at me! [*Drawing back with timidity.*] He won't do me any harm, will he?

Min. Nay, you must take care of that.

Daph. Poor thing, poor thing. [*Approaching very softly, and stroking him.*] Lord, he's as tame as a lamb!—I am sure this is not one of your murdering men—I'll keep him for ever and ever—He shall be my own, shan't he?

Min. Ay, ay, I yield him to you willingly.

Daph. I must give him some name, what shall we call him?

Min. What you please.

Daph. What do you think of Cha—Cha—Charmer?—Charmer!

Min. With all my heart. But now we must leave Mr. Charmer a little, and go and observe a phenomenon that will appear this evening about sun-set.

Daph.

Daph. Oh! my dear creature, I have seen the sun so often—

Min. But you have never seen this phenomenon, and we'll reason together.

Daph. Indeed, Ma'am, I shall reason very ill.

Min. Indeed! Well, well, stay with your charmer; I will not constrain you.—How totally he engages her! It's well this is a passion I have a mind to encourage, for I see already my opposition to it would be of little consequence.

Vainly bent to conquer Nature,
We our utmost force essay;
What can foil her? What can cheat her?
What her sacred pow'rs allay?
Nothing prudent there, nor wise is;
Nothing stable, nothing true;
With superior strength she rises,
Spite of all that art can do.

SCENE VI.

During the foregoing Song, Daphne leads Amintor off the Stage; and just as Mindora is going out, enters with him again at the opposite side, peeping first to see if the Coast be clear.

Daphne, Amintor.

Daph. I'm glad she's gone——What fine hair he has! how he holds up his head! He's perfectly well shaped! Well, I now verily think I have got the thing I have been wishing for so long. Yes, yes, I find I am perfectly well satisfied. Come, Charmer. He kneels to me! How pretty that is!

[Having sat down on a chair, while Amintor is kneeling to her, she pulls a long ribbon out of her pocket, ties it about his neck, and twists the other round her arm. After which, she runs to the door, and pulls him after her.]

I hear a noise! Sure she is not come back already! No, 'twas only my apprehension; she's busy, considering her moons, and her stars, and her nonsense. I hope she'll stay till I fetch her.

[She places a stool, and makes signs for Amintor to sit;

fit; then starts up in a transport, gives him a kiss and walks away.]

Charmer, come Charmer, sit here. He won't sit down! He kneels again! Ah! you dear, sweet creature, you are a charmer!

Amin. Was ever mortal flesh and blood in so terrifying a situation! I find I shan't be able to contain myself. (*Aside.*)

Daph. What can be the matter with me? I am seized of a sudden with the strangest agitation! I hardly know where I am! An agreeable disorder, a secret something, till now unknown!—Charmer, give me your hand—Oh la! what's this! If here's not something that stirs within-side of him!—I believe it's a heart; it beats for all the world like mine!

Say, oh! too lovely creature,
Thou cause of all my smart;

What means this palpitation
Without a feeling heart?

There's conjuration in it:
It ceases—then, in a minute,

Such rapping,
And tapping,

As if it ne'er would rest;

Mine too, I vow,

I can't tell how,

Is like to burst my breast:

SCENE VII. Mindora, Amintor, Daphne.

Min. I find it is time for me to appear: my giddy-pate, would soon forget that he is to be deaf, dumb, and sensible.

Daph. My dear, grant me one favour.

Min. What favour?

Daph. Animate Charmer, I beseech you. Contrive that he may think, speak, understand me, and answer me.

Min. You ask an impossibility.

Daph. An impossibility, Madam!

Min. Yes, Daphne, an impossibility. Must I again repeat to you, that these beings who amuse you, can, by the

the disposition of their springs, he made to imitate some of our actions; but that these springs, manage them as we will, can never produce a single thought.

Daph. I understand you, Madam; understand you; I penetrate very well into your designs.

Min. My designs!

Daph. Oh! Madam, they are no secrets, I assure you. I see that you are extremely learned, and that you want to make me as great a philosopher as yourself, in order to have always some one to reason with: and you are unwilling to animate Charmer, because you think, if we were able to entertain one another, we should have very little pleasure in rendering ourselves qualified for your sublime conversation. But take notice, from this moment I am ignorant, and resolved to continue so. The seven sciences are my utter detestation; and, lest you should doubt the truth of what I say, I will go instantly and give convincing proofs of my sincerity.

Howe'er you may think still to deceive me,

And keep me confin'd like a bird in a cage;

Kind Fortune, perhaps, yet may relieve me,

And shew the simpleton quit with the sage:

Yes, my dear, depend on't,

One time or other there will be an end on't;

Some notions have ta'en me,

That freedom will gain me,

And matters explain me,

More suiting my age.

First and foremost, my books I'll demolish:

Next, all your learn'd apparatus shall go;

Ev'ry trace of sense to abolish;

Then judge if I'm serious or no.

SCENE VIII. Mindora, Amintor.

Amin. Adieu, globes, sphere and maps of the world!
Is not this anger delightful!

Min. It is pleasant at least.

Amin. I love her the better for it. But let me tell you, Madam, you arrived at a very critical moment; I was just going to speak.

Min. And the Oracle——

Amin.

Amin. Oh ! I could think of nothing but Daphne ! Flattered, caressed, encouraged, I, for a long time, kept my eyes fixed upon the ground ; I bit my lips ; my whole person was a burden to me. Ah ! Madam, what terrible things are lips and eyes, when one dares not make use of them with the angel one adores ?

Min. It is necessary, however, to constrain yourself for some time longer. Perhaps the sentiments which Daphne entertains for you are not those of love, but mere caprice and curiosity. It will be prudent, therefore, for seven or eight days—

Amin. Seven or eight days !

Min. Yes, child, seven or eight days !

Amin. Well, but, dear Madam, consider my situation a little. Daphne will be pulling me after her every where ; she will have me in her apartment, in the garden, in all her walks and retirements about the palace. Do you think I can bear to be tantalized at such a rate ; while she plays with me as indifferently as if I was a lap-dog ?

Min. How do you think young girls do ; who, for months together, resist their inclinations ; and not only hide their passions, but even seem cruel to the man they like ?

Amin. Oh ! but I am no girl, nor can I be any longer a statue ? and, for that reason, I will this moment follow Daphne, and discover myself to her without reserve.

Pretend no longer to restrain

The passion struggling in my mind ;

Like sprightly couriers that disdain

The feeble curbing of the reign,

It starts, and leaves the will behind.

My pangs increase ! I'm all on fire !

Then let me to the charmer fly ;

Obtain her love, my soul's desire ;

Or, at her feet, a martyr die.

SCENE IX. Mindora, Amintor, Daphne.

Min. Son, I intreat you to defer your designs for a
few

few moments. Here's Daphne again : let me make one thorough trial of her heart.

Enter Daphne,

Daph. Well, Madam, 'tis done : I have broke the zodiac and the poles, and thrown the world out of the windows.

Min. You are very passionate, Daphne.

Daph. And you very cruel, Madam. You say, sometimes, you love me ; and yet, when I ask you to do the only thing in nature that can make me happy, you refuse it:

Min. Why, look you, Daphne, to convince you that I am willing to do every thing in my power, for your amusement, this puppet shall, if you please, go, and come, and laugh and cry ; throw himself at your feet, appear tender, _submissive, complaisant, amorous, uneasy—but all mechanically, like your monkey and your parrot.

Daph. My monkey, my parrot ! Always my monkey, my parrot ! You only make those comparisons, that the inclination I have for him may appear ridiculous.

Min. And you, my dear, do nothing but scold. You are really in a very bad humour to-day.

Daph. And who can be otherwise ? For, after all, do but look at him ; is it not a cruel thing that he cannot be made to comprehend how much I love him ?

Amin. The oracle is fulfilled, [*Amintor struggles to speak, while Mindora prevents him,*] and I will speak.

Daph. How many times a-day shall I grieve at his insensibility !

Min. 'Tis very true ; and therefore take my advice ; turn him away, and think no more of him.

Daph. You only say that to vex me now, because you know I can't bear the thoughts of it.

Min. Well then let him stay, and divert yourself with teaching him verses, or any thing you have a mind he should repeat.

Daph. Ay, now, that's good natured ; I'll begin to give him his first lesson this moment. Come, Charmer, let me see if you can pronounce my name. Daphne.

Amin. Daphne.

Daph. My dear Daphne.

Amin. My dear Daphne.

Daph.

Daph. Suppose I was to try him with a song.

Min. Do so if you like it.

Daph. But do you think he will be able to sing?

Min. After you perhaps he may.

Daph. Well, that may be vastly charming! Hold, what shall I try you with? I have it. Come, Charmer, observe now and sing after me; and let me see that you do it prettily.

Daph. For thee, within my bosom,
What torments do I feel!

Amin. For thee, &c.

Daph. I bleed with wounds, which only
Thy tender cares can heal.

Amin. I bleed, &c.

Daph. Each moment while I view thee,
My pains grow more and more:

Amin. Each moment, &c.

Daph. My life, my soul, my treasure,
I love, and I adore.

SCENE X. Mindora, Amintor, Daphne, a Spirit.

Amin. Yes, my life, my soul, my treasure, 'tis true I do love you! I adore you! 'Tis not in terms to express the violence of my passion.

Daph. Bless me, Ma'am, he speaks of himself! This is not in the song.

Min. You see how he has advanced upon once teaching.

Amin. Dear mother, do not endeavour to keep her in the dark any longer. The oracle is now certainly accomplished.

Daph. What Oracle?

Amin. A dreadful one, which declared I should be miserable if you did not think me insensible. Can you blame my deceiving, as I have done, since the interest of my love rendered it necessary!

Daph. No, no, I don't blame you; but you, naughty—

Min. Come, my dear children, I no longer resist your happiness: behold a welcome messenger; his appearance is a token to me that the Oracle is now really accomplished. Every thing is already prepared for your nuptials, and we will instantly proceed to the celebration of them.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Mindora waving her Wand, the Garden is instantly changed into a beautiful Palace, discovering a number of Singers and Dancers. A rich Throne is on one side, where she places Daphne and Amintor, seating herself on the other: after which, the whole concludes with a Dance proper to the Subject.

Min. Lovers who wish to be blest'd in your passion.

Learn the moral of what we have shewn ;

Though upon theatres, mortals are grown

A little or so out of fashion :

Deafness, and dumbness, and blindness, away !

Mere expression,

Sound advice to convey :

Lovers, lovers, have discretion ;

That's what the Oracle means to say.

Chorus. Lovers, lovers, &c.

Amin. You gentle youths, who the fair addressing,

When some amiable object you find,

Be to all others insensible, blind ;

Sue only to her for the blessing :

Then, if your ardour with smiles she repay,

Think that beauty

Rigid rules must obey.

Silence, silence, that's your duty ;

And what the oracle means to say.

Chorus. Silence, silence, &c.

Daph. Maidens with caution your passions concealing,

First your lovers attentively try ;

View not the transport, be deaf to the sigh,

No statue more cold and unfeeling ;

But, in their actions, when worth you survey, .

Artless reigning,

Why to bless them delay ?

Give your hands—A truce to feigning ;

That's what the Oracle means to say.

Chorus. Give your hands, &c.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.





